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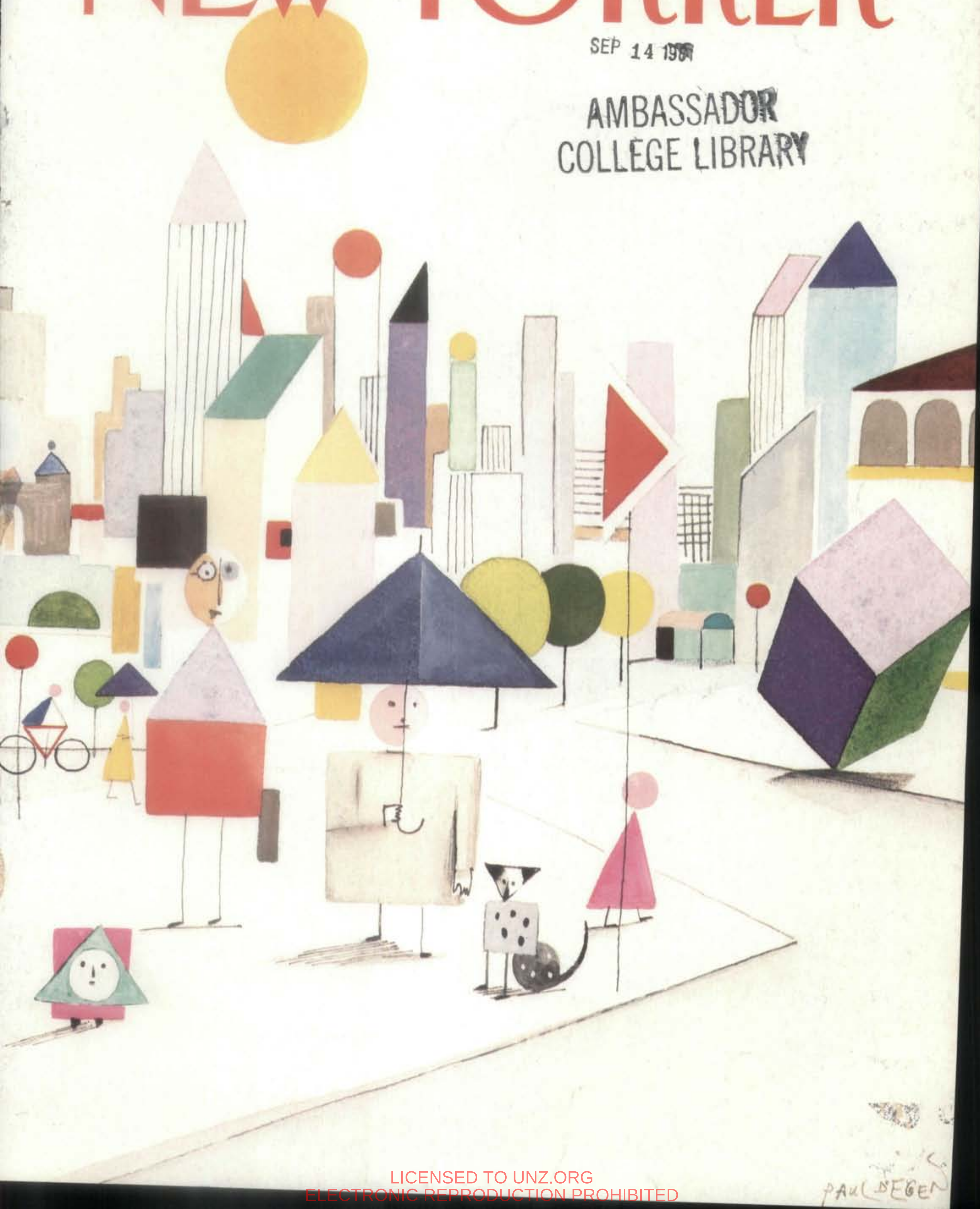

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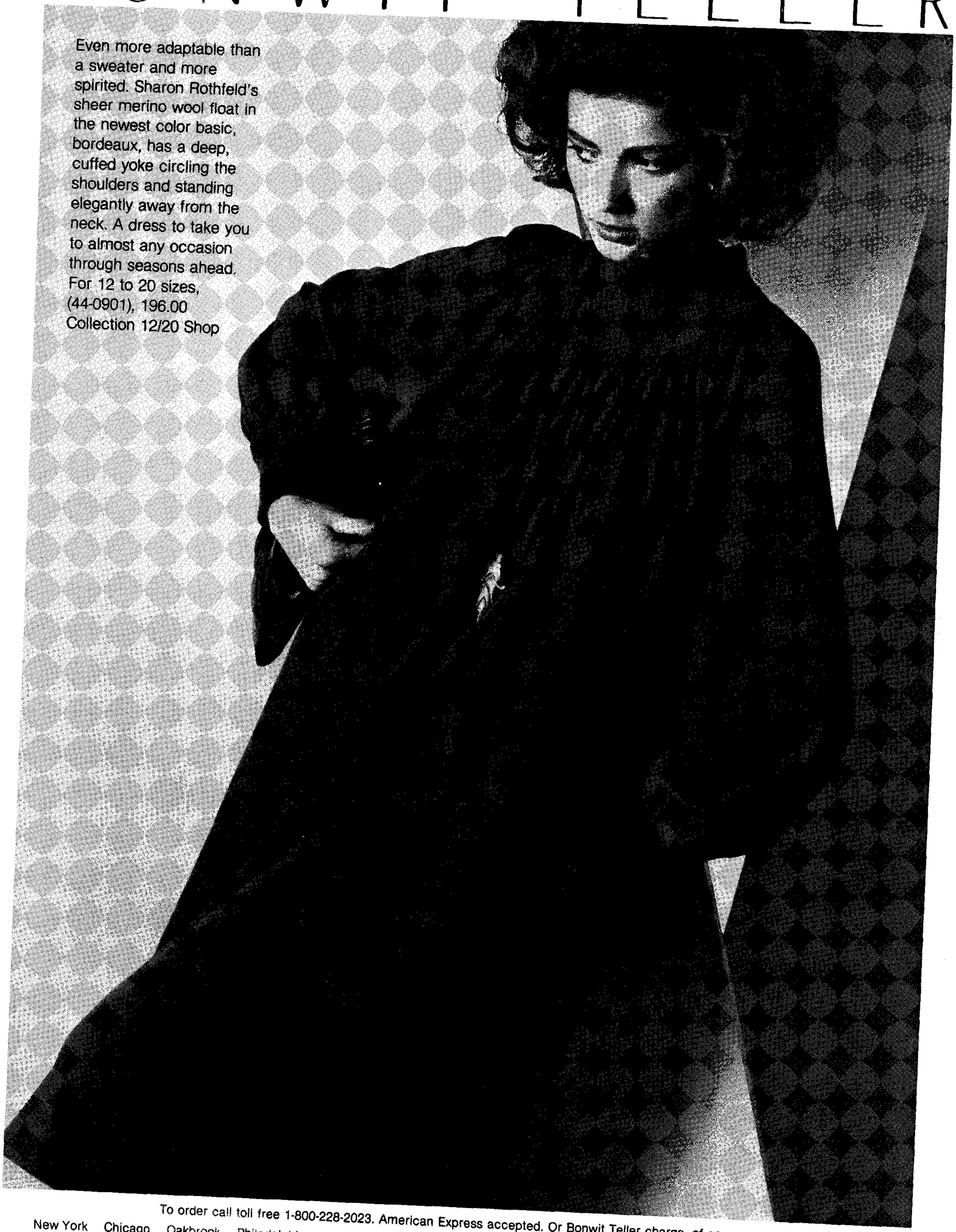

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly. With Peter Firth as Mozart. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 26.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **The Vagabond King**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance,

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 45

"MORE LIFE" . . . . *Mark Strand* 50

"COACH" . . . . *Mary Robison* 53

"PENUMBRAE" (POEM) . . . . *John Updike* 54

PROFILES (ST. LUKE'S GARDENS) . . . . *Julie Hayden* 61

A REPORTER AT LARGE (HISPANIC COMMUNITY) . . . . *Richard Reeves* 116

"A FORMAL OCCASION" (POEM) . . . . *Tom Sleigh* 157

JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 158

DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 168

THE SPORTING SCENE (HORSE RACING) . . . . *Bill Barich* 178

BOOKS . . . . *Howard Moss* 184

BRIEFLY NOTED 199

COVER: *Paul Degen*

DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Joseph Mirachi, Roz Zanengo, Bill Woodman, Al Ross, Edward Koren, Charles Barsotti, James Stevenson, Arnie Levin, Robert Mankoff, William Steig, Richard Edes Harrison, Barney Tobey, J. B. Handelsman, Charles Sauers, Jack Ziegler, Dana Fradon, Robert Weber*

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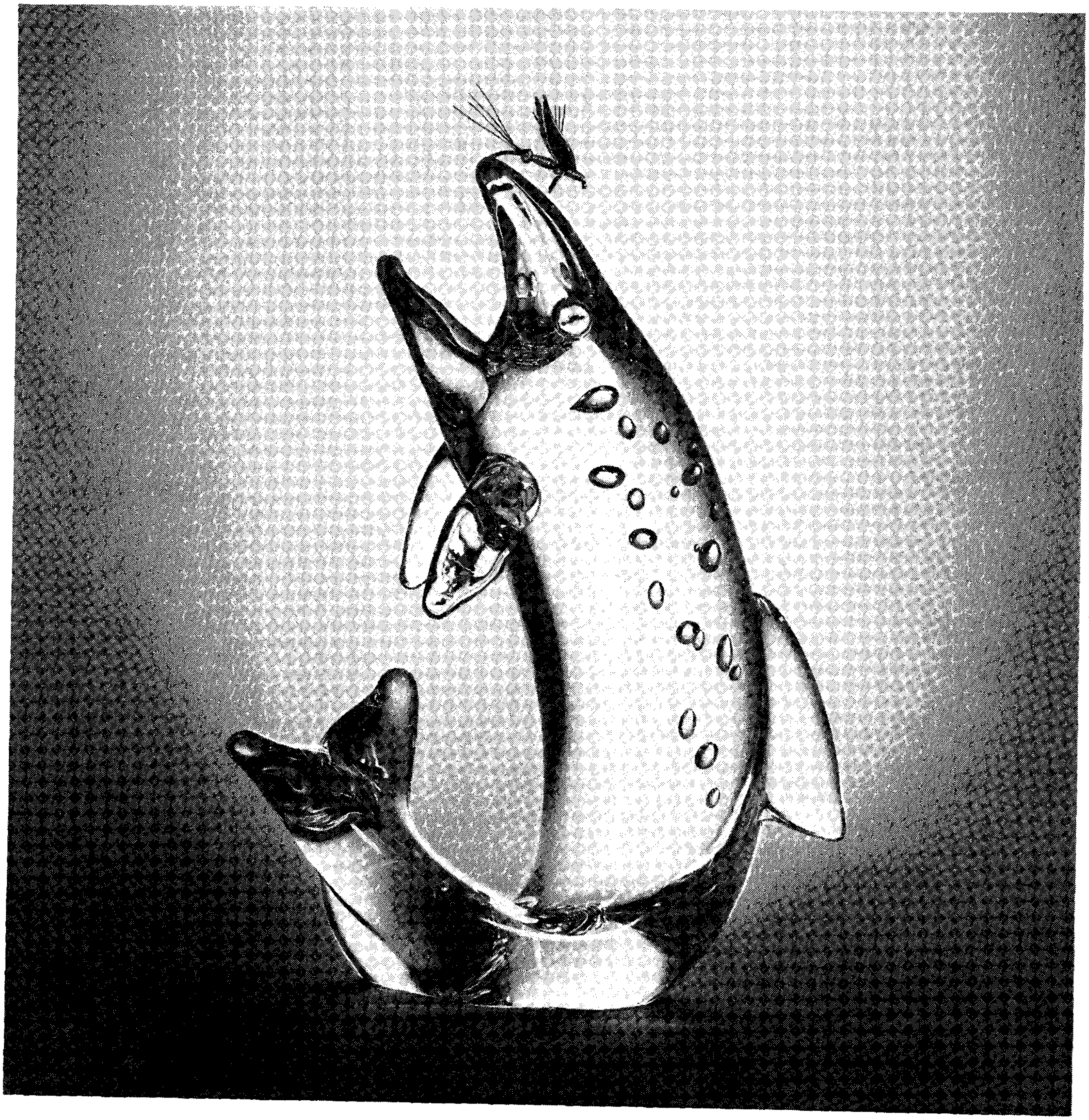

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YA'ACOBI & LEIDENTAL—A play by Israeli playwright Hanoch Levine. A presentation of the Cameri Theatre of Tel Aviv. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Closes at the Alvin Sunday, Sept. 13, and will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 16, at the ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St., 246-6270. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)* . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,888 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies" and "Holiday on Ice" in a combined show, headed by Christina Regőczy and András Sallay. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 10-11, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—"Heyoka" (première), "Agathlon," and "Death Is the Hunter." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Monday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

CLASSICAL PERFORMING ARTS OF JAPAN—Twenty-three dancers and musicians in two programs. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15-16, at 8: Kabuki dance and popular dance forms that originated in the sixteenth century, accompanied by traditional music played by *hayashi* and *samisen* ensembles. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17-18, at 8: *No* plays (both classical and modern) and *kyogen* comic plays. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400.)

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—In six programs. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2 and 8.)

"SALUTE TO THE BLACK CLASSICS OF DANCE AND MUSIC"—Opening performances of a three-week festival presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17-18, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30: Dance works choreographed by Talley Beatty, Eleo Pomare, Louis Johnson, John Parks, Andy Torres, and Shauneeque Baker-Scott, performed by Hinton Battle, John J. J. Cole, Tanya Gibson, Sheila Rohand, and others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** will lead a trio on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12; on the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 18-19), bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will be here with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** works with a bassist through Saturday, Sept. 12; on Sunday, Sept. 13, Daryl Sherman will sing to the accompaniment of bassist Jay Leonhart; and on Tuesday, Sept. 15, **EDDIE DANIELS,** who usually forsakes his tenor saxophone for his clarinet when he plays this club, will bring in a quartet. On Mondays, the Manhattan Rhythm Kings, a trio, perform music from the thirties. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 9, Timothy Leary; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, rock singer and guitarist **JOHN HALL** and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** a young a-cappella R. & B. group; Thursday, Sept. 17, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer, pianist, and songwriter; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, the **PERSUASIONS,** the Impalas, and the Steinettes, along with Willie Winfield & the Harptones on Friday and the Cleftones on Saturday. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Sunday, Sept. 13; and **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **HANK JONES** starting Monday, Sept. 14. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic, and seems totally unbothered by the T.H.I. She leads a trio through Saturday, Sept. 12, at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 15, **HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, will comprise the entertainment. His hours will run Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 9, Cheeky, Rorschach, and the Blenders; Thursday, Sept. 10, the Shmoozebusters, the Zipperz, and the Schemers; Friday, Sept. 11, the Sirens and Excalibur; and Saturday, Sept. 12, the Heros and the Donny Fury Band. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**AL CARMINES,** composer of numerous Judson Memorial Church and Off Broadway productions, plays piano and sings Bessie Smith tunes, Irving Berlin tunes, and his own tunes in his pleasing, modest baritone. Shows at nine and eleven. Sundays, also at nine and eleven, one can listen to the singing and piano playing of **DARDANELLE,** a wily mainstream-jazz musician who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She just plays and sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Sept. 9, the Battlefield Band, a Scottish bagpipe-and-string band; Saturday, Sept. 12, the Yankee Rebels; Sunday, Sept. 13, guitarists Stacy Phillips and Duckleg Sam; Wednesday, Sept. 16, John Roberts and the Derby Ram; and Saturday, Sept. 19, D. W. Griffiths & the Rank Strangers, a bluegrass band from Long Island. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 13, trumpeter **ROLF ERICSON** will gig with saxophonist **SAL NISTICO,** bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER,** drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND,** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. **JIMMY SMITH,** the jumping blues and jazz organist, heads his group through Sunday, Sept. 13; on Tuesday, Sept. 15, rhapsodic, Caribbean pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** will move in with his band. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

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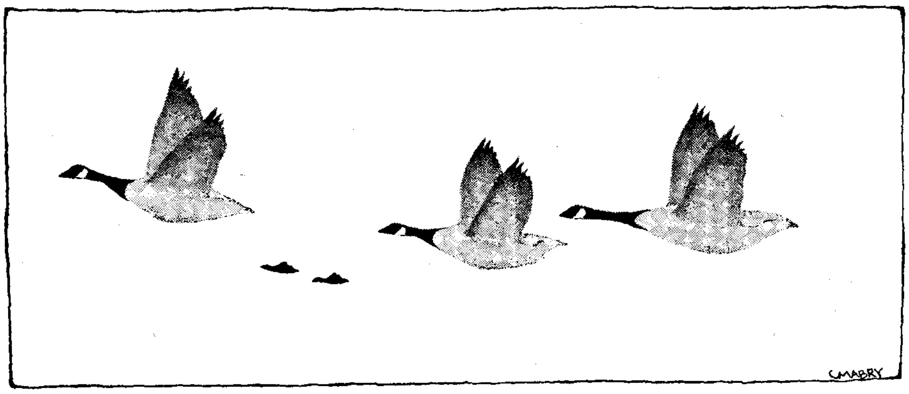
Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Fridays and Saturdays for the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** bassist **AL HALL,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** pianist **CHARLES BATEMAN,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** and drummer **SHELTON GARY**—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. On Sundays, Miss Rhapsody (Viola Wells) sings blues songs with help from pianist Ram Ramirez and bassist Al Hall. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—Jackie and Roy to their numerous fans—sing jazz duets through Saturday, Sept. 12; on Monday, Sept. 14, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will be joined by guitarist Rodney Jones and singer Amber Chaing; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15-16, Neva Small will sing here; and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, will be given over to singer Marion Cowings. On Sundays, **ANGELA SUAREZ** sings energetic Brazilian jazz with her band. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman on standards and O'Brien compositions Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical incandescent tubes, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist **MIKE LONGO,** who spent several years with Dizzy Gillespie, performs with a bassist through Saturday, Sept. 12; on Tuesday, Sept. 15, another good pianist, **JOHN BUNCH,** will arrive. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays; from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is at the dining-room grand through Saturday, Sept. 12; on Tuesday, Sept. 15, **DON EWELL** will arrive to offer up generous helpings of Johnson, Morton, and Waller numbers. On Sundays and



Mondays, **RED RICHARDS** mans the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A real spiffy jazz loft. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** teams up with pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS;** on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, **PHILLY JOE JONES,** still best known as Miles's drummer in the fifties and still a wonderful robust mainspring, will guide a combo. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mr. Morgenstern jams with another bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. **DR. BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, composer, and National Public Radio star, performs for his many admirers with his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** through Saturday, Sept. 12. **DON FRIEDMAN,** the Sunday-and-Monday piano man, will instead be on hand Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 14-19, accompanied by bassist Ed Schuller. Music from about ten.

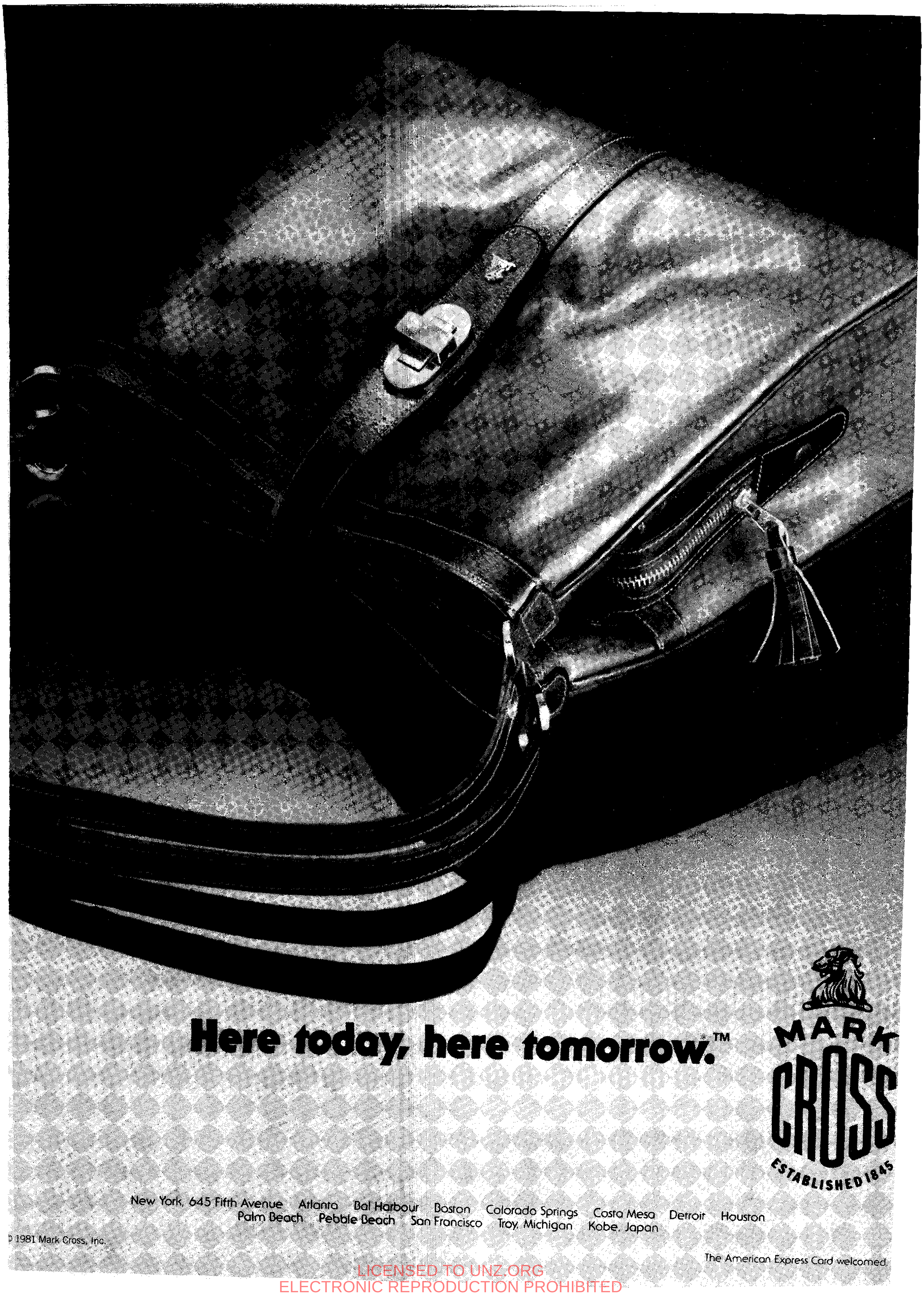
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Thursday, Sept. 10, folkie Jonathan Edwards; Sunday, Sept. 13, Texas Jewish cowboy-folkie Kinky Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14-15, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; Wednesday, Sept. 16, Ellen Foley; and Thursday, Sept. 17, at eight-thirty, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS,** a solid rockabilly band, along with the Cobras and the Schoolgirls, and at midnight, Any Trouble, the Schoolgirls, and Stiff. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. **SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious between-song patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be forgiven. When she sings, her voice virtually floats. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. Thursday, Sept. 10, the Koolrays, Nikko Toy, and the Delphobics; Friday, Sept. 11, Von Lmo and Ozone; and Saturday, Sept. 12, Von Lmo and Flirt. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobbi Rogers is singing a program of Richard Rodgers songs Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, Tanya Willoughby; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, Zulema; Tuesday, Sept. 15, guitarist Rodney Jones and his quintet; Wednesday, Sept. 16, Wilfredo Velez; Thursday, Sept. 17, Cookie Watkins; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MASEKELA. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday, Sept. 9, Mode IQ and Teenage Furniture; Thursday, Sept. 10, country-rock pianist Floyd Domino; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, folkie-rocker Ronee Blakley; Sunday, Sept. 13, Inner Strength; Wednesday, Sept. 16, Don Lombardi; Thursday, Sept. 17, Jim Perry; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty; and Tuesdays are given over to the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** which plays non-depressing swing music. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet, which plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The line-up: Thursday, Sept. 10, the L.A. rock band **X;** Friday, Sept. 11, Secrets and Blue Angel; Saturday, Sept. 12, the Mighty Diamonds, from Jamaica, and Romeo Void, from San Francisco; Monday, Sept. 14, the Lenny Kaye Connection and Angry Tears; Tuesday, Sept. 15, Bow Wow Wow; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, Duran-Duran. Shows after midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," a revue that stars Susan Bigelow, Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury, will run through Saturday, Sept. 12. On Monday, Sept. 14, a tribute to Irving Berlin—"They Say It's Wonderful"—will begin. The participants will be Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrell. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, Sept. 9, **DEUCE,** a funk-jazz septet co-led by trumpeter **ELLEN SEELING** and tenor saxophonist **JEAN FINEBERG;** Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13, the **HEATH BROTHERS** band, which includes saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH,** bassist **PERCY HEATH,** and pianist and friend of the family **STANLEY COWELL;** Monday, Sept. 14, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Sept. 15, Robert Kraft and Ross Levinson; Wednesday, Sept. 16, Guanabara, a Brazilian-jazz septet; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20, **STEPS,** which is made up of saxophonist **MIKE BRECKER,** vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI,** pianist **DON GROLNICK,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE.** Music from ten to two.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, will be claimed by singer **DAKOTA STATON;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will be present with his trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

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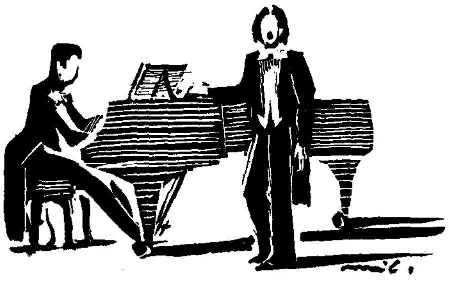
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Guitarist Sal Salvador's quartet is on the bandstand through Saturday, Sept. 12; Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 15-19, will be devoted to flugelhorn master **ART FARMER.** Sundays and Mondays, trumpeter **JOHN MC NEIL** works with bassist **RUFUS REID** and drummer **BILLY HART.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. **JOE TURNER,** who is now seventy, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie big band. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues artist. His styles during this period stretched from New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") to Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a funny blues, which he wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a whole new generation of listeners has discovered him. He's here Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 10-12, and Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 16-19. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 9, Patty Scialfa and Bill Chinnock; Thursday, Sept. 10, Modo; Friday, Sept. 11, the Lines and the A's; Saturday, Sept. 12, **DEFUNKT,** the avant-funk, free-soul, dissonance-and-blues septet led by the swaggering **JOE BOWIE** on trombone and vocals, and singer **NONA HENDRYX** and her band, Propaganda; Sunday, Sept. 13, the F.R.O.N.T. and Any Trouble; Monday, Sept. 14, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a lively rockabilly band from up the Hudson, and Dina Regine; and Tuesday, Sept. 15, Ex-Davis, Heaven, and Mrozinski. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room is given over to exuberant salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and his multi-instrumentalist colleague **IRA SULLIVAN**—he can lift off playing the flute, the saxophone, or the trumpet—co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 13. On Monday, Sept. 14, **FRANK FOSTER,** a tenor saxophonist and a wonderful composer-arranger, will lead his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY.** And on Tuesday, Sept. 15, **HANK CRAWFORD,** a fulfillingly bluesy alto saxophonist, will arrive with a quintet. Music from ten.



WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, trumpeter Franc Williams and his Swing Four; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, trumpeter and sometime vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM;** Sunday, Sept. 13, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet; Wednesday, Sept. 16, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and his quintet, Two-Tenor Boogie; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20, trombonist **DICKY WELLS.** On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France's quartet is present, and Tuesdays are claimed by master drummer **JO JONES** and his band. Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FRANK SINATRA—With the George Shearing quintet. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14-15, at 8; through Sunday, Sept. 20. Thursday, Sept. 17, is a benefit performance.)

THE COMMODORES—With France Joli and John Witherspoon. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13, at 8.)

RICKY FORD QUARTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Sept. 11, at 8.

SOLID GOLD ROCK 'N ROLL—Little Anthony, the Drifters, the Shirelles, Danny and the Juniors, the Belmonts, and the Five Satins. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8 and 11.)

GENE BERTONCINI AND MICHAEL MOORE—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Sept. 13, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

DOUBLE TROUBLE, BLUE OYSTER CULT, and **FOGHAT**—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8.

REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 9.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER—With Frank Lymon's Teenagers and jazz tap dancers Dorothy Bradley and Chuck Green. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, at 8.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10: Thiago de Mello & Amazon, featuring Claudio Roditi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 10, at 10: Jimmy Madison quintet, featuring Bob Berg and Tom Harrell. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 10: Charlie Rouse and Lonnie Hillyer. . . . ¶ Sundays at 9: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SAVOY—Friday, Sept. 11, at 10: Danny Shea band and the Rogue. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, and Thursday, Sept 17, at 9: Leo Sayer. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Sept. 18, at 9:30: Daniel Ponce and New York Ahora. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 9:30 and midnight: Sun Ra Arkestra. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RELA BANKS—Stone sculptures. Through Sept. 26. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

GUSTAVE BAUMANN (1881-1971)—Seventy-five color woodcuts (and a number of their original woodblocks) of the Southwest, by this

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

German-born artist who spent most of his life in Santa Fe. Through Oct. 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alan Davie—Recent abstract works on paper, thematically dominated by the island of St. Lucia. Through Oct. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mike Metz—Aluminum sculptures cast from styrofoam molds and affixed to modern-day products: a can of Mobil oil sprouting a mushroom cloud, a head atop a container of Joy detergent, and so on. Through Sept. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Harry Nadler—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Paintings, drawings, and painted-wood constructions by this Uruguayan artist. Through Oct. 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Alexander**, 20 W. 57th St.: A diverse offering of paintings (Richard Bosman, Judy Rifka) and sculptures (Richard Miller, Tom Otterness) by a total of eleven artists. Through Oct. 3. . . . **Associated American Artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: More than a hundred and seventy-five prints (Rembrandt, Homer, Feininger, Dine) in a show intended as a visual course for the prudent collector. Forgeries, prints altered by publishers, and a comparison of Cézanne's lithograph "The Bathers" with a photographic reproduction of that same work are among the lessons. Through Oct. 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Markel**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings (Karen Moss, Randy Stevens), drawings (Edward Renouf, Tim Duch), and sculptures (Susan Weil, Russell Redmond). Two dozen artists in all. Through Oct. 3.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt—One hundred prints have been mounted in a retrospective of Brandt's surrealist studies of the female nude, done from 1945-80. Through Sept. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Demachy (1859-1936)—Forty sepia prints (portraits, landscapes, waterfront scenes) by a turn-of-the-century French Pictorialist. Through Sept. 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Danny Lyon—Mostly recent (and mostly black-and-white) shots of New York (street scenes) and Colombia, South America (slum children, the interiors of brothels), plus some earlier character studies; seventy-five prints in all. Through Oct. 10. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

M. Miller—Formal portraits of mostly upper-class Chinese—the mandarins and compradors of Hong Kong and Canton—made between 1861 and 1864 by this Hong Kong-based photographer. Through Oct. 3. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Frederick Sommer—A review of the artist's career to date, extending from photographs of found-object assemblages, desert scenes, and portraits to *cliché-verre* prints, drawings, and musical scores. Through Sept. 20. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8. A second show consists of forty *cliché-verre* prints by four photographers: John Bloom, Meg Ojala, Jack Sal, and Jaromir Stephany.)

Group Shows—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **New-York Historical Society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **The Urban Center**, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: "New York's Historic Districts" and "The Upper East Side Historic District," a pair of photographic exhibits (with maps and other documentation) put together by the Municipal Art Society. Architectural styles found on the East Side are given some attention. Through Friday, Sept. 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassai, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Friday, Sept. 11.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen, Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures), supplemented by illustrated books and engravings from the Museum's own collection. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time: Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died July 1. Through Tuesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ In a show that deals broadly with the ways artists link words and pictures are illustrations for literary works (no texts); drawings that use words as either symbol or image; and artists' books that substitute pictures for words. Charles Demuth, Max Ernst, and Carl Andre are a few of the artists. Through Oct. 6. . . . **Photography**: "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent exhibitions are the main attraction right now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and progressing from "The Slough of Despair" to "The Gates of Heaven." The show is intended to complement a selection of his earlier œuvre on view at the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A diverse selection of William Blake's watercolors (including a series of twenty-one done in 1805 for the "Book of Job"), engravings (a bound volume of his 1793 "America"), and illuminated works (complete sets of illustrations for both his "Songs of Innocence" of 1789 and "Songs of Experience" of 1794). Also, the "Pickering Manuscript," the only extant holograph of Blake's verse. A complementary show is at the Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ About a dozen Mozart manuscripts, ranging from four pieces for the piano written by the composer at the age of five, to one of the three known sketches for "The Magic Flute," written shortly before his death. Both shows through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Barbara Adrian, Marcia Marcus, Harry Roseman, and Frank Stout are among works being considered for purchase and donation to museums, through the Henry Ward Ranger Fund. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Alison Knowles' "The Book of Bean," an installation set up as a book,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which the viewer "reads" by walking through it, page by page. Through Oct. 3.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—An installation by Vito Acconci entitled "Abstract House," through Oct. 3; the Chadbournes (music), Friday, Sept. 11, at 8:30; Mitchell Kriegman (video), Sunday, Sept. 13, at 8:30; "Andy Warhol's Last Love" (video), Monday, Sept. 14, at 8:30; Fred Frith, Sonny Sharrock, Bill Laswell, Fred Maher, and Michael Beinhorn (music), Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30; Paul William Simons (music), Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.

MUSIC

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 9-11, and Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, Sept. 12-13: A special engagement of Wright and Forrest's "Song of Norway" (based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg), with alternating casts: Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, David Eisler, Stephen Dickson, David Rae Smith, and the Eliot Feld Ballet, or Claudette Peterson, Janis Eckhart, Joseph Evans, John Brandstetter, Mr. Smith, and the Feld Ballet. The conductor for both casts is Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 17: A new production of Verdi's "Nabucco," with Grace Bumbry, Joanna Simon, John Broecheler, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 19: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Maralin Niska, Henry Price, Alan Titus, and John Seabury; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 19: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Wells, Leigh Munro, Joseph Evans, Jerry Hadley, Dominic Cossa, Spiro Malas, James Billings, and Jack Harrold; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Wednesday, May 12—Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8; Friday, Sept. 11, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 7:30: A program including the American première of Stockhausen's "Jubilee," with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8; Friday, Sept. 18, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 7:30: Performances of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Miss Ludwig; and the Westminster Choir.

New York String Ensemble—A small chamber orchestra that performs without a conductor; with Edmund Niemann, piano, and David Sills, viola. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Alan Cox, flute; Louise Schulman, viola; Myron Lutzke, cello; and others. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

RECITALS

Harriet Serr—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3.)

Frances Walker—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.)

Haydn-Stravinsky Celebration—In advance of their regular concert season, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center will present a one-week series of events commemorating the two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of Haydn and the hundredth birthday of Stravinsky. The participants will include nine members of the Chamber Music Society as well as thirty-six guest artists, among them Leonard Bernstein and Michael Tilson Thomas, pianist-conductors; Beverly Hoch, soprano; James Atherton and Robert White, tenors; Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano; and Myron Romanul, zimbalon. Sunday, Sept. 13, at 8:45, a concert of music by both composers. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 14, at 6:15, a lecture on Haydn by H. C. Robbins Landon. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8:45, an all-Haydn concert preceded by a lecture by Mr. Landon at 6:15. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8:45, a concert of music by both composers. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:15, a lecture on Stravinsky by Ned Rorem. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.) . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:45, an all-Stravinsky concert preceded by the film "A Stravinsky Portrait," by Richard Leacock, at 6:15. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8:45, a concert of music by both composers. (Alice Tully Hall.) For information about tickets to any of the above, call 362-1900, Ext. 322.

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Drew Minter—Countertenor, in a program contrasting early vocal music with new music for voice and tape. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

João Carlos Martins—Piano, playing Bach's Partita No. 4 and the Goldberg Variations. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

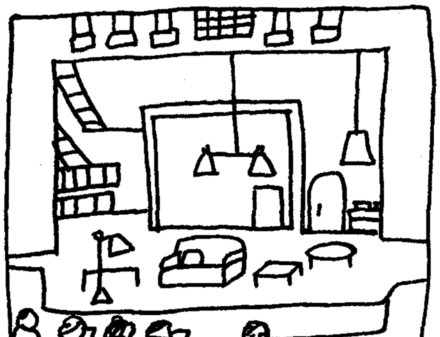
Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

João Carlos Martins and Arthur Lima—Piano, in a Bach-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, Sept. 11, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13, at 2. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 15-17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:05.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Las Vegas of the Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns World Welterweight Championship bout and a ten-round bout between junior middleweights Tony Ayala and Jose Baquedano. Also three live bouts *in situ*. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 7.)



College Football—**Saturday, Sept. 12:** Fordham vs. Southern Connecticut State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . **Friday, Sept. 18:** Rutgers vs. Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 7:30. . . . **Saturday, Sept. 19:** Army vs. V.M.I., at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Catholic University, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 13: Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Shea Stadium, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington.

Racing—At **Belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 12. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 12; the Lawrence Realization, Sunday, Sept. 13; and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **Atlantic City,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Nightly at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Sept. 12, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1:30. The Long Look, Thursday, Sept. 17. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 11-13, at noon. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **Sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, Sept. 12, at 10:15 and 2: English furniture, porcelains, and decorations. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 10: Japanese netsuke, from the collection of the late Mary Louise O'Brien. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 12. . . . **Phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 1: Lalique and other glass, Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, studio ceramics, and sculptures. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Sept. 9, from 10 to 5; Thursday, Sept. 10, from 10 to 7; and Friday, Sept. 11, from 10 to 2. . . . **Phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 11: European and American furniture and decorations. Exhibition hours: Sunday, Sept. 13, noon to 5; Monday, Sept. 14, from 10 to 5; Tuesday, Sept. 15, from 10 to 7; and Wednesday, Sept. 16, from 10 to 1.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Music Festival on the Pier—The final performances in the Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, Sept. 9: Adam & the Ants. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 11: Ian Hunter, Leslie West, and Corky Laing. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12: The Plasmatics. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Carol Wincenc, flute, and Raymond Mase, trumpet. The final concert of the season. (Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

Walking Tour—"Clerics and Scholars: An Architectural Tour of Wonderment," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 13, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, from noon until sundown.

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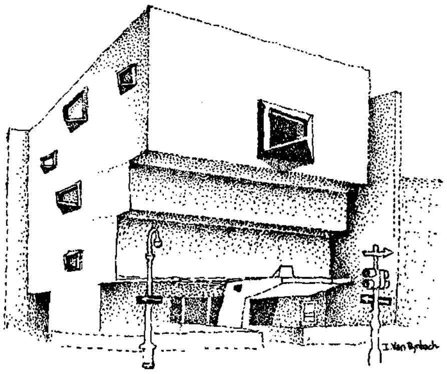
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 10: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; directed by Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
From Sept. 11: "The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian). No performances on Monday, Sept. 14.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Sept. 9: "Sun Valley Serenade" (†) and "Hello, Frisco, Hello." (†)
Sept. 10-11: "The Barkleys of Broadway" (†) and "The Belle of New York." (†)
Sept. 12-14: "Guys and Dolls" (†) and "Hans Christian Andersen." (†)
Sept. 15-16: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (†); and "Neptune's Daughter" (1949; Edward Buzzell), with Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Ricardo Montalban, Betty Garrett, and Keenan Wynn.
Sept. 17-18: "Brigadoon" (†) and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." (†)
From Sept. 19: "Gigi" (†) and "The Little Prince." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 10: "The Empire Strikes Back" (†) and "Alien." (†)
Sept. 11-17: "Superman II" (†); and "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 10: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
From Sept. 11: "Lovers and Liars" (Mario Monicelli), with Goldie Hawn and Giancarlo Giannini.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Night Porter." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 10: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 10: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
Sept. 11: "My Brilliant Career." (†)
Sept. 12: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Sept. 13: "The Last Wave." (†)
Sept. 14: "The Getting of Wisdom." (†)
Sept. 15: "Picnic at Hanging Rock." (†)
Sept. 16: "Breaker Morant."
From Sept. 17: "Tim" (Michael Pate), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 10: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D. Sept. 11-17: To be announced. From Sept. 18: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 10: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Sept. 11-17: "Blow Out." (†)
From Sept. 18: "S.O.B." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D. From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "14 Americans: Directions of the 1970s" (directed by Michael Blackwood and Nancy Rosen).
Theatre 2: A festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Through Sept. 13: "Fox and His Friends" (1976), with Fassbinder himself. Sept. 14-18: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974), with Brigitte Mira. From Sept. 19: "The Marriage of Maria Braun." (†)

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "S.O.B." (†)
Theatre 2: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 10: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). From Sept. 11: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
Theatre 4: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (directed by Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Blow Out." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 17: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
From Sept. 18: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heartland." (†)

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 15: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
From Sept. 16: "Movies for Cynics," a seven-day series of American films of social and political satire; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 12: "Seven Chances" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Coney Island" (1917) and "The Balloonatic" (1922). Sept. 13-15: "The Saphead" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Cops" (1922) and "The Electric House" (1922). Sept. 16-19: "Battling Butler" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Playhouse" (1921) and "The Scarecrow" (1922).
Theatre 2: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

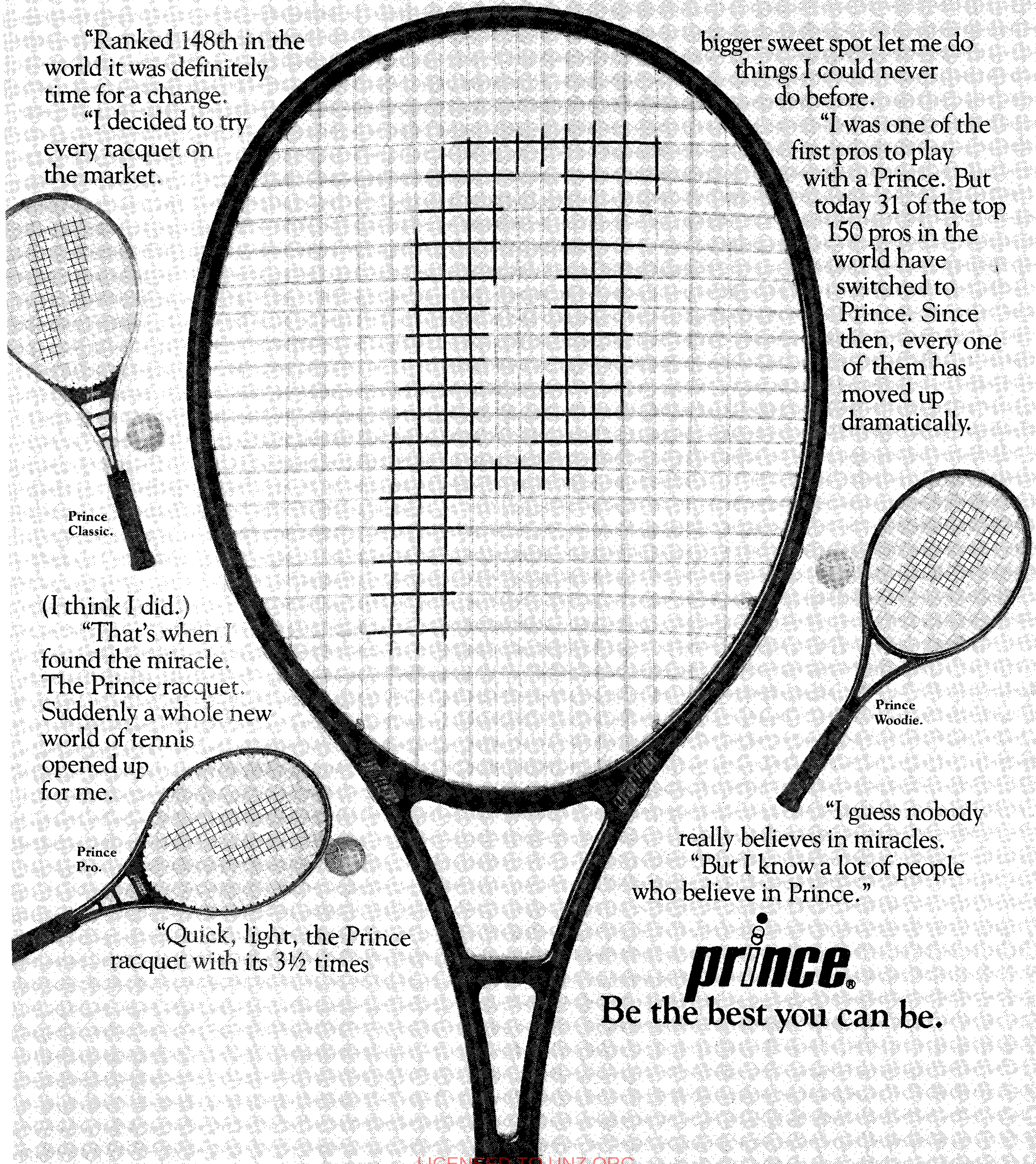
Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "New York, New York." (†) From Sept. 11: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Best Boy." (†)
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 10: "An American

"Four years ago I was 148th in the world and looking for a miracle. I found one."

Gene Mayer, ranked 4th in the world.



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Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "Arthur." (†) From Sept. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 10: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi, with Tony Anthony. In 3-D. From Sept. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 10: "The Night Porter." (†) From Sept. 11: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)
Theatre 2: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 10: "Blow Out." (†) From Sept. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 10: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort. From Sept. 11: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore; and "Nine to Five." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 10: "Superman II." (†) From Sept. 11: "New York, New York." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 10: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†) Sept. 11-17: "The Cannonball Run" (directed by Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore; and "Nine to Five." (†) From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.
Theatre 2: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 3: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Theatre 4: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.
Theatre 5: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 6: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Heavy Metal," *an animated film.*

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)
Theatre 4: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Arthur." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Sept. 10: "The Night Porter." (†)
From Sept. 11: "Lovers and Liars" (Mario Monicelli), with Goldie Hawn and Giancarlo Giannini.

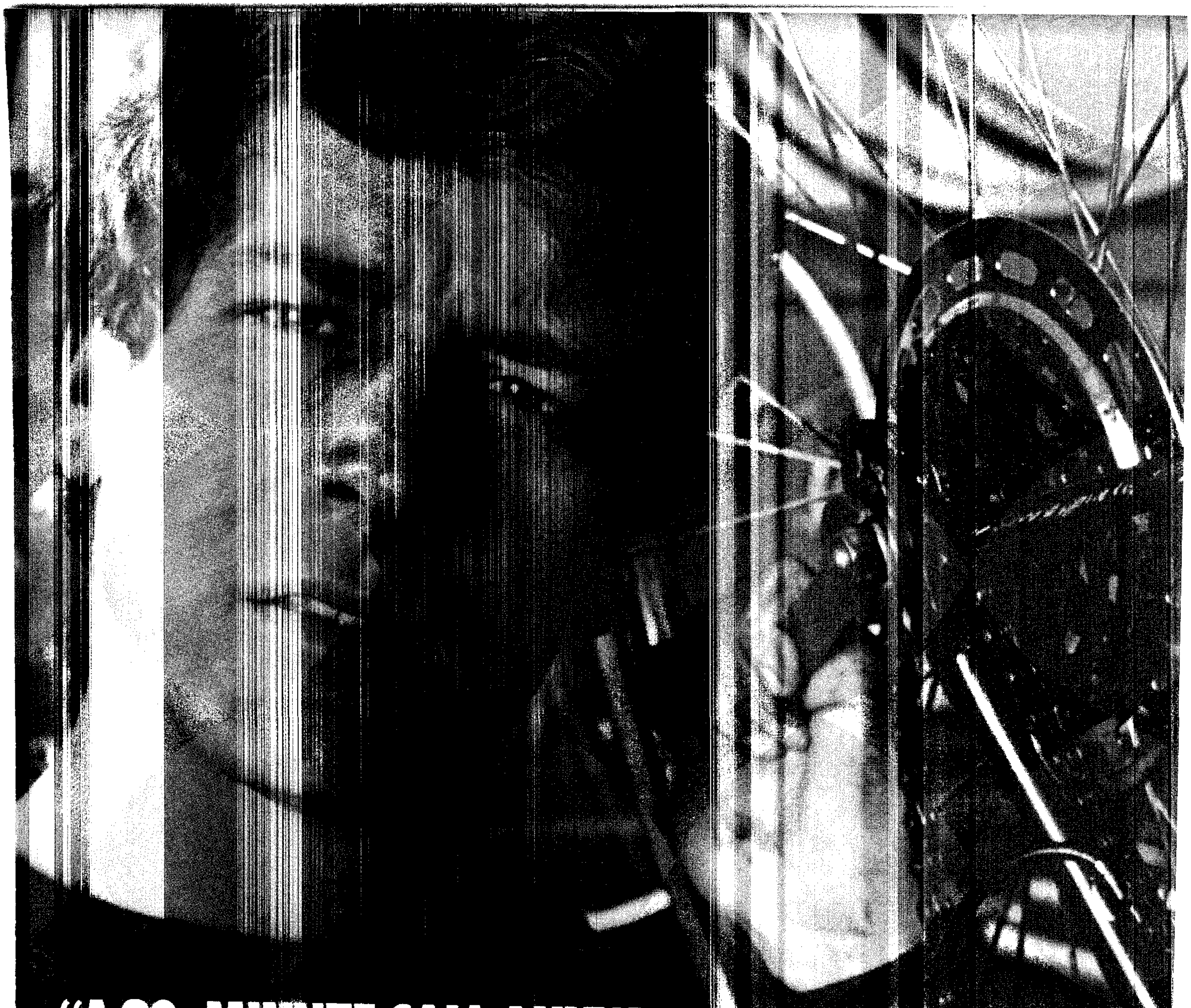
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 10: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.
From Sept. 11: Theatre temporarily closed.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Hell Night" (Tom DeSimone), with Linda Blair.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 9: "Of Human Bondage" (1934; directed by John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson; and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.
Sept. 10: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.
Sept. 11: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Sept. 12: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Innocent" (1976; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.
Sept. 13: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Don't Look Now." (†)
Sept. 14: "Night Moves" (†); and "The Long Goodbye" (1973; Robert Altman), with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
Sept. 15: "The Ronin Called Kyoshiro Nemuri" (1968; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Zatoichi's Pilgrimage" (1966; Iazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Sept. 16: "The Ritz" (1976; Richard Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Casta), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Sept. 17: "Salut l'Artiste" (†); and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Sept. 18: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (†); and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
Sept. 19: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 9: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940; Mervyn LeRoy), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor; and "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.
Sept. 10: "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith; and "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves.
Sept. 11: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles.
Sept. 12: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Ned Kelly" (1970; Tony Richardson), with Mick Jagger.
Sept. 13: "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
Sept. 14: "Flamingo Road" (†) and "Autumn Leaves." (†)
Sept. 15: "Our Dancing Daughters" (1928; Harry Beaumont), with Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown; and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.
Sept. 16: "The Inner Scar" (1972; Philippe Garvel; in French); "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Claude Brasseur, and Sami Frey; and "New York Story" (1980; Jackie Raynal). Jackie Raynal will be present at 8:45.
Sept. 17: "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "Le *Fantôme de la Liberté*" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Sept. 18: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965;



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	SAN FRANCISCO	PHILADELPHIA	OMAHA	NEW YORK	NEW HAVEN	MILWAUKEE	MEMPHIS	INDIANAPOLIS	DETROIT	DENVER	DALLAS	CLEVELAND	CHICAGO	BOSTON	ATLANTA
BOSTON															3.67
CHICAGO														3.50	3.50
CLEVELAND													3.49	3.50	3.50
DALLAS												3.67	3.50	3.67	3.50
DENVER											3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.67
DETROIT										3.67	3.67	2.92	3.24	3.50	3.50
INDIANAPOLIS									3.24	3.67	3.50	3.24	3.08	3.50	3.49
MEMPHIS								3.49	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.49
MILWAUKEE							3.50	3.24	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.49	2.92	3.50	3.50
NEW HAVEN						3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	2.92	3.50
NEW YORK					2.68	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.08	3.50
OMAHA				3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.67	3.50
PHILADELPHIA			3.67	2.92	3.08	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.24	3.50
SAN FRANCISCO		3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84
SEATTLE	3.50	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84

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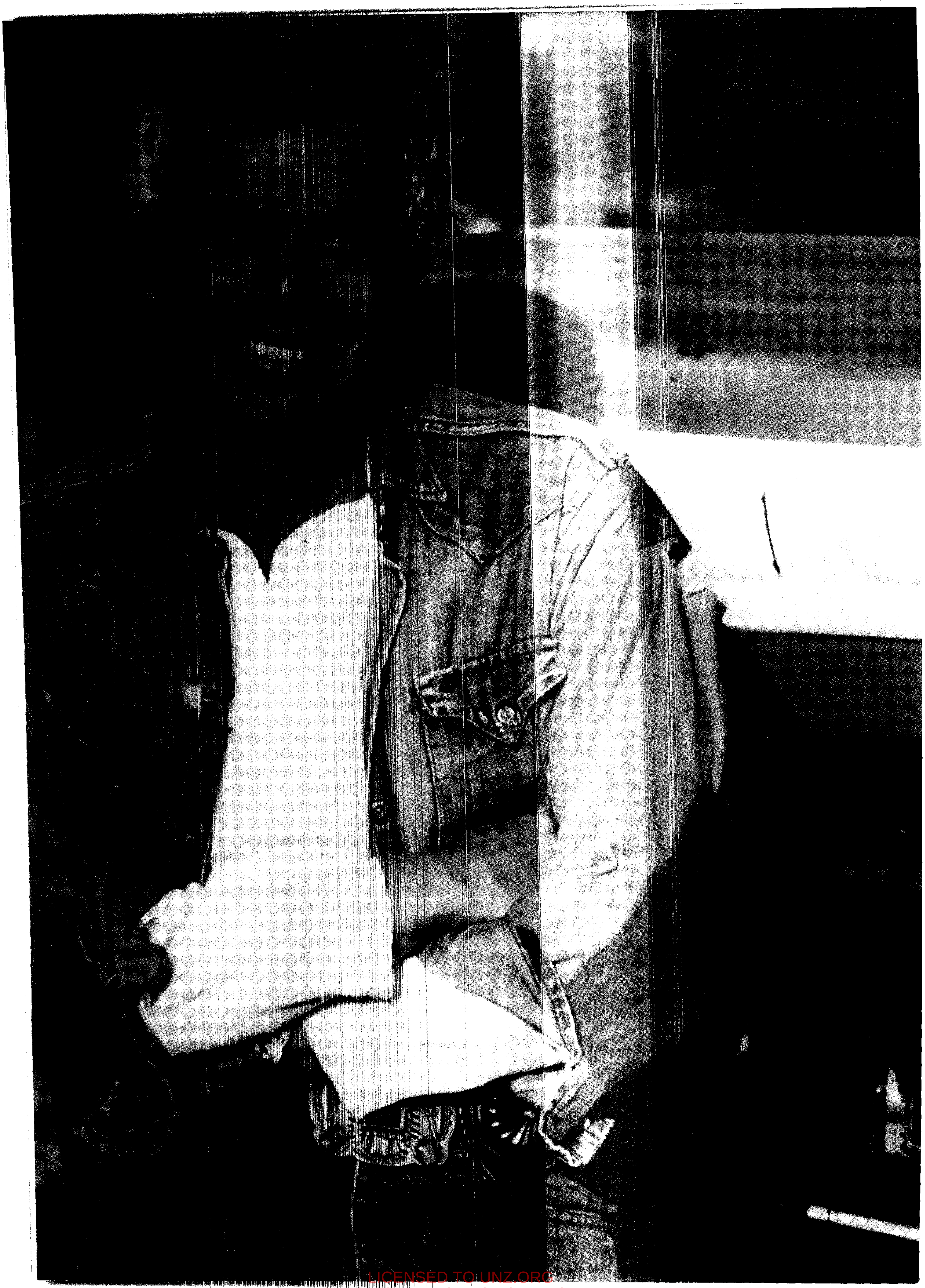

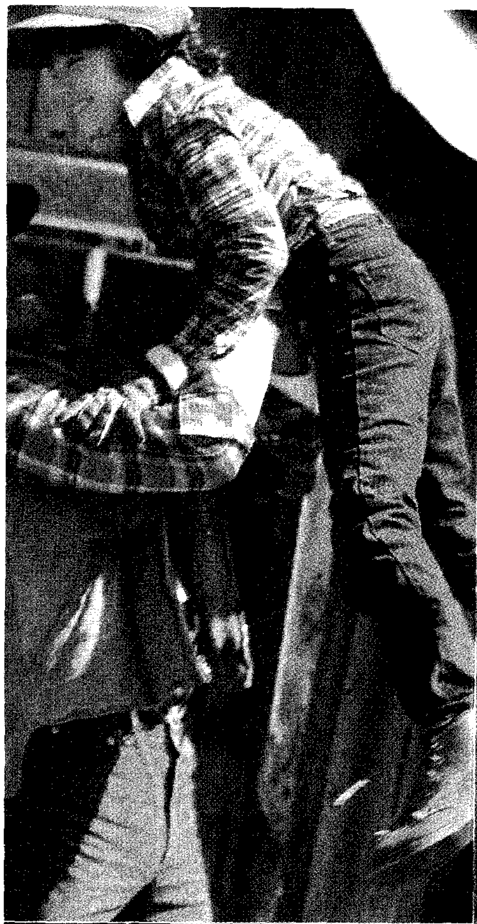

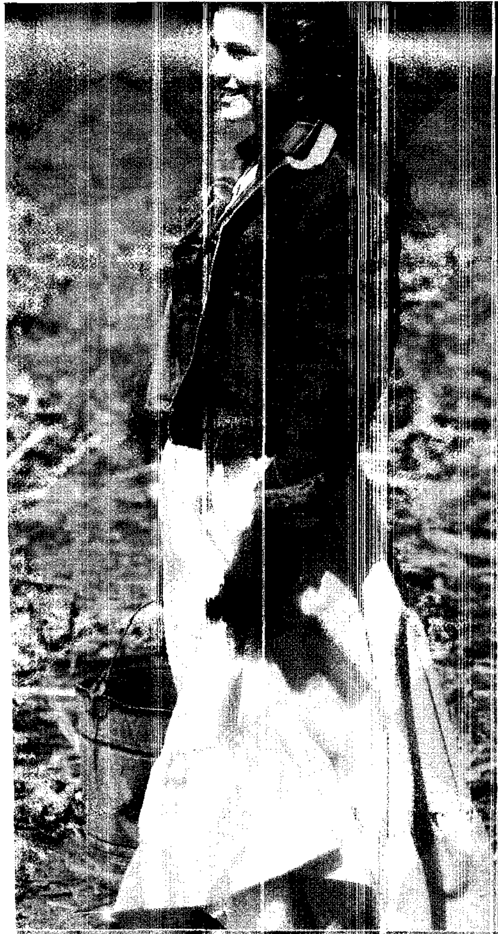

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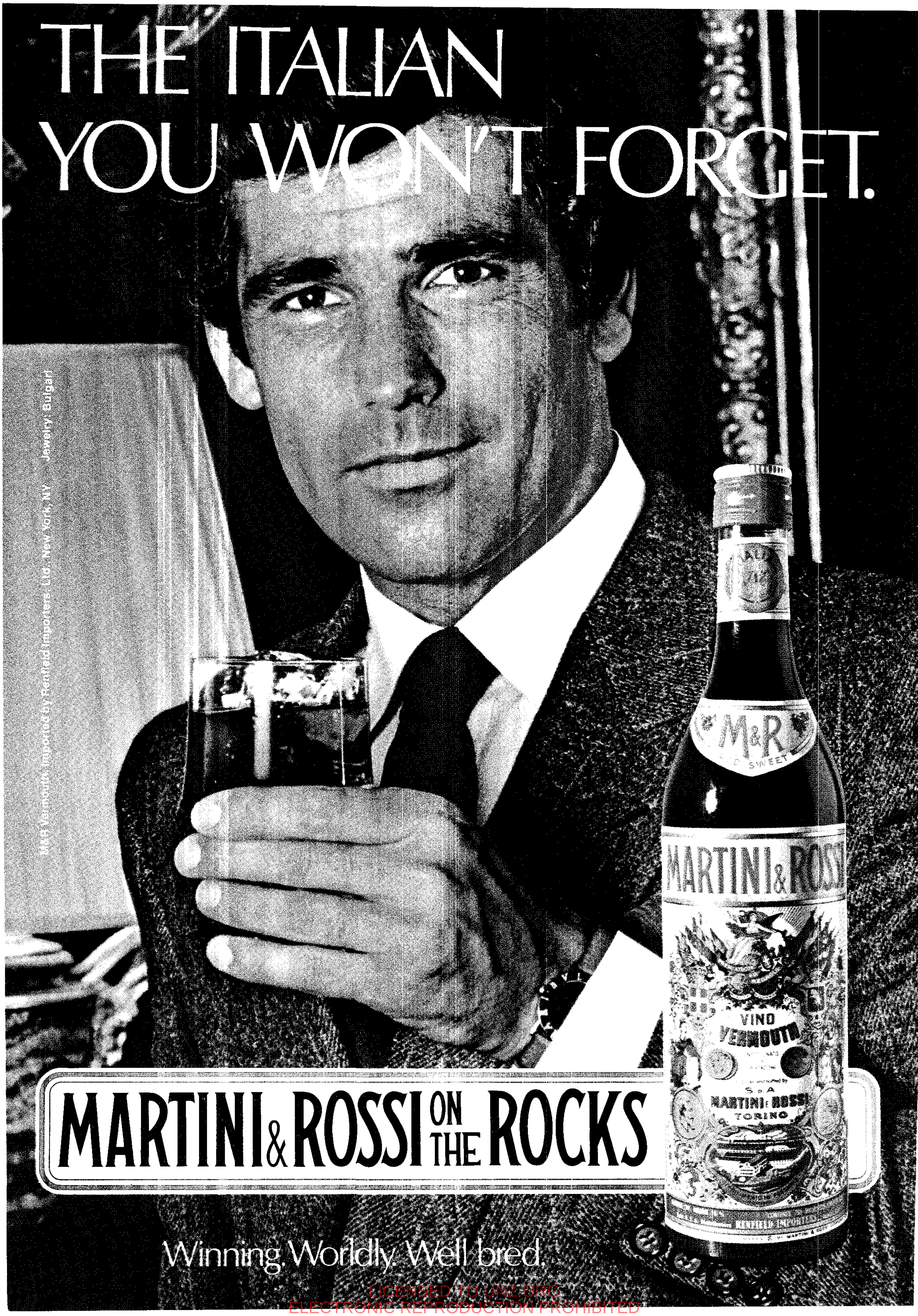
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jean-Luc Godard), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.

Sept. 19: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 10: "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan; and "Yanks" (1979; John Schlesinger), with Richard Gere, Vanessa Redgrave, William Devane, and Lisa Eichhorn.

Sept. 11-12: "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

Sept. 13-15: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.

Sept. 16-17: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Sept. 18-19: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 10: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

From Sept. 11: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 12: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Claude Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.

Sept. 13-15: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "A Letter to Three Wives." (†)

From Sept. 16: To be announced.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 12: "The Warriors" (1979; Walter Hill), with Michael Beck, James Remar, and Thomas Waites; and "The Wanderers" (1979; Philip Kaufman), with Ken Wahl.

Sept. 13-15: "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; and "The Fury" (1978; Brian De Palma), with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Amy Irving, and Andrew Stevens.

From Sept. 16: To be announced.

OLYMPIA QUAD 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Sept. 10: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). Both X-rated.

Sept. 11-12: "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin; X-rated); and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.

Sept. 13-15: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964, Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

Sept. 16-17: "Eboli" (†); and "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard.

Sept. 18-19: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 9: "One, Two, Three" (Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver; and "Avanti!" (1972; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills.

Sept. 10-12: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. McLeod), with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.

Sept. 13-14: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964; Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin, Kim Novak, and Ray Walston; and "The Seven Year Itch." (†)

Sept. 15-16: "It's a Gift" (†); and "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948; Charles Barton).

Sept. 17-19: "Sabrina" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 9: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), compiled from newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances.

Sept. 10: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers; and "Abel Gance: Charm of Dynamite" (1968), a documentary compiled by Kevin Brownlow.

Sept. 11-12: "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Sept. 13: "Bedazzled" (1976; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Sept. 14: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Sept. 15: "The Last Wave" (†); and "The Cars That Ate People" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).

Sept. 16: "Guys and Dolls" (†); and "Johnny One-Eye" (1951; Robert Florey), with Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris, and Dolores Moran.

Sept. 17: "Kagemusha." (†)

Sept. 18-19: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 9: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

Sept. 10: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck, and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

Sept. 11-12: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Sept. 13: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "My

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"Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.
Sept. 14: "The Spiders" (1920; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "Destiny." (†)
Sept. 15: "The Stars Look Down" (†) and "Kipps." (†)
Sept. 16: "Rififi" (†); and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Sept. 17: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Sept. 18: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
From Sept. 19: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of films produced by the National Film Board of Canada: Sept. 10 at 2:30: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973; directed by Jacques Leduc; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Esther Auger. . . . Sept. 10 at 6: "Travel Log" (1978; Donald Winkler), "Horizon" (1975; Norman Grégoire and Claude Jobin), and "Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail" (1966; Don Owen). . . . Sept. 10 at 8: "Night Cap" (1974; André Forcier) and "Cher Theo" (1975; Jean Beaudin), both films in French, no English subtitles. . . . Sept. 11 at 2:30: "Primal Fear" (1978; Anne-Claire Poirer; in French, with English subtitles), with Luce Guilbeault and Julie Vincent; recommended for adults only. . . . Sept. 11 at 6: "Cold Journey" (1972; Martin DeFalco), with Chief Dan George and Johnny Yesno. . . . Sept. 12 at noon: "National Scream" (1980; Robert Awad and David Verrall) and "Tourist Go Home" (1959). . . . Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Travel Log," "Horizon," and "Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail." . . . Sept. 12 at 5: "Primal Fear." . . . Sept. 13 at noon: "National Scream" and "Tourist Go Home." . . . Sept. 13 at 2:30: "J. A. Martin; Photographe" (1977; Jean Beaudin; in French, with English subtitles), with Marcel Sabourin and Monique Mercure. . . . Sept. 14 at noon: "Who Will Teach Your Child?" (1948; Gudrum Parker), "Stigma" (1958; Stanley Jackson), and "Payoff in Pain" (1948). . . . Sept. 14 at 2:30: "Mon Enfance à Montreal" (1970; Jean Chabot; in French, no English subtitles), with Veronique Vilbert and Carole Lord. . . . Sept. 14 at 6: "Bravery in the Field" (1979; Giles Walker) and "Steel Blues" (1976; Jorge Fajardo). . . . Sept. 15 at noon: "Who Will Teach Your Child?," "Stigma," and "Payoff in Pain."

¶ The first programs in a series of recent films from India, all with English subtitles: Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Daily Bread" (1969; Mani Kaul; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 17 at 6: "In Search of Famine" (1980; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali). Mr. Sen will be present. . . . Sept. 17 at 9 and Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Pathetic Fallacy" (1958; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali). . . . Sept. 18 at 6: "The Forest" (1973; Girish Karnad; in Kannada). Mr. Karnad will be present. . . . Sept. 19 at 2:30: "Daily Bread." . . . Sept. 19 at 5: "The Churning" (1976; Shyam Benegal; in Hindi). Mr. Benegal will be present.

¶ Other, somewhat less exotic, films scheduled during this period: Sept. 13 at 5 and Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Men Are Not Gods" (1936; Walter Reisch), with Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence, and Rex Harrison. . . . Sept. 15 at 6: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Arthur Shields, and Suprova Muckerjee. . . . Sept. 19 at noon: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Movies for Cynics—A series of American films of social and political satire. At the Paramount Theatre, B'way at 61st St.—Sept. 16 at 3: "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin). . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6:15: "The Americanization of Emily" (1964; Arthur Hiller). . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 9 and Sept. 17 at 3: "The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover" (1977; Larry Cohen). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6:15: "First Family" (1980; Buck Henry). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 9: "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges). . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2: "First Family." . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 4:30: "Winter Kills" (1979; John Huston). . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 7: "The Great Dictator." . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 9:30: "The hungry i Reunion" (1981; Thomas Cohen). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2: "The Great McGinty." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 4:30: "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" (1981; Glenn Silber and Tete Vasconcellas) and "Nixon: From Checkers to Watergate" (Charles Braverman). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 7: "Smile" (1975; Michael Ritchie). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 9:30: "Winter Kills." (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 10.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 10.)

Autumn Leaves (1956)—Robert Aldrich, piling on the garish melodrama and working up a storm of emotional anguish. He holds your attention even though some part of you is giggling while you watch Joan Crawford take as her husband Cliff Robertson, who is not well in the head. He tosses objects at her (including a standard typewriter), and she heaves, gasps, and rolls her large eyes, but persists in being understanding. What's eating him is that in his first marriage (to Vera Miles) he was cuckolded by his own rotten dad (Lorne Greene). It eventually becomes evident to the hand-wringing, knuckle-gnawing Crawford that *something* has to be done, but not until after she does a lot of striding up and down. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

The Barkleys of Broadway (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, for the first time in ten years, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance," as well as some Tchaikovsky. Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their usual buoyant best. (Art; Sept. 10-11.)

Battling Butler (1926)—A rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Lincoln Plaza; Sept. 16-19.)

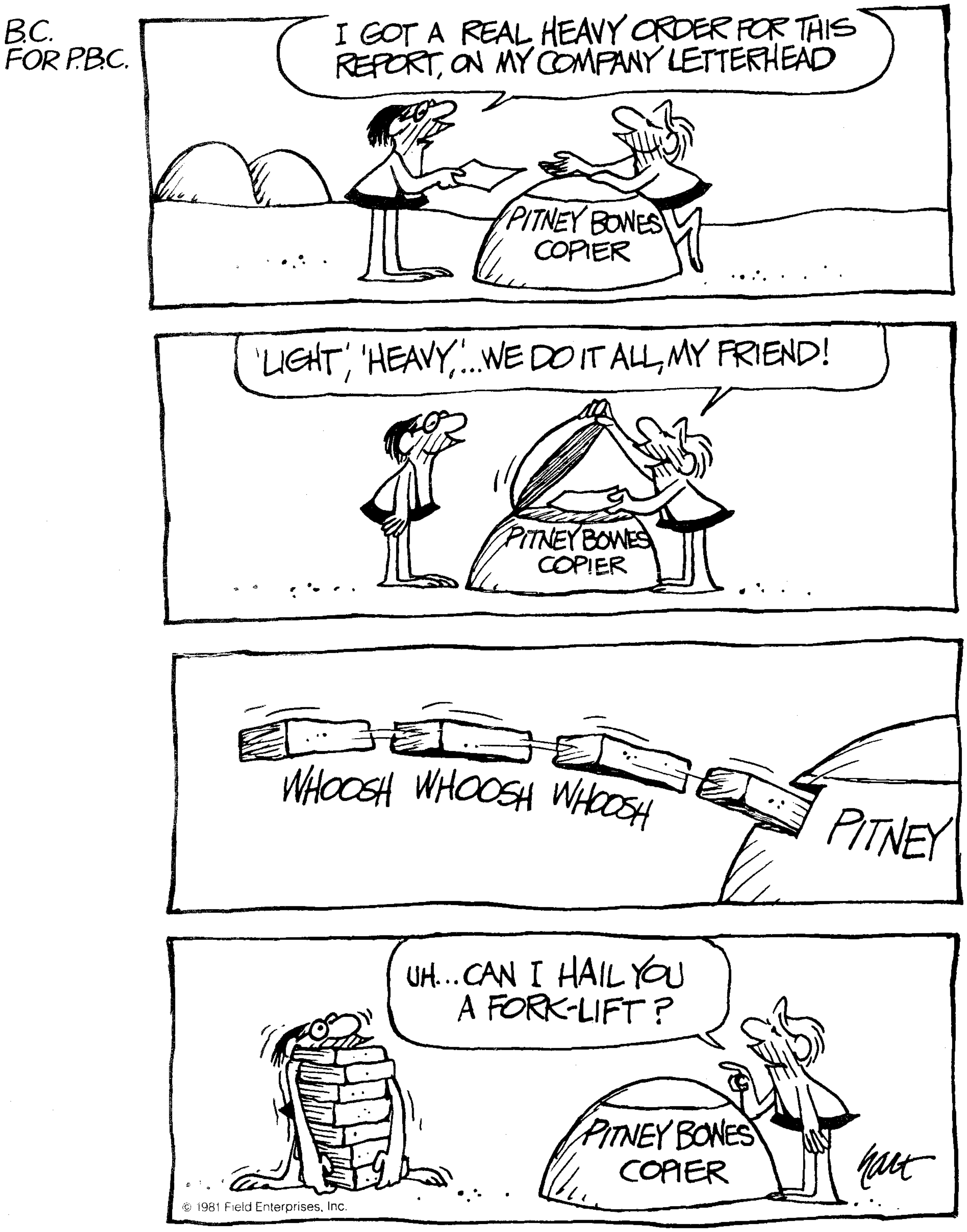
The Belle of New York (1952)—M-G-M belting out Hugh Morton's operetta story, with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, and Keenan Wynn. Songs: "The Belle" (obviously), "Baby Doll," "Naughty but Nice," "Thank You Mr. Currier, Thank You Mr. Ives," et al., by various hands, including Harry Warren, Johnny Mercer, and Burton Lane. Vera-Ellen, in a thigh-length skirt, is swept off her feet by an Astaire who looks as young as he ever did and dances you out of any dusty summer. Directed by Charles Walters. (Art; Sept. 10-11.)

Best Boy (1980)—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl, whose presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Blow Out—It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car into the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Sept. 11-17.)

Brigadoon (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings either, but this way it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. Lerner wrote the script; Kelly choreographed. With Hugh Laing, Barry Jones, Eddie Quillan. (Art; Sept. 17-18.)

Cutter's Way—Its original title, "Cutter and Bone," is also the name of Newton Thornburg's 1976 novel, on which it's based. This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is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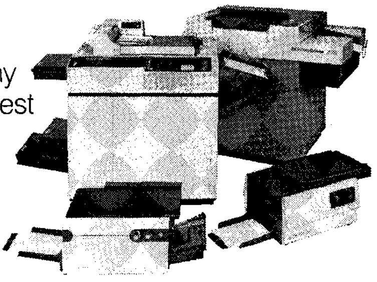

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lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. Writers who aren't forcibly restrained love to go for "mordant" protagonists, and actors love to play them. Heard gives a stylized performance of a man full of self-lacerating energy; he isn't a character—he's a one-eyed, one-legged literary conceit. As Cutter's burned-out wife Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty—she's wound up tight, like an American Glenda Jackson, but without Jackson's shaping and style. The film is packed with symbolic gestures, though they're not quite as effective as the ghostly fiesta scene behind the opening titles, with señoritas dancing to music that's different from the music we hear, and castanets silently clicking. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Cinema Studio.)

Destiny (1921; called "Between Two Worlds" when it opened in the U.S. in 1924 in a chopped-up version)—This magical fantasy-spectacle by Fritz Lang has a love story (Lil Dagover is the girl) and episodes set in ninth-century Baghdad, seventeenth-century Venice, and a whimsical China—where a magician creates a miniature army and a flying horse to entertain the emperor. The film has a German folkloric quality; the figure of Death suggests the world of Grünewald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 13.)

Eboli (1980)—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of the remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the Church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Olympia Quad 1; Sept. 16-17.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Eastside Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 10.)

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco; still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about the single-minded love of a teenage boy (Martin Hewitt) for his young girlfriend (Brooke Shields), the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is the girl's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as the boy's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin). (Criterion Theatres.)

Flamingo Road (1949)—Joan Crawford, the screen's supreme masochist, at it again. This time, she's a carnival hootchy-kootchy dancer stranded in a small town; she gets involved with a weakling—Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce"—and she's implicated in murder again, and with the same director, Michael Curtiz, and the same producer, Jerry Wald. But the script lacks the mythic, overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's just garishly overwrought. The ostentatious miscasting of Sydney Greenstreet as a sheriff gives the picture a campy charm. He's a mean villain, persecuting the brave, suffering heroine—framing her, running her out of town, railroading her to prison. David Brian is the local political boss who falls in love with her; he seems not to see what we see—that she's rigid, monstrous. With Gladys George, Gertrude Michael, Tito Vuolo, and Fred Clark. Robert Wilder's script is based on a play he wrote with Sally Wilder; additional dialogue by Edmund H. North. Music by Max Steiner; cinematography by Ted McCord. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; the heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Criterion Theatres.)

The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the backcountry who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (D. W. Griffith; Sept. 14.)

Gigi (1958)—A plushy, cheerful, musical version of the Colette story about an adolescent girl who is tutored to be a courtesan but is so enchantingly innocent and eager that she winds up the betrothed of the richest, handsomest young man in Paris. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionary style that carries all—or almost all—before it. (The elderly Maurice Chevalier singing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may give one pause.) Leslie Caron is Gigi, and Louis Jourdan is her catch; with Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, John Abbott, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, and Monique Van Vooren. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Art; starting Sept. 19.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Art; Sept. 12-14. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 16.)

Hans Christian Andersen (1952)—Lavish, cloying, pseudo-whimsical monstrosity, contrived by Moss Hart and directed by Charles Vidor

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Mommie Dearest

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under the aegis of Samuel Goldwyn. It's the conceit of the movie to make Andersen (Danny Kaye) a simpleton bordering on active idiocy. With Zizi Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn, Joey Walsh, Farley Granger, and John Qualen. The drippy songs are by Frank Loesser. (Art; Sept. 12-14.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris.)

Hello, Frisco, Hello (1943)—Mediocrity enshrined. A moderately sickening tinsel musical from Fox, with Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Laird Cregar, June Havoc, and Lynn Bari. The paste-up score ranges from "You'll Never Know" and "Hello Ma Baby" to such lethal jobs as "It's Tulip Time in Holland." H. Bruce Humberstone directed. (Art; Sept. 9.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967)—Produced, directed, and written for the screen by David Swift. Robert Morse stars, as he did in the Broadway original. For once, the film version of a good and funny musical remains good, and very funny. (Art; Sept. 15-16.)

It's a Gift (1934)—In which W. C. Fields is harassed by a blind man and has a fine irritable scene in a grocery store on the subject of kumquats. (Regency; Sept. 15-16.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior) —Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formation in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Thalia; Sept. 17.)

Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. It's a very satisfying movie—observant without fuss, sly yet substantial. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Helen Haye, Edward Rigby, Hermione Baddeley, and the famous music-hall artist Arthur Riscoe as Chitterlow. The script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat; the costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

The Last Wave (1978)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides frog noises in the night, apparitions holding sacred stones, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (D. W. Griffith; Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 15.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards for Best Screenplay and Best Director for this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. Also with Barbara Lawrence, Jeffrey Lynn, and Hobart Cavanaugh, and narration by Celeste Holm. From a story by John Klempner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 13-15.)

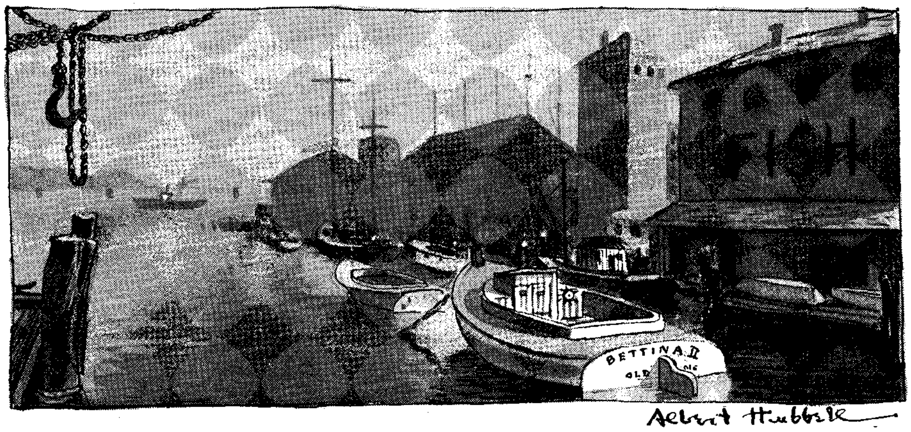
The Little Prince (1974)—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (Art; starting Sept. 19.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—Amateurish yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Directed by Roger Corman, from a script by Charles B. Griffith. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 18.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun (1979)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Film Forum; starting Sept. 19.)

My Brilliant Career (1980)—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith; Sept. 11.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbot as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio;



through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 11.)

Night Moves (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. With Philippe Leroy and Gabriele Ferzetti. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and National; through Sept. 10.)

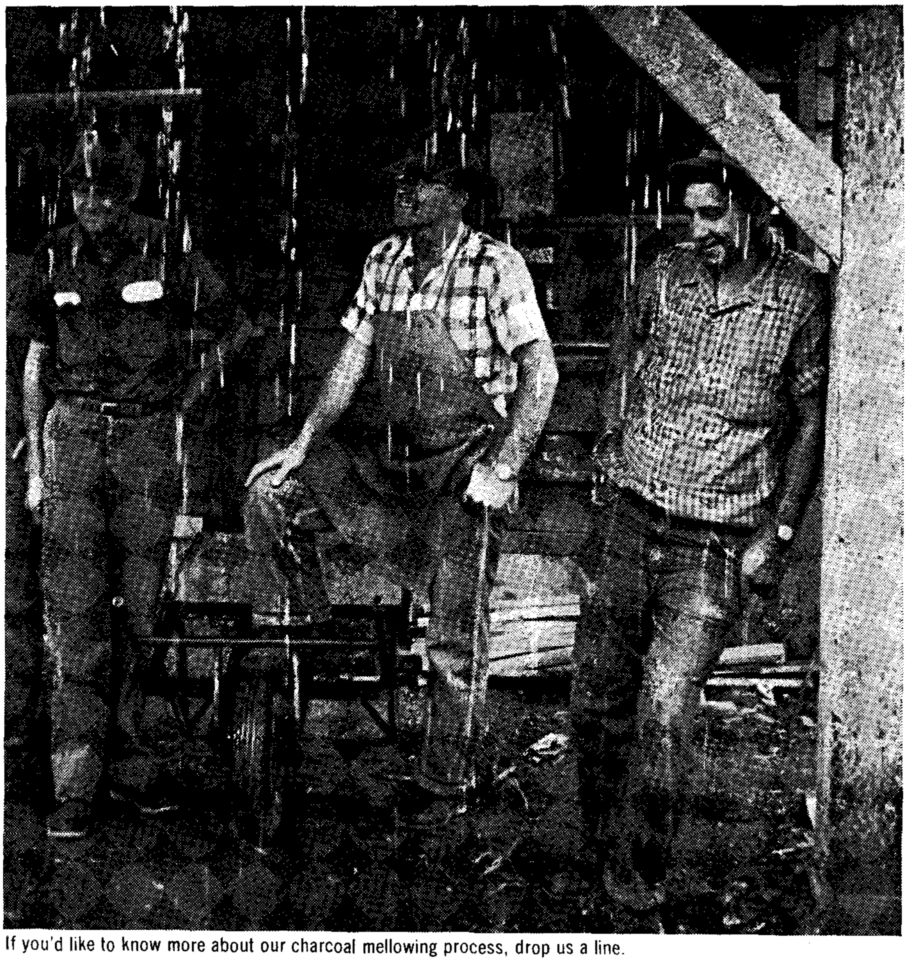
Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 11. ¶ Criterion Theatres; Sept. 11-17.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand fitfully alive in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Art; Sept. 17-18.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girl's school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (D. W. Griffith; Sept. 15.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral



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Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France (and in French), by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The Asphalt Jungle" (and of "Macbeth" before them), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. Along the way, Dassin keeps things actively vicious, with glimpses of underworld prostitutes and hopheads, and a murder, a kidnapping, and the thrashing of a faithless mistress, who is stripped. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, and Magali Noel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Regency; Sept. 17-19.)

Salut l'Artiste (1976)—The creeping mediocrity of the film's poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes it a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a non-professional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed, in French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 17.)

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The Saphead (1920)—When Buster Keaton was twenty-five, in 1920, he made this first feature, which is a noble comic masterpiece about an immensely rich goof's passion for a girl called Agnes. The film lingered in Keaton's possession, unseen by the public, for thirty-five years. In 1962, Raymond Rohauer began to untangle the legal knots that had confined it to obscurity. Now transferred from tinted nitrate stock to Technicolor safety film, it is a joyous movie. The august young Keaton is clearly already a master of his stoic craft. The film includes a balletically timed and persistent knocking off of his hat by wealthy young asses in the Stock Exchange, with Keaton, small and staring in the middle of the joust, dressed in spats, morning coat, elegantly cut trousers, a gleaming top hat, and exquisitely stitched gloves. (Lincoln Plaza; Sept. 13-15.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 12.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Regency; Sept. 13-14.)

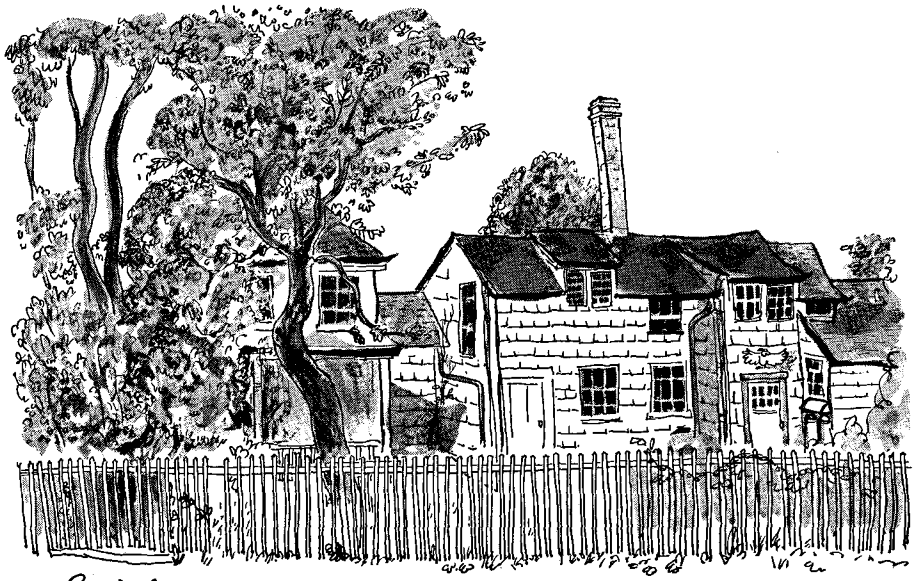
S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags as a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously. Blake Edwards wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, which is acknowledged to be based on his own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. With Shelley Winters, William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 18.)

The Stars Look Down (1939)—Though this Carol Reed film contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," it's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naïvely, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 15.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy.)

Sun Valley Serenade (1941)—Sonja Henie skates and skis to such colossal triumphs that Lynn Bari, her jealous rival for John Payne's affection, can do nothing more than call her a "Scandinavian hillbilly" and take off in a huff. Sonja Henie probably has to be seen once, just as the infant Shirley Temple has to be seen once. There's no way of explaining what made either of them a top star, but when you see them you understand it perfectly; they may be beyond satire but they're undeniably stars. This picture is as strong a dose of adorable Sonja Henie as anyone could wish; it even includes the number "The Kiss Polka." With Milton Berle, Joan Davis, and Glenn Miller and his orchestra, who come through with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." H. Bruce Humberstone directed. (Art; Sept. 9.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, has become a smoothie; his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 11-17.)



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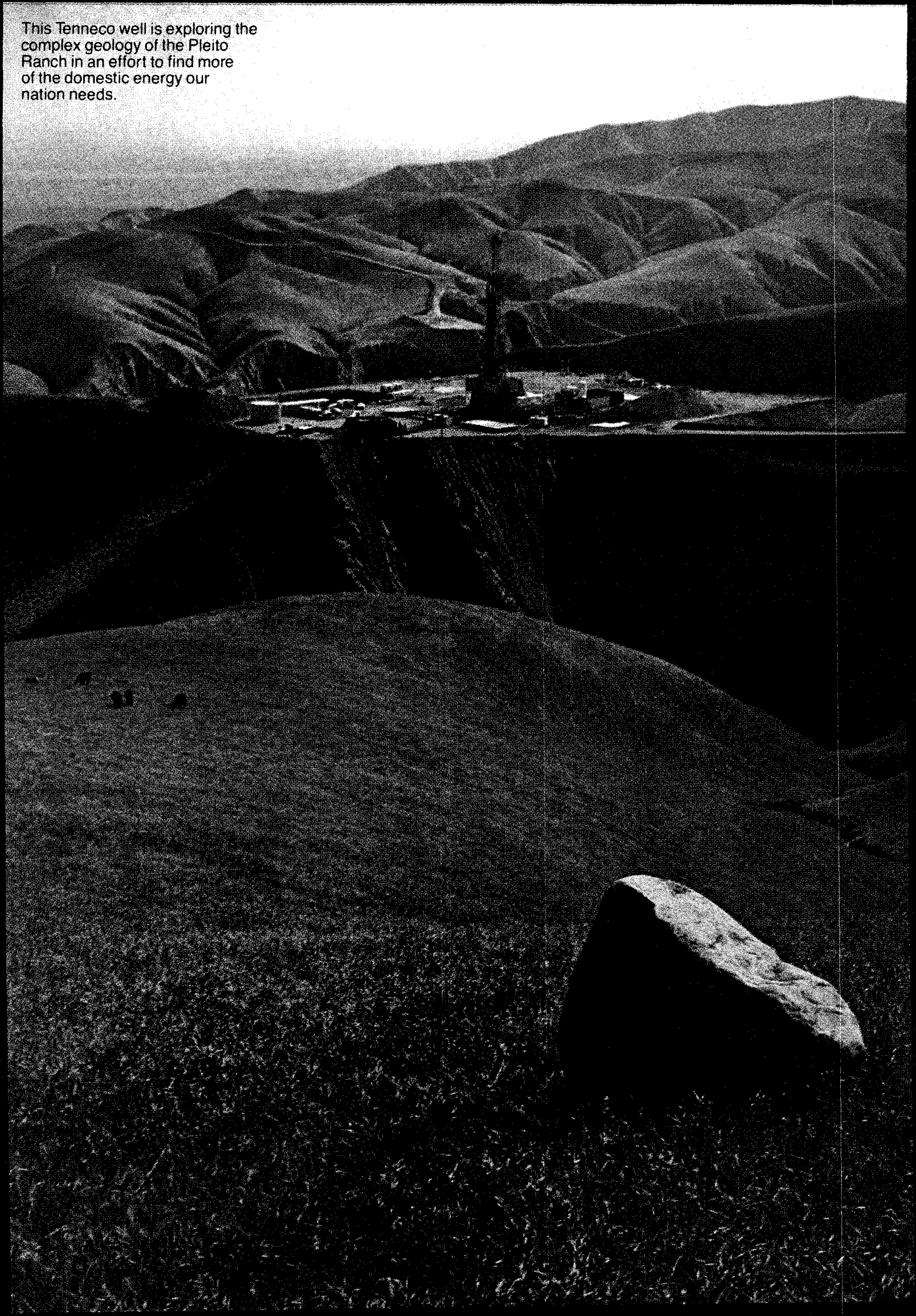

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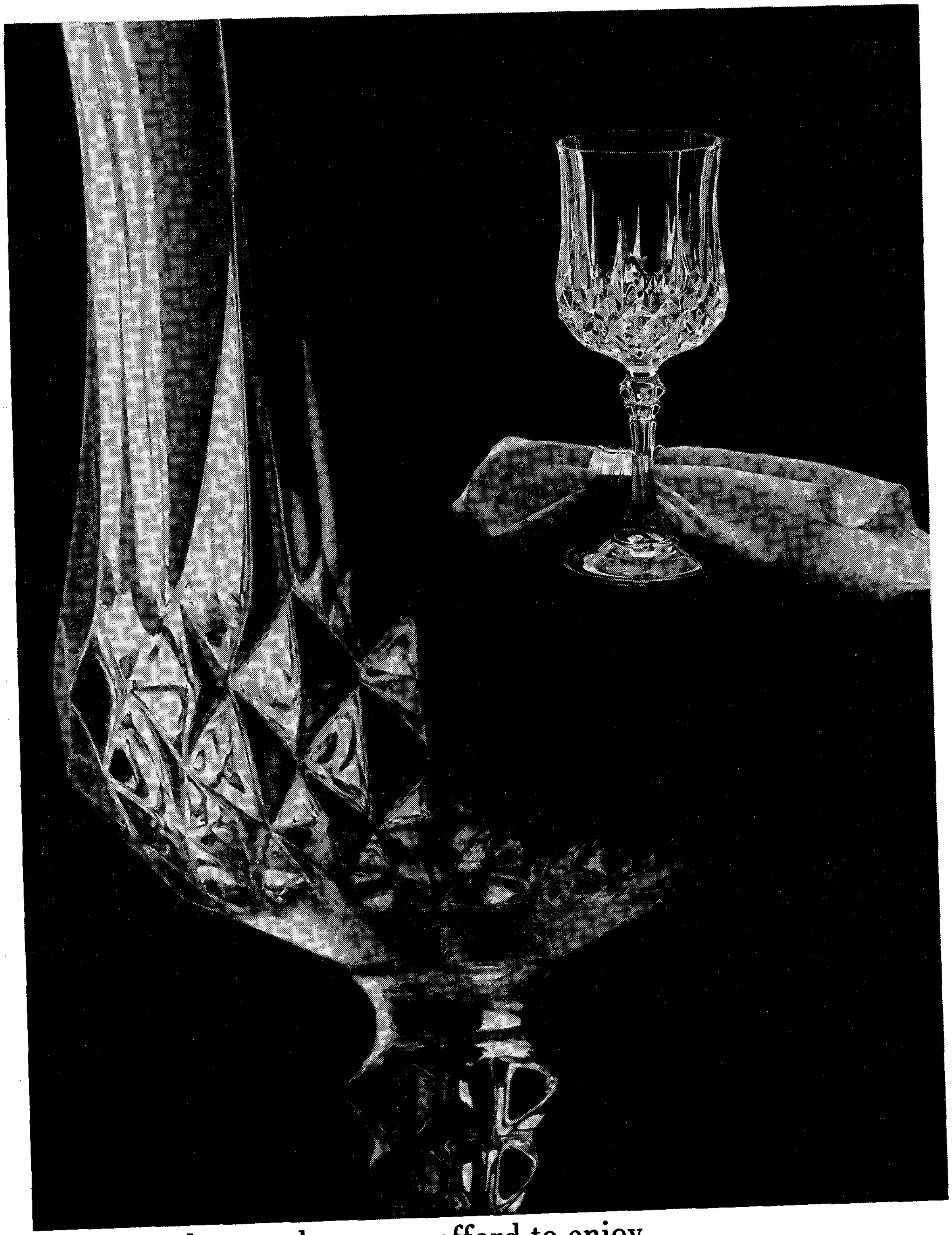

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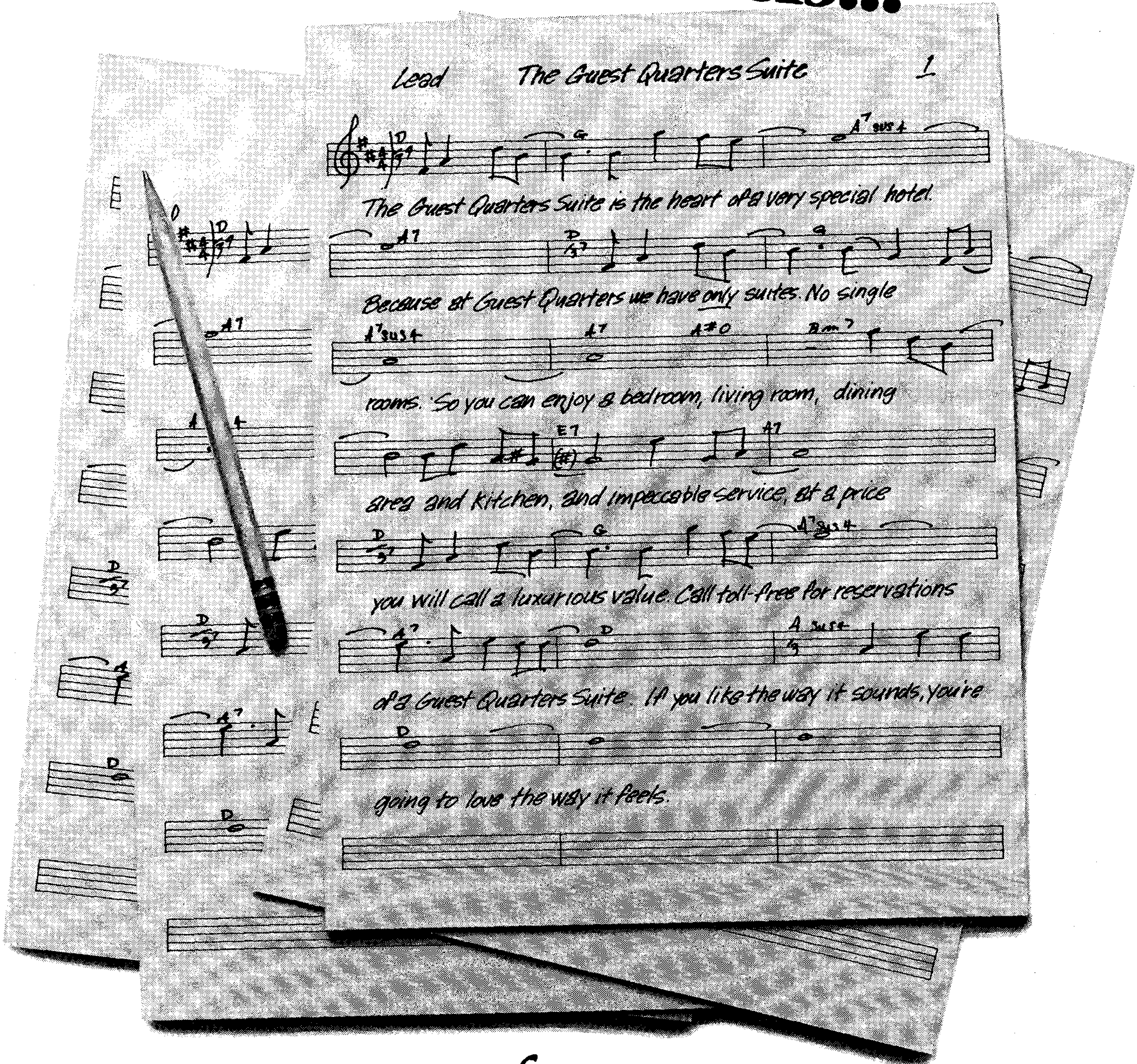
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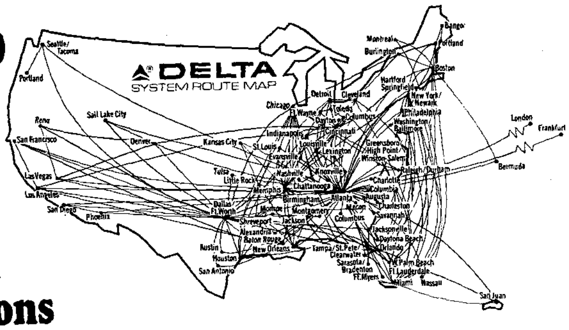
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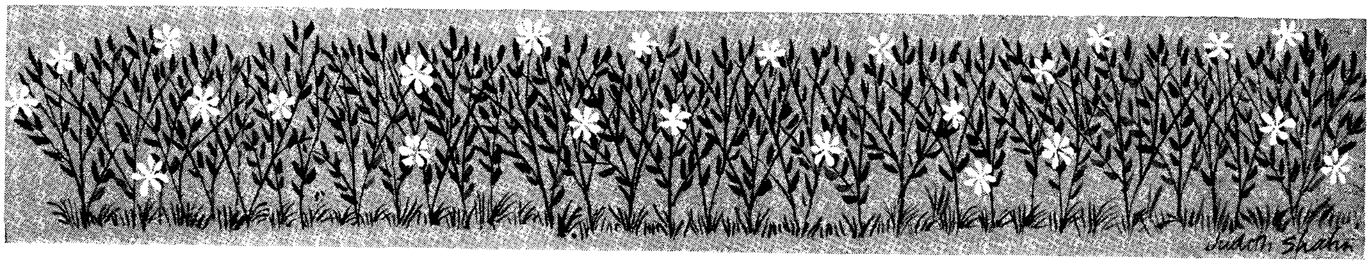
Notes and Comment

A LITTLE over a week ago, Chester Crocker, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, gave a speech before an American Legion convention in Honolulu. That speech appears to offer the best indication of the Reagan Administration's attitude toward Africa that we have had since last March, when the President himself described the Republic of South Africa as a friendly country "that has stood behind us in every war we fought." (Never mind that during the Second World War many of South Africa's future leaders were Nazi sympathizers.) The President went on to praise the Pretoria government for its "sincere and honest efforts" to remove apartheid. In actuality, the essence of apartheid is the perpetuation of white political power through what the Pretoria government calls "separate development;" what the South Africans have been busy eradicating in recent years is the façade of social segregation, even as they have been erecting an elaborate system of "independent" tribal homelands of which their black majority are to be nominal citizens although large numbers of them will continue to live elsewhere. This is the Pretoria government's way of preserving white power in the face of a harsh fact of life: the country's total population is less than eighteen per cent white.

In his recent speech, Mr. Crocker declared that the United States would not take sides between blacks and whites in South Africa. "The Reagan Administration has no intention of destabilizing South Africa in order to curry favor elsewhere," he said. The Administration also wanted good relations with the black African states, he assured us, and, indeed, would like to "sustain those who would resist the siren call of violence and the blandishments of Moscow and its clients." On the very day Mr. Crocker was describing this policy of putative evenhandedness, the South African government was boasting that it had killed at least two hundred and forty Angolan soldiers during a raid on southern Angola—the most serious such action by South Africa in the past six years. Two days later, in a break with even its closest allies, the United States vetoed a Security Council resolution criticizing South Africa for the raid. France voted for the resolution; Britain abstained. Charles Lichenstein, the acting United States delegate to the United Nations, said that the resolution "places blame solely on South Africa for the escalation of violence." The entire episode must, he cautioned, be understood in its "surrounding context." Mr. Lichenstein meant that the Angolans are still supported by some twenty thousand Cuban troops and several hundred Soviet military advisers. He also meant that the South Africans went into Angola to attack the guerrillas of the South-West Africa People's Organization, or SWAPO. SWAPO guerrillas based in Angola stage periodic raids of their own, but on their homeland—South-West Africa, or Namibia, which lies directly to the south. And there is a wider context of which Mr. Lichenstein must surely be aware. Namibia, a onetime German colony, has been administered by South Africa since 1920 under a League of Nations mandate; it does not belong to South Africa, and never has belonged to it. The country has a population of only about a million, of whom perhaps ten per cent are white. In 1976, ten years after the United Nations revoked the original mandate, South Africa reluctantly agreed to permit Namibia to have its independence. The United States and four other Western powers—Britain, France, West Germany, and Canada—worked out a plan calling for Namibian elections, to be followed by the preparation of a constitution. South Africa at first accepted the plan and then temporized, fearful that early elections would lead to a victory by SWAPO, which it regards as radical and "Soviet-influenced." In March, Washington said that it was prepared to discuss changes in the previous plan. And there the matter stands.

Perhaps none of this would be of great moment if it were not for the immense influence that the United States exerts on African affairs. It is altogether possible that Zimbabwe might not be independent today—and a model of moderation, even in the eyes of those who only two years ago opposed its emergence—if the Carter Administration had not pressed its case so firmly upon everybody concerned, including Britain, the nominal colonial power. Had this not happened, the



new Administration might well be arguing today that the Rhodesian government of Prime Minister Ian Smith, backed by the less than four per cent of the country's population which happened to be white, must be seen in the "surrounding context" of its opposition to Soviet-backed guerrillas. Fortunately, it can now be seen, instead, in the context of freedom.

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Cyclist

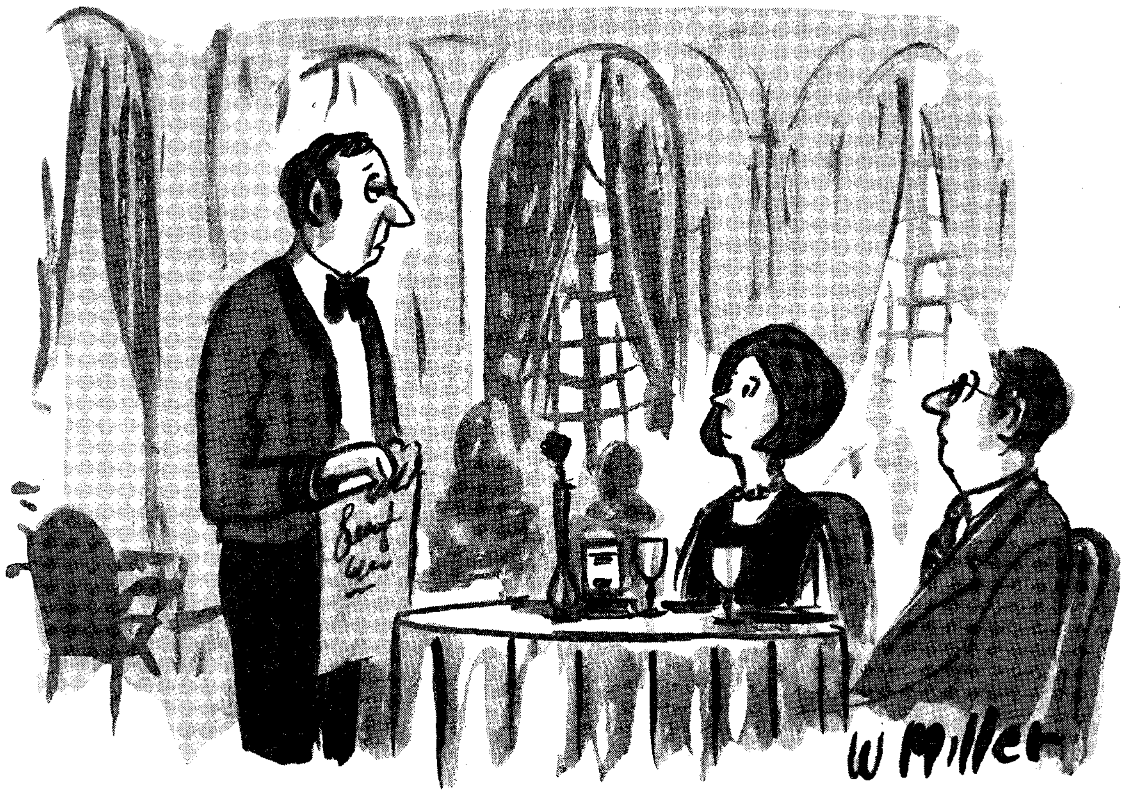
ONE morning last weekend, in the Village, a young man tried to ride a bicycle that was obviously underequipped. It was a wine-red late-model Japanese twelve-speed that had no seat. Pedalling up Sixth Avenue, he looked somewhat awkward. He must have felt that way, too. When he paused at a crosswalk and saw that we had noticed his predicament, he didn't wait for us to ask any questions—he just started talking.

"I'm on my way to the repair shop," he said. "There's a crazed bicycle vandal loose in the city. I wish him lots of bad luck. Get this. Last night, I go over to First Avenue to visit a friend. I lock my bike to a 'No Parking' sign across the street from her building. Around ten o'clock, I decide to go home. My night vision isn't bad, and as I'm crossing First Avenue I can see that my bicycle seat is missing. I think, Swell—a bicycle built for none. But when I get closer I can see a bicycle seat lying there on the ground—which means that instead of a full-scale tragedy this is just another one of those situations in which New York City reminds me who's boss."

The traffic light had changed. Instead of going on up Sixth Avenue, however, he went on with his story. "The seat is mounted on a long post—about eight inches," he said. "It's supposed to fit right into the frame, nice and snug. Whoever took my seat out of the frame had to loosen a binder bolt to get it out. I really should carry an adjustable wrench with me all the time, but last night I'm stuck without one. I study the situation and I figure I'll just work the post back down into the frame, tighten the bolt with my fingers, ride home—it's only a couple of miles—and then use my wrench to really lock the bolt into place. But when I try to fit the post into the frame there on First Avenue, it won't go. The post's too big for the sleeve in the frame. I say a few things to myself. I say, 'This is ridiculous.' I say, 'Hey, it's late, this is a dark street, and I've had a long week.' I say, 'Who says Japanese technology is superior?' Finally, I say, 'To hell with it, I'll fix this later,' and I decide to stow the seat in my knapsack and ride downtown, just the way I'm riding now. As I'm moving along Second Avenue, I start thinking maybe I should go back to using the subways and buses, which I gave up a few months ago, when I bought this bike. Then I remember that the transit system is now being run by the Three Stooges, so I reject that option. Besides, I just invested eight hours and ten dollars in a bicycle-repair course in SoHo. I enrolled in that because it seemed cheaper and simpler than taking a bus- or subway-repair course. I also think that a bicycle is the safest way to get around. The main thing you have to do if you want to survive in New York City traffic is to pretend you're a taxi."

We took a close look at the monologist. Virtually nothing about him resembled a taxi. He was at least thirty—old enough to ride his bike out of the neighborhood—and he had brown hair and wore silver-wire-rimmed eyeglasses, bluejeans, a lavender T-shirt, gray sneakers, and no crash helmet.

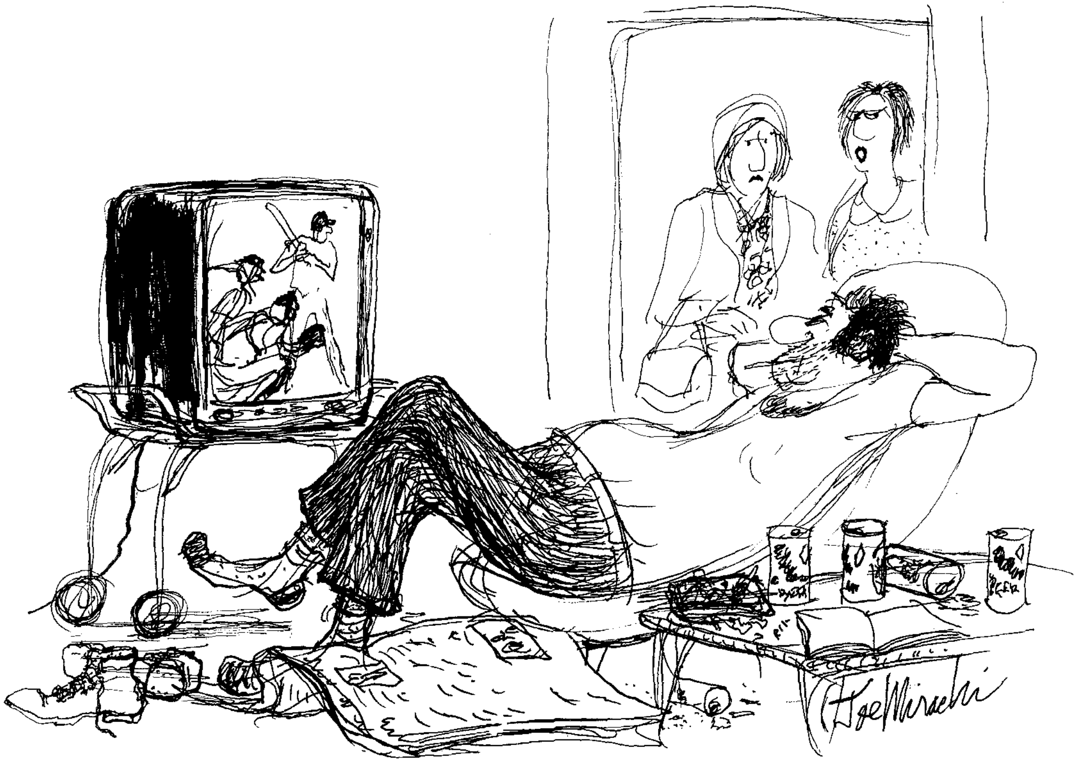
"At home," he continued, "the first thing I did was to prop up my bicycle near an overhead lamp and try one more time to work the post into the frame. Still no go. I knew then that it was time to get out my copy of 'Glenn's Complete Bicycle Manual.' It's the best. 'Glenn's Manual' has elaborate diagrams, the kind that help you tell a dust cap from a bearing cup and a cam lever from a lock washer. So I'm looking in the Table of Contents, under the chapter titled 'Maintenance and Troubleshooting'—I'm hoping to find a subsection headed 'Punk with Nothing Better to Do Messes with Your Japanese Bicycle Seat: Repair and Revenge'—but before I can find a page number I notice something odd about the seat, which is lying right in front of me. It's a black seat, and the white letters on the back of the saddle say 'Fuji.' Fuji makes bicycles. *My* bicycle, however, is a Panasonic. Punk with Nothing Better to Do has stolen my Panasonic seat and left me a Fuji.



"I'm terribly sorry, but the chef just quit. If you wish, you can sit here for a while and soak up the ambience for which this place is famous."

You know, Panasonic and Fuji are big rivals. Maybe it wasn't a punk. For all I know, I could be a dupe in some industrial-espionage drama. It makes me think maybe I'm somebody's fool. Or maybe somebody needed a Panasonic seat and took it, and then somebody *else* came along and felt sorry for my bike and left a Fuji. But what good does that do? It's like you're my next-door neighbor and I'm trying to make a tuna-noodle casserole and you offer to lend me some cat food. I mean, thanks a lot. Terrific. Hey, nice talking to you."

Before we had a chance to say a word, the light changed again and he pedalled away—clumsily, unsteadily, seatless.



"I wish someone would take him out to the ballgame and leave him there."

A Trip to England

AN American friend of ours who now lives, with his wife, in Scotland, in the village of Brig o'Turk, writes:

When Jean Black, our schoolteacher in Brig o'Turk, told us that adults could join the annual school trip, my wife and I signed up immediately. Our village school has fifteen pupils, and the nine older children—ages nine to twelve—were going a hundred and fifty miles south by bus to see Hadrian's Wall, in England. The last school trip I remembered was forty-five years ago in Philadelphia—six blocks south by trolley to Independence Hall. Independence Hall was built in the eighteenth century, when England governed America. Hadrian's Wall goes back to the second century, when Rome ruled England and needed to guard against marauding tribes from the north. The Scots are a peaceful folk today, and our local schoolchildren are the well-mannered, fresh-faced progeny of shepherds and foresters and local government employees. Our single-teacher school is more than a century old, and for years enrollment has been fluctuating wildly between fourteen and sixteen. In games of soccer, there will be three on a side, with Mrs. Black as cheerleader, voice husky and low and quick with encouragement; her husband, Bill, who is a retired schoolteacher, is coach, referee, and first-aid specialist.

Mrs. Black's handwritten instructions for the trip—"Enough food should be brought for the whole day"—propelled my wife and me into domestic overtime, and we set out with a canvas shoulder bag containing two sandwiches of tuna, two of egg, one of dates, two buttered scones with jam, two buttered pancakes (Scottish), two slices of cake (Madeira), a bag of nuts and raisins, a chocolate bar, a bag of fudge, a banana, two apples, an orange, wet paper towel, dry paper towel, and a large thermos of hot tea. Mrs. Black had suggested "raincoats and Wellingtons." We put them in the car and drove off for the rendezvous at the village hall. Halfway there, we found the Blacks struggling along with four heavy shopping bags, so we stowed their bags in the boot of the car and gave our leaders a lift.

We were the first to arrive, except for an uninvited roe deer poaching nearby and a youngster munching on a fruit-and-nut bar. Mr. Black identified the boy as Gordon Meikle, and added that, at nearby Loch Katrine, Gordon's father operated the sluices controlling the water supply to Glasgow, thirty miles distant. By eight-thirty, most of the others, including thirteen youngsters from the village school at Port of Menteith, had arrived. We picked up the rest of the party at prearranged stops during the first ten miles, and finally there were forty-two of us. Our route led along bright-green pastures with flocks of Black-faced Highland sheep and herds of mixed-breed cattle, and as we went south the windswept hills gave way to broad tracts of flat farmland. Oddly, the sun was shining; we could hardly credit such good fortune.

The children had spent the whole week in a state of unrelieved excitement over the trip. "I felt like going along and giving them all a wee wallop to calm them down," Mrs. Black said, with an abashed grin, as though astonished by a notion so ridiculous. "And then we had the puppet show about Queen Victoria opening the Glasgow waterworks at Loch Katrine, and, what with the puppets going all wrong and the children forgetting their lines and the scenery falling on my head, I was pretty excited myself. Actually, the children are very quiet today, aren't they? That may be ominous."

At eleven, we were in the town of Moffat, pulling up alongside seventeen other buses in a large parking lot beside Moffat Pottery ("Visitors Welcome") and Moffat Weavers ("Visitors Welcome"), both of which we visited. Naturally, each establishment had a sideline in sweeties, so everybody stocked up accordingly. "Is anyone missing?" Mr. Black called out when we reassembled. "Hands up, anyone who's missing!"

Just after Gretna Green, we crossed the English border, with nary a jolt and no sign of defending Sassenachs. In Longtown, we rode along English Street, and at Brampton we turned left toward Haltwhistle. Our driver braked to avoid hitting two Suffolk sheep ambling across the road, but then we whizzed through the hamlet of Twice Brewed, barely slowed down at Once Brewed, and pulled up at Vindolanda, an ancient Roman settlement. As far as the eye could see—beyond buses—stretched a grassy plain and gentle slopes, studded with excavated remains and swarming with schoolchildren.

A woman introduced herself as Mrs. Hall and said that she would be our guide. "How many of you have not crossed the border before?" she asked.

Shyly, two pupils, Neil Campbell and Colin Carmichael, each raised a hand, and so did Bill McCabe, a fifty-nine-year-old shepherd who has lived just about his whole life in Brig o'Turk.

"How come you've never gone to England before?" I asked him.

"I never bothered," he replied.

Mrs. Hall maneuvered us into a tight phalanx, and warned us that we would have to use a lot of imagination to see this place as it was when the Romans were here and were using Vindolanda, guarded by a Gallic cohort, as part of the defenses attached to Hadrian's Wall. Most of the buildings were reduced to foundations, and portions had collapsed ingloriously, resting where they fell.

"Somebody must have leaned on Hadrian's Wall," one of our local pupils announced, and we all looked about for other signs of decline and fall.

"Turn around, please, and listen," Mrs. Hall said, and we all did. "Can you put your sweets away, please?" she added. "They put me off. Now, where was I?"

Mrs. Hall marched us hither and yon, using lots of imagination and conjuring up a hotel, a bathhouse, the shop of the butcher, a rich man's house, covered sewers, wells, even a pay house for the soldiers. Then we raced up and down reconstructions of a high tower of stone and one of wood. Eventually, in response to entreaties by the Blacks, we were all back in our seats and ready for the approach to Hadrian's Wall itself. Mrs. Black struggled up and down the bus inspecting the state of her troops. To one of her pupils, concentratedly plowing through a huge hamper, she said, "That's got to last you to half past nine, David. It's five to three."

There was no moment when someone was not eating or drinking, or attempting both simultaneously. The children exchanged sips from soda-pop bottles and shared bars of chocolate and bags of crisps, seeming at times more interested in examining sweetie wrappers than in admiring the landscape. Colin was hard at work on a fruit trifle, and he gave a second one to Mr. McCabe. "There's your trifle and there's your spoon," he said. "That's from Mum."

At Housesteads, hard by Hadrian's Wall, my wife and I were almost trampled by our own Hibernian cohort rushing out to queue at an ice-cream van. A donor had given Mrs. Black money for such occasions; there was thirty-five pence for each pupil.

Having studied up between mouthfuls, my wife and I knew that the Emperor Hadrian had come to Britain in A.D. 122, and that it was probably on his orders that the broad stone-and-turf wall had been built right across the top of England. Here at Housesteads, it stood about six feet high and looked broad enough in places to let a Brig o'Turk soccer team run abreast, as long as there was no jostling. The great thing about the Housesteads stretch was its excellent repair, and soon we were all striding along the top, with a marvellous view in every direction, including the distant spectre of Mrs. Black waving frantically and struggling to keep us in sight. Nothing stood between us and the Irish Sea except a roaring wind and the knowledge that it was almost teatime.

On the return journey, our bus detoured into Ecclefechan, a village that had flourished for some years, while it stood astride the main north-south road, but now slumbered in torpor. Slowly, reverently, we drove past a statue of Ecclefechan's famous son, the nineteenth-century essayist Thomas Carlyle—sitting at his ease and looking philosophical about the fate of his birthplace.

Soon the Brig o'Turk contingent, at the back, and the other youngsters, at the front, were vying to see who could sing louder. Front and back then joined in a rousing chant, repeated at intervals: "Ye canna shove the teacher off the bus."

Then the Port of Menteith delegation sang a local favorite, beginning:

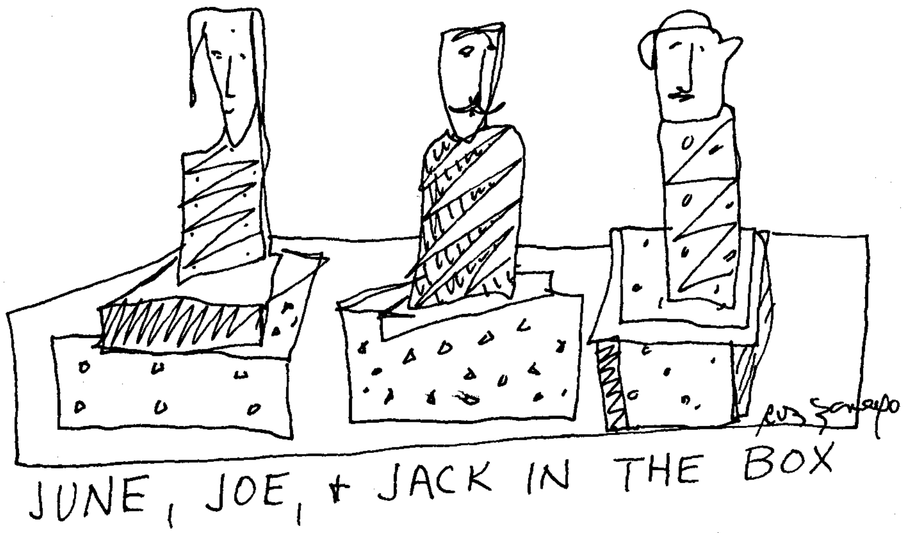
> Winter was howlin'
> In Buchanan Street Station.
> The snow was quite deep there
> On dark Platform Three
> As I chapped on the windy
> O' the wee bookin' office,
> For that day I was goin'
> By train to Dundee.

"You're rather thin in the sopranos," Mr. Black observed to the Port of Menteith teacher, who smiled and said naught.

All the children eventually swung into a lusty rendition of the hallelujah chorus from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which in their version wound up with a line calling for "a wee, wee cup o' tea."

At half past nine, we were back in Brig o'Turk, and since Scots wha hae wi' Wallace fed are inured to hardship, there were no signs of ill effects.

As Mr. McCabe left the bus, I asked him what he thought of England.



JUNE, JOE, + JACK IN THE BOX

"Oh, it was grand," he said. "I could have stayed there a whole day, lookin' at things."

Meeting

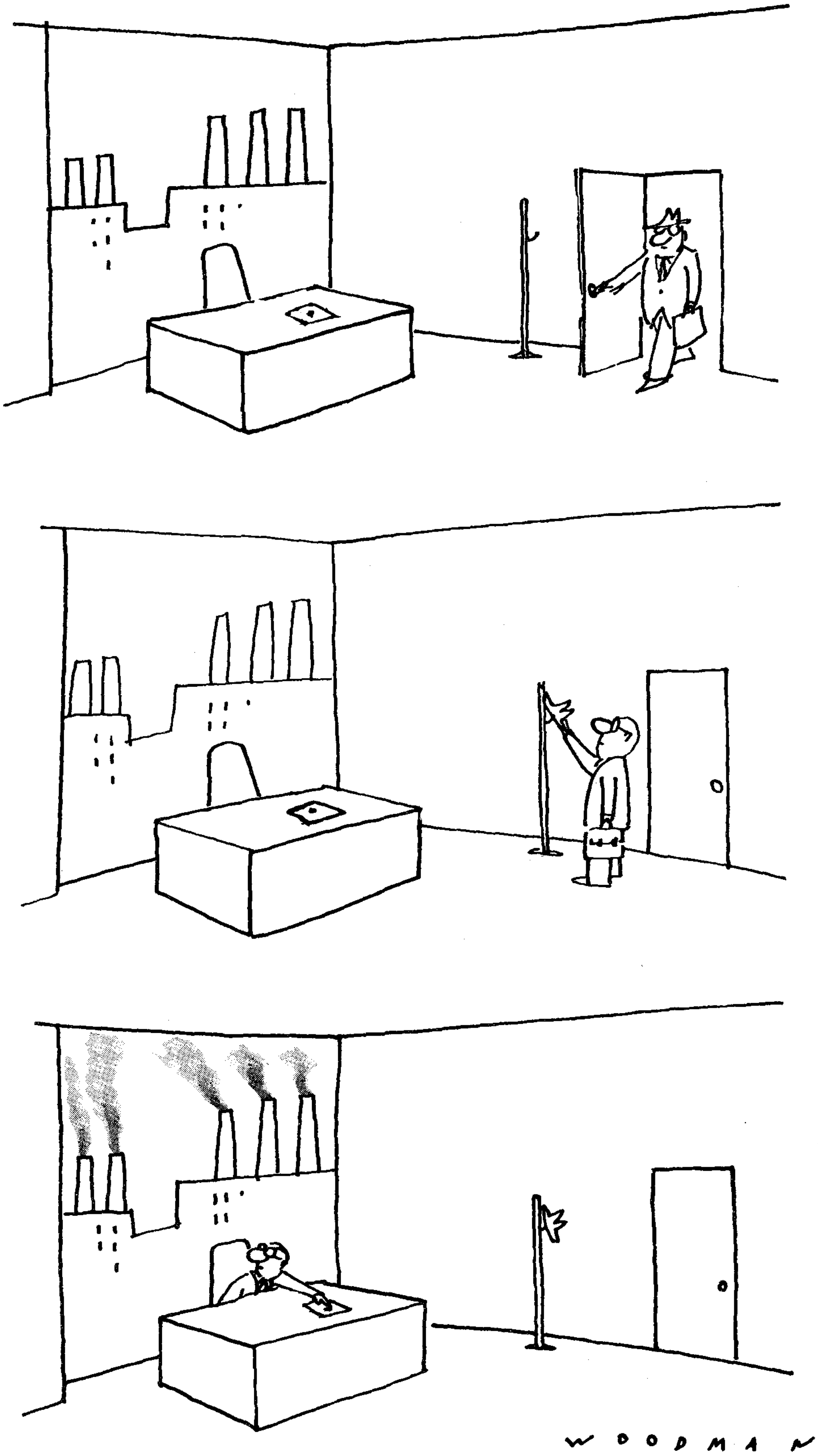
ONE evening recently:

In the ballroom (an ordinary-looking ballroom, with large star-bursting-up-shaped lamps hanging from the ceiling) of the new Vista International New York Hotel (situated at the World Trade Center, and the newest United States hotel in the chain of Hilton International Hotels), there were two hundred and eighty people, most of them the managers of Hilton hotels and their wives, and then there was Catherine Tritsch, the managing editor of *Successful Meetings*, which is a magazine for corporation and association people who plan meetings. The Hilton managers and their wives had spent the last few days meeting each other in a business-conference way and meeting each other over meals. Now, in the ballroom, they were meeting to eat a dinner of clam chowder, steamed clams, boiled lobster, boiled ears of corn, and watermelon.

Catherine Tritsch, the managing editor of *Successful Meetings*, said to us, "People think that the people who go to conventions don't eat well. The theory is that they are rubes, they don't know good food. But it's not true. People who go to conventions are high-income people, and they are very professional."

The Woody Herman orchestra was there, and it was led by Woody Herman himself, and it played some songs, all of them popular old American songs. "A good convention banquet will create the atmosphere of a good restaurant," said Catherine Tritsch. "A good restaurant has to have a theme. This has a theme. American food. American music."

There was a waitress wearing knicker-style pants and there was a waitress who looked more or less like a Colonial maiden, but all the rest of the people who were waiting on the tables were waiters, and there was no mistaking them.



"Did you know that waiters who serve at banquets have their own union?" Catherine Tritsch asked us. "If you have so many people, you have to have so many waiters. Union rules."

A man got up from his table and, taking up a small American flag, led a number of people halfway around the ballroom. Then he came back to his own table, and he and the men sitting with him tied their napkins around their heads as if they were pirates.

"These people are upscale people," said Catherine Tritsch. "High-income people. Very cosmopolitan. This is a successful meeting."

Among them, Catherine Tritsch and the two hundred and eighty other people, most of whom were hotel managers and their wives, ate and drank eighteen gallons of clam chowder, three hundred lobsters, three thousand clams, four hundred ears of corn, fifteen cases of wine, seven barrels of beer, and sixty watermelons.

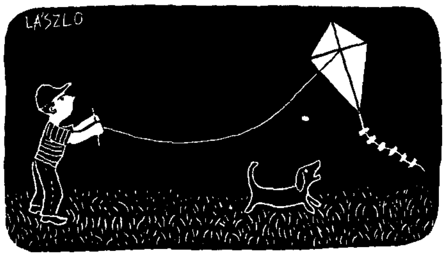
MORE LIFE

SEVERAL years ago, having just quit a job in a brokerage house which I'd held since graduating from business school, I went to Maine to visit a friend who had a summer house near Thomaston. My first days there it rained, and everything in the house smelled damp; outside, the landscape was dark and sodden. I was disappointed, depressed, and on the verge of leaving. Then, one morning, I rose and saw thin, broken clouds moving swiftly overhead. It was the end of the bad weather. The sun was out and the damp was lifting. By noon the sky was an endless, monotonous blue. In the late afternoon, my friend and I decided to go for a walk over the fields that covered the low hills to the west of his house. As we walked through a clearing bounded by the sea on one side and a jagged line of pine trees on the other, I thought of my father, who had been a writer, and who, when I was still a youngster, had moved the family from New York City to live in Maine. He was in his late thirties and had written only two novels; neither was well received. He was having trouble getting started on a third and blamed his failure on the distractions of city life. So we went to Maine. There were times, especially when we first moved there, when my mother and I were enchanted by the energy of my father. He paraded before us in his underwear, reading aloud from Rabelais, instructing us in boldness, in ardor, in pretense. He was the authority. Peering over his reading glasses, waving an index finger over his head, he preached domination of uncertainty, vagueness, despair. His boxer shorts began under his bulging belly and ended just above his knees; his calves were massive but hairless, and his ankles were as thin as a woman's. His parading was a kind of dance to the music of words. My mother and I sat together in a big chair, uplifted and amazed.

But there were times later on when my father's steps revealed his impatience, his mounting frustration. He had abandoned one novel and wanted to begin another. He blamed the quiet, the dullness of Maine for his inability to do so. His boredom made him nervous. He said he could feel within himself the exaggeration of moments, the lengthening of hours. He was perpetually on the threshold of beginning something but could not get beyond the initial impulse to sit and write. My mother and I would hear him pacing in his room. He seemed to live in a marginal world between routine and transport, between laziness and desire. Day after day, he confronted the newspaper, the coffee, the attempt to write, the walk, the sea, the dinner, the wish to return to New York, the fear of doing so. He bought cases of over-the-hill wine on sale. He would drink and rave on about greatness. "More life, more life!" he would bellow. My mother urged him to get a teaching job, but he would not. He said he hated security, and claimed that immortality, not tenure, was a writer's business. But in ten years of living in Maine he did not finish one book. And eventually my mother ran off to live with the local doctor, and took me with her.

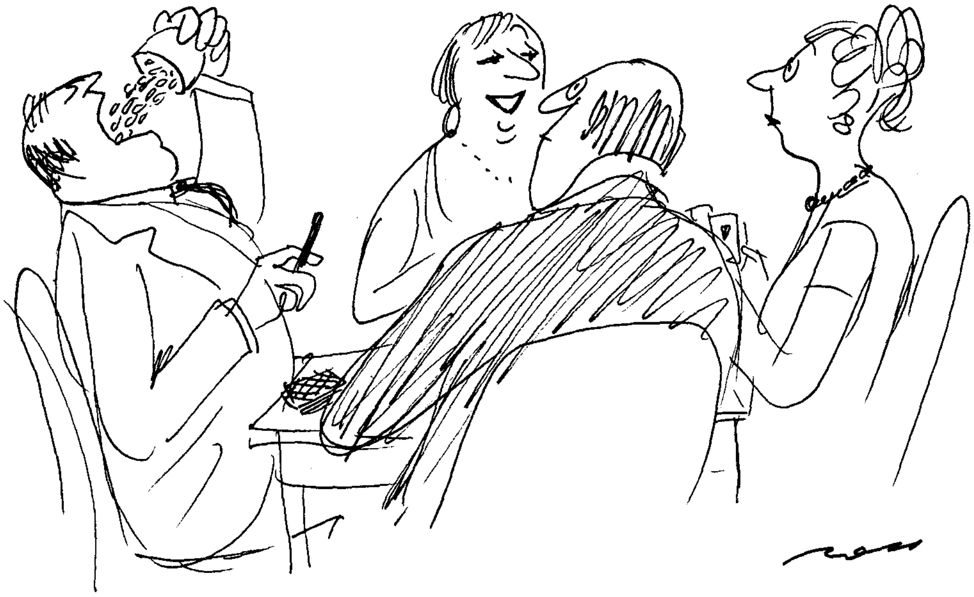
My friend had walked on ahead, while I stared into the summer twilight. Walking in a place so close to where we had lived not only allowed me to feel the poignancy of my father's failure but made it somehow inescapable. It saddened me that he died with no recognition at all. I'm not sure how long I stood in that field, but I began to feel a terrible stillness. The warm air seemed weighted with the perfume of summer. Then I heard a fly. It circled me once, and then hovered before me at eye level, staring at me. Its metallic-green body glinted in the last rays of sunlight. Its buzzing increased and subsided rhythmically. The sound was threatening, yet there was something familiar about it, something that went beyond mere buzzing. This is hard to account for, but I was suddenly convinced that my father had returned. He had come back as a fly.

He buzzed and buzzed, and I was afraid that he'd bite if he landed on me. Yet I could not lift my hand against him. I fell to my knees. Then he resumed his noisy circling, broken by attacks in which he would swerve suddenly at my face, stop a few inches away, then continue to circle. "Dad!" I said. "Go ahead, land on me." His buzzing became extremely loud and suggested frantic disapproval. I remember wishing there were some way we could talk. He flew away. "Dad, don't leave," I yelled. "Come back." Perhaps I had been wrong, I thought. Perhaps he had come back not to harm me but to beg forgiveness—to abase himself before me as a simple fly. "Dad, you're innocent, you did nothing wrong," I called. Then I heard the buzzing again. He was back, but he was not alone. He had come with a buzzing swarm of friends. I got up and began to run. The next thing I knew, I was on my back and my friend was leaning over me, staring.



I NEVER told my friend what had happened. I all but put the episode aside, never trusting it to the ears of anyone. And it wasn't until about a year later, when I was again bored with a job, that I thought very much about my father. Not about his awful transmogrification the summer before but about his life in New York, where he returned after my mother left him. In those days, I would go down to New York and stay with my aunt and her husband. In the afternoons I would visit my father, who lived in a studio apartment with a makeshift kitchen at one end and his bed at the other. It was a cramped, book-crowded place, and when I went there he usually sat at his desk, which was in the center of the room, or lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. Once when I visited him, he recalled with theatrical emphasis "the dawn in Maine, the caw of crows lifting with the mist, the peeping and chirping of warblers, goldfinches, and catbirds." Then he looked at me sadly and said, "Charlie, tell me, why am I here? Why did I come back?" Another time, when I asked him how his work was going, he said that it wasn't. He told me that there was a novel he wanted to begin but couldn't. After all, he explained, what sphere was his? What did he know about any place or occupation? Nothing. His specialty was blankness, the features of boredom, the haze of habit. He said that his notes were of intangible states—the feel of sinking into sleep, of drifting into daylight. He confessed he had been lazy and lacking in purpose, that he had been an emotional drifter, that his grandiose determination to create a lasting attachment with something—anything—through his writing was fraudulent.

In the years just before he died, my father became a ladies' man. His age, his belly, his close-cropped hair in a



"Earl likes to get the peanuts over with."

time when everyone else's was long made him an unlikely Lothario, but he was a triumph, surpassing, at times, even his own windy expectations. He wooed with a wistfulness that won sympathy. He alluded to his life in Maine as if he were in exile from Arcady. He spoke of himself as a simple man, at home under Maine's great sky, with its store of mists, fogs, and clouds, its slanting maritime light. He described walks he took at dusk by the sea—its dark body turning and turning in its lace of seaweed and foam. But he also made it clear that life on the "stone coast" was not always easy, that his sensitive nature, if not directly imperilled, was under siege. He talked of sitting at night in a circle of soft light, reading a book, while outside the wind hissed through the trees and on the roof and against the windowpanes the loud pattering of rain began.

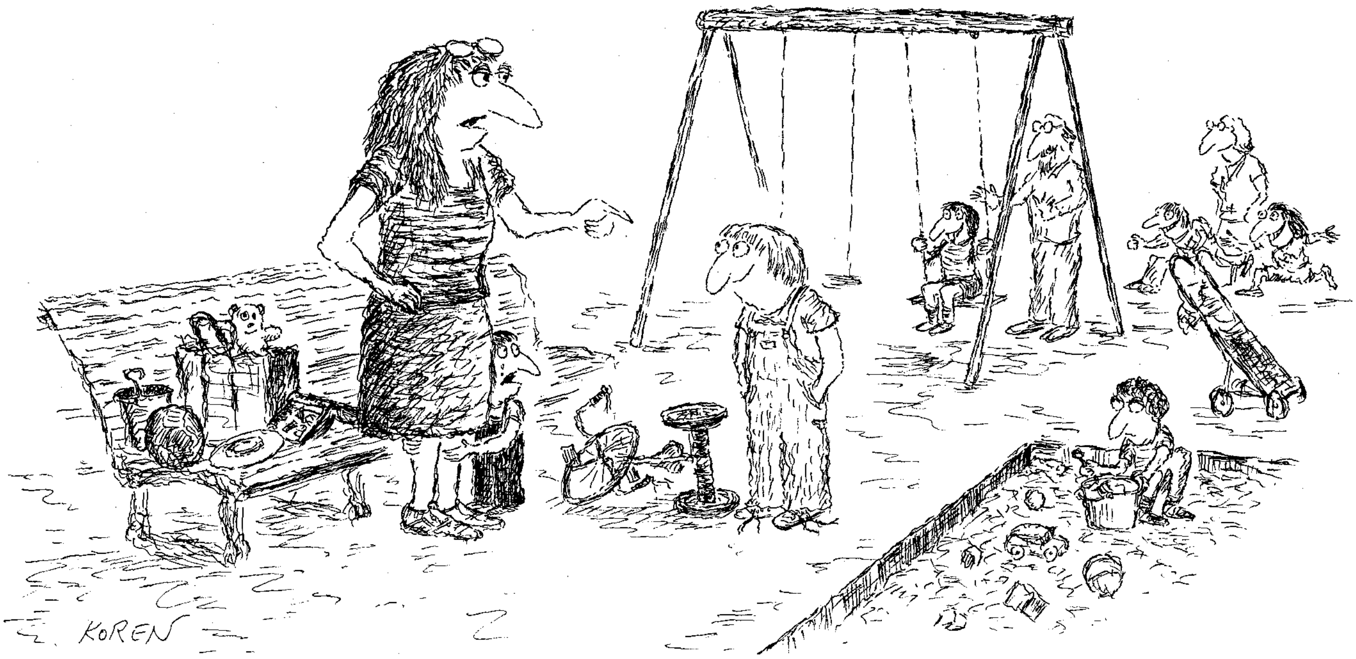
My own life in New York was dominated by routines that enlivened without necessarily giving pleasure. I spent hours each day on the phone, went to parties, drank, and watched television. There were several women I took out, but I was not in love with any of them. Sometimes they were secretaries who idolized me for the wrong reasons. Assuming the authority I affected at the office was genuine, they would relinquish themselves to my charge. Sometimes they were successful colleagues. I liked to think their self-assurance would rub off on me, but it never did. They were drawn to my vagueness, my uncertainty, my inability to come to terms with my life as it was unfolding. None of these relationships lasted. My one pleasure was horseback riding. I did it in the Park on weekends and holidays, and I rode with a zeal that bordered on the fanatic. I rode from every misfortune I could imagine—from my job, from the women I knew, from the sterility of my small apartment.

One autumn Saturday I was riding a sleek chestnut gelding with large, nervous eyes of the sort one sees in the paintings of Rubens. A few leaves fluttered from the trees. The sky was bright, the air was dry, and everywhere there was a remarkable clarity. My horse moved cleanly, responding with ease to my commands. For an instant it occurred to me that this was the way the world should be, and that my unchallenged dominance over my mount would have pleased my father. Then, suddenly, as if to protest my arrogance, the horse stopped. I urged him forward, but he was stubborn. I began to rock in the saddle. Powerless and frustrated, I lost my composure. I called him an idiot and kicked my heels into his sides. He turned his head slowly to the left. He seemed to be watching something, following its motion with eager attention. I looked up to see what it was. A woman was walking over one of the bridges that crossed the bridle path. She was tall and dark-haired and wore a light-purple coat. She walked with an easy stride that suggested the possibility of physical abandonment. I immediately dismounted and stood before the horse. I was sure he was my father. It made perfect sense—the horse was an ideal medium for him. In some indefinable way, they were alike. The horse gazed longingly, it seemed to me, after the disappearing woman, its eyes melting into tenderness, then despair.

"Dad," I said. "It's great to see you." He turned his head away and watched another woman cross the bridge. Not far away an ambulance or police-car siren whined. I felt a chill. "Dad, don't worry. I won't ride you again. Everything will be all right." He looked beyond me, at the woman. "Dad," I went on, getting carried away, "I'll do whatever you want. I'll get you out of the stables and into the country. I'll buy a house in Connecticut; you can have the back yard all to yourself." He neighed and shook out his mane. I put an arm over his neck in a casual gesture of affection. "Dad, tell me that you'll let me help you, care for you, make life easy for you." At that point, my father reared and bolted. I stood in his dusty wake. There was no point in my trying to change his mind. Even as a horse he was headstrong.

DAYS passed in which I did nothing but consider the peculiarity of my father's behavior. I was afraid to go out for fear I would meet him again, and again be rebuffed. I brooded. I drank. I stared out the window. But the ordeal of loneliness became tiresome. I tried to resume my social life and to throw myself into my work, but failed. Inwardly upset, disoriented, sometimes distracted, I found even the most routine tasks difficult. I lost faith in my ability and gave in to feelings of ennui and impotence.

It was several months before my life resumed its normal flow. The incident with the horse slipped from memory, and I was happier than I had ever been before. For one thing, I had fallen in love. Her name was Helen Schulz. She was a lawyer and lived in my building. I had been noticing her for months in the elevator. Her light-blue eyes were heavily made up and looked almost yellow. Her dark eyebrows, however, preserved for them an intensity that would otherwise have been lost. She had high cheekbones and short auburn hair swept straight back. Her skin—at least when I saw her in the elevator—seemed to glow. But it was her eyes, on these occasions, that offered, with stunning insistence, the promise of sexual fulfillment. The brevity of our encounters meant that getting to know her was a long ordeal of suppressed



"You've been a very, very bad sibling."

• •

elation, of waiting, of gaining courage. The first time we had dinner together, I could barely eat. My stomach churned with excitement. She was even more beautiful in the restaurant than she had been in the elevator. There was about her a mixture of serenity and severity that I found alluring, an unsophisticated certainty that made my being with her both relaxing and compelling. Before long, we were spending all our free time together. She brought out the best in me. Our evenings together were filled with gaiety. We told each other stories of our past, sometimes with breezy offhandedness, sometimes with ceremonious solemnity. But, happy as we were, I felt that by not telling her about my father's reappearances I was lying to her. I wanted to tell her, and I felt I had to, but there never seemed to be an appropriate occasion. And I wasn't sure how she would respond.

Finally, at my apartment one night, the time seemed right. I sat on the floor; Helen sat across the coffee table from me, on the couch. That night there was about her a vitality that was delicate and precious, and that seemed, paradoxically, the issue of weariness. She glowed, as always—even sparkled—but seemed about to sigh, to succumb to an inner calling that was remote and private. Her radiance struck me as flickering and momentary, and suggested that it was born of a certain sadness and heaviness of spirit I found hard to associate with her. And then I realized I was not looking at Helen at all but at my father.

"Dad," I said, "you're back!"

"Darling," he said, "what is it? What's wrong?"

I could tell this had been one of his down days. He had given in to his gift for gloom. It was clear from the frown he wore that he considered his life a waste. I got on my knees in front of the coffee table. "Dad, Dad, you're too hard on yourself."

He reached for my hands. "What's come over you?" he said.

"Dad, it's you, it's you."

He must have been moved, for there were tears in his eyes and he seemed unable to speak.

"Dad, relax. There's nothing to worry about."

He stood up. "Charlie, dear, I'm frightened," he said.

"What of?" I said.

"Of you," he answered.

My father afraid of me? I was astonished. My father stood before me and spoke with the voice of a terrified woman. It was too much to bear. I closed my eyes and collapsed onto the couch. I felt grand. I felt as if I would burst into flame. There was a sudden thinness of air, a quiet that made the distance audible. For a moment I felt as though I encompassed the whole world. When I woke, in my pajamas and under a blanket, I was alone.

Helen came over the next day to see how I felt. She stood in the heavy stream of morning light, looking more lovely than ever. I told her I hoped she was not upset by what had happened. She said she had been frightened but now was over it. She knelt beside me and explained that it made her realize how much she loved me.

I took her hands. "Helen," I said, "let's go to Maine. We'll walk by the sea. We'll trawl for mackerel and visit small islands." She stared at me. My sudden energy seemed to amuse her. "In the morning, we'll listen to warblers, goldfinches, and catbirds. At night, we'll build a fire."

"What's got into you?" she said.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," I said.

We went to Maine that summer, and the days were long and leisurely. My visions of the future were calm and untroubled. Helen and I decided to get married. And my father's visits were rare, if one could say they were visits at all. I'd stand in the bathroom, shaving, and catch the flicker of something out of the corner of my eye. I'd look at myself and feel him near me, his breath barely beginning to cloud the mirror. But it would last just a second.

—MARK STRAND

COACH

THE August two-a-day practice sessions were just sixty-seven days away, Coach calculated. He was drying breakfast dishes. He swabbed a coffee cup and made himself listen to his wife, Sherry, who was across the kitchen, sponging the stove's burner coils.

"I know I'm no Renoir, but I have so much damn fun trying, and this little studio, that one room, we can afford," Sherry said. "I could get out of your way by going there, and get you and Daphne out of my way. No offense."

"I'm thinking," Coach said.

Sherry coasted from appliance to appliance. She swiped the face of the oven clock with her sponge. "You're thinking too slow," she said. "Your reporter's coming at nine, and it's way after eight. Should I give them a deposit on the studio, or not? Yes or no?"

Coach was staring at the sink, at a thread of water that came from one of the taps. He thought of a lake place where they used to go, in Pennsylvania. He saw green water being thickly sliced by a power boat—the boat towing Sherry, who was blond and laughing on her skis, her back rounded and strong, her suit shining red.

"Of course, of course. Give them the money," he said.

Their daughter, Daphne, wandered into the kitchen. She was a dark-haired girl, lazy-looking, fifteen; her eyes lost behind her bangs. She drew open the enormous refrigerator door.

"Don't lean on that," her mother said.

"And what are you after?" Coach asked.

"Food, mainly," Daphne said.

Coach's wife went away, to the little sun patio off the kitchen. He pushed the glass door after her, and it smacked shut.

"Eat and run," he said to Daphne. "I've got a reporter coming in short order. Get dressed." He spoke firmly, but in the smaller voice he always used for his child.

"Yes, sir," Daphne said. She opened the freezer compartment and ducked to let its gate pass over her head. "Looks bad. Nothing in here but Eggos," she said.

"Have Eggos. I did. Just hustle up," Coach said.

"Can't I be here for this guy?" Daphne said.

"Who guy? The reporter? Uh-uh. He's just from the college, Daph. Coming to see if the new freshmen coach has two heads or none."

"Hey, lookit," Daphne said. She blew a breath in front of the freezer compartment and it made a short jet of mist.

Coach remembered a fall night, a Friday game night long ago, when he had put Daphne on the playing field. It was during the pre-game ceremonies before his unbeaten squad had taken on Ignatius South High. Parents' Night. He had laced shoulder pads on Daphne, and draped the trainer's gag jersey—No. ½—over her, and placed Tim . . . Tim Somebody's enormous helmet over her eight-year-old head. She was lost in the getup—a small pile of equipment out on the fifty, from which warm wisps of air trailed now and then.

She had applauded when the loudspeaker announced her name, and the P.A. voice, garbled by amplification and echo, rang out, "Daughter of our coach Harry Noonan and his lovely wife: Number One-Half—Daphne Noonan!"

She had stood transfixed in the bath of floodlights as the players and their folks walked by when they were introduced—the players grim in their war gear, the parents looking tiny and apologetic in everyday clothes. The co-captain of the team, awesome in his pads and cleats and steaming from warmup running, had playfully palmed Daphne's big helmet and twisted it sideways.

From behind, Coach had heard a great "Haaa!" from the home stands as Daphne turned in circles, trying to right the helmet. Her left eye had twinkled out through one earhole, Coach remembered. "God, that's funny," the crowd said. And "Coach's kid."

On the sun porch now, his wife was doing a set of tennis exercises. Framed by the glass doors, she twisted her torso from one side to the other between Coach and the morning sunlight. Through the loose weave of her caftan, he could make out the white image left by her swimsuit.

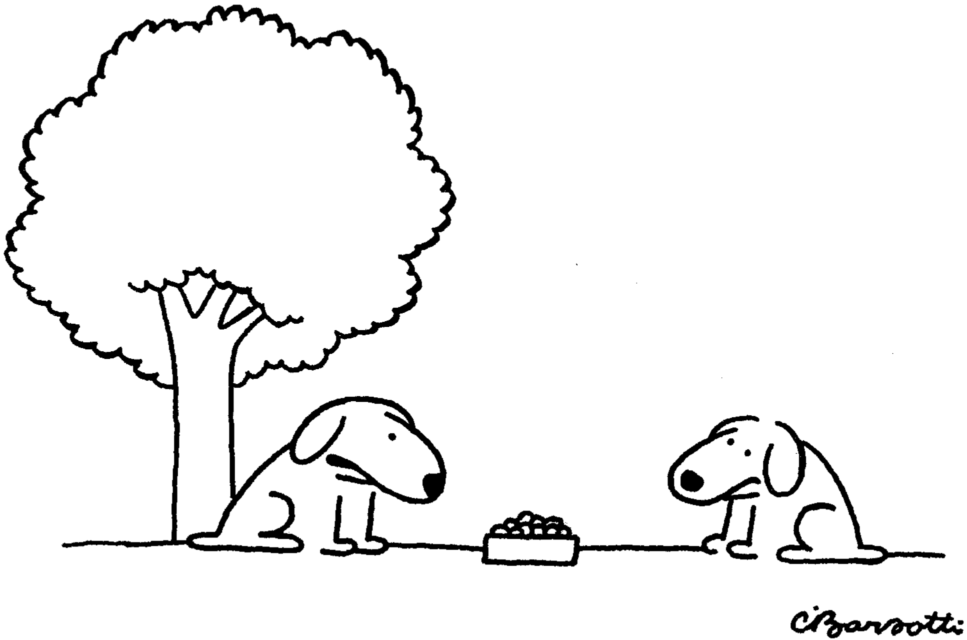
"I knew you wouldn't let me," Daphne said. She had poured a glass of chocolate milk. She pulled open a chilled banana. "I bet Mom gets to be here."

"Daph, this isn't a big deal. We've been through it all before," Coach said.

"Not for a college paper," Daphne said. "Wait a minute, I'll be right back." She left the kitchen.

"I'll hold my breath and count the heartbeats," Coach said.

They were new to the little town, new to Ohio. Coach was assuming charge of the freshmen squad; it was a league where freshmen weren't eligible for the varsity. He had taken the job not sure if it was a step up for him or a risky career move. The money was so-so. But he wanted the college



"Looks wonderful."

setting for his family—especially for Daphne. She had seemed to begin to lose interest in the small celebrity they achieved in high-school towns. She looked bored at the Noonans' Sunday spaghetti dinners for standout players. She had stopped fetching plates of food for the boys, some of whom were still game-sore. She had even stopped wearing the charm bracelet her parents had put together for her—a silver bracelet with a tiny megaphone, the numerals 68 (a league-championship year), and, of course, a miniature football.

Coach took a seat at the kitchen table. He ate grapes from a bowl. He spilled bottled wheat germ into his palm. On the table were four chunky ring binders, their black Leatherette covers printed with the college seal, which still looked strange to him. They were his playbooks, and he was having trouble getting the tactics of the new system into his head. "Will you turn off the radio?" he yelled.

The bleat from Daphne's upstairs bedroom ceased. A minute later, she was back down in the kitchen. She had a cardboard folder and some textbooks with her. "Later on, would you look at this stuff and help me?" she asked Coach. "Can you do these?"

He glanced over one of her papers. It was pencilled with algebra equations, smutty with erasures and scribbled-out parts. "I'd have to see the book, but no anyway. Not now, not later. I don't want to and I don't have time."

"Just great," Daphne said. "And Mrs. Math Genius told me 'Do it yourself.' Well, I can't."

"Your mother and I got our algebra homework done already, Daph. We turned ours in. That was in 1956. She got an A and I got a C."

"Mom!" Daphne called, pushing aside the glass door.

"Forget it, if it's the homework you want," Sherry said.

"Don't give in to her," Coach said. "I know you. The last time, you did everything but go there and take the tests for her, and she still flunked. This is summer school, and she's on her own."

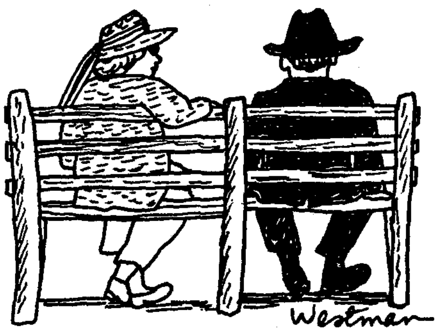
"But I can't do it," Daphne said.

"Besides, I've got my own homework," Coach said, and frowned at his playbooks.

Toby, the boy sent from *The Rooter* to interview Coach, was unshaven and bleary-eyed. He wore a rumpled cerise polo shirt and faded jeans. He asked his questions wearily, dragging his words. Twice, he yawned during Coach's answers. He took no notes.

"You getting this, now?" Coach said at last.

"Oh, yeah, it's writing itself. I'm a pro," Toby said, and Coach was not certain if the boy was kidding. "So you've been here just a little while then. Lucky you," Toby said. "Less than a month."



"Is that like a question? It *seems* less than a month—less than a week. Seems like a day and a half," Coach said. For the interview, he had put on white sports slacks and a maroon pullover with a gold collar—the school's colors. He had bought the pullover at Campus World. The clothes had a snug fit that flattered Coach and showed off his straight stomach and heavy shoulders. He and Toby were on either end of the sofa, in the living room.

"And you bought this house—right?" Toby said. He stood up. "Well, believe it or not, I've got enough for a couple sticks," he said.

PENUMBRAE

The shadows have their seasons, too.
The feathery web the budding maples
cast down upon the sullen lawn

bears but a faint relation to
high summer's umbrageous weight
and tunnel-like continuum,

black leached from green, deep pools
wherein a globe of gnats revolves
as airy as an astrolabe.

The thinning shade of autumn is
an inherited Oriental:
red worn to pink, nap worn to thread.

Shadows on snow look blue. The skier,
exultant at the summit, sees his poles
elongate toward the valley.

On the beach between sweeps of cloud
the bather observes his shape
come faint and crabwise to the sand.

And shadows on water!—
the beech bough bent to the speckled lake
where silt motes flicker gold,

or the steel dock underslung
with a submarine that trembles,
its ladder stiffened by air.

And loveliest, because least looked for,
gray on gray, the stripes
the pearl-white winter sun

hung low behind the leafless wood
draws out from trunk to trunk across the road
like a stairway that does not rise.

—John Updike

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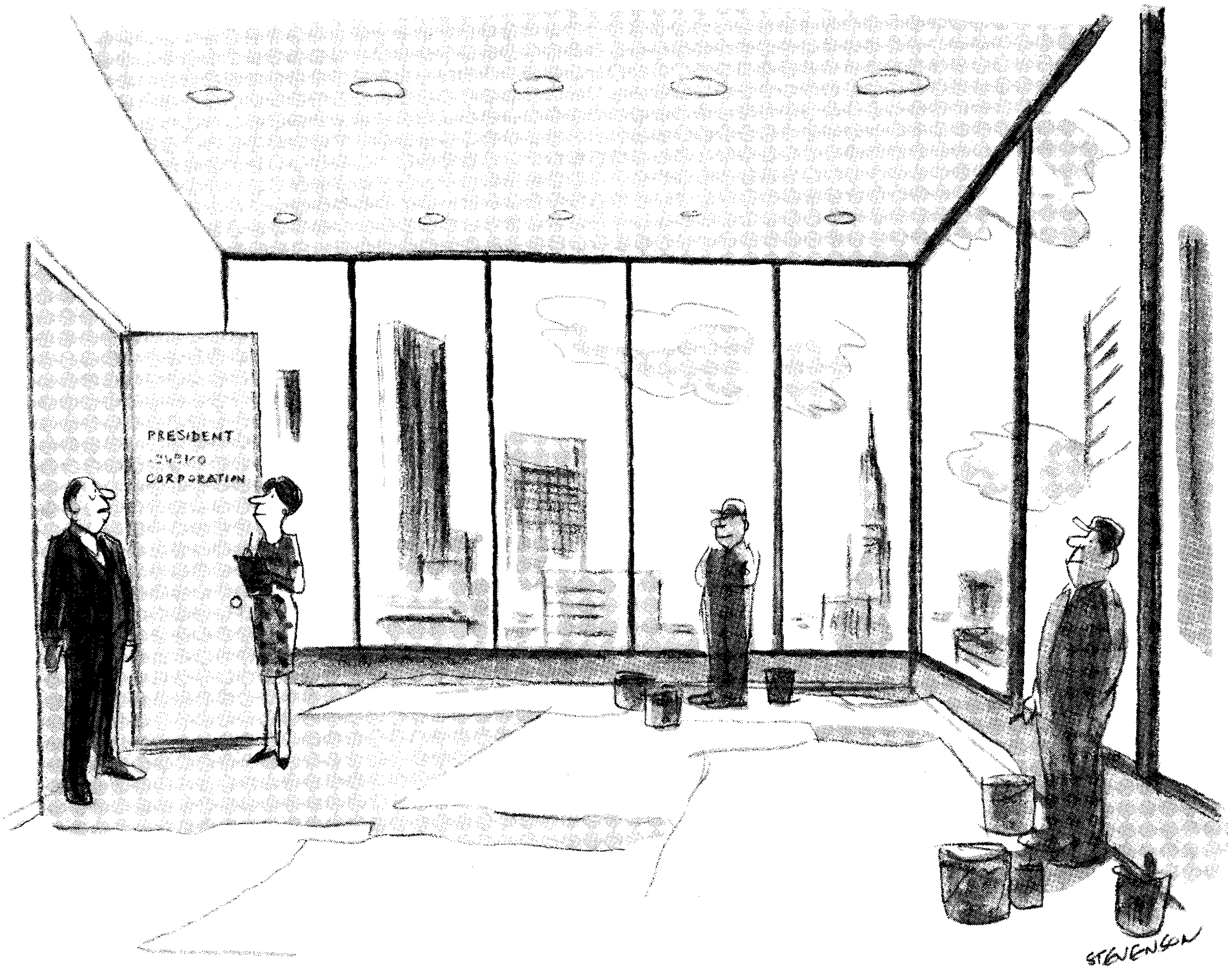


"Excellent, Miss Crawford. Now fill it with the trappings of office."

• •

"That's two columns, among us press men. If you're going to be home tomorrow, there's a girl who'll come and take your picture. Marcia. She's a drag, I warn you."

"One thing about this town, there aren't any damn sidewalks and the cars don't give you much room if you're jogging," Coach said, getting up, too.

"When I'm hitching, I wear a safety orange poncho and carry a red flag and paint a big 'X' on my back," Toby said. "Of course, I realize I'm just making a better target for the speeders."

"I run down at the track now. It's a great facility, comparable to a Big Ten's. I like the layout," Coach said.

"O.K., but the interview's over," Toby said.

"Well, I came from high schools, remember. In Indiana and Pennsylvania—good schools with good budgets, but high schools nonetheless."

"Yeah, I got where you're coming from," Toby said.

"Did you need to know what courses I'll be handling? Fall quarter, they've got me lined up for two. 'The Atlantic World' and 'Colloquium on European Industrial Development,' I think it is. Before, I always taught world history. P.O.D. once or twice."

"That 381 you're going to teach is a gut course. It always has been, in case no one's informed you. It's what we call 'lunch,' " Toby said.

"It's in the nature of a refresher course," Coach said.

Daphne suddenly came into the room from the long hall. Her dark hair was brushed and lifting with static. Her eyes seemed larger than usual to Coach, and a little sooty around the lashes.

"You're just leaving, aren't you, Buster?" Coach said to her.

"Retrieving a pencil," Daphne said.

"Is your name really Buster?" Toby asked.

"Get your pencil and scoot. This is Toby, here. Toby, this is Daphne," Coach said.

"Nice to meet you," Daphne said. She slid into a deep chair at the far corner of the living room.

"Can she hear us over in that county?" Toby said. "Do you read me?" he shouted.

Daphne smiled. Coach saw bangs and her very white teeth. "Come on, Daph, hit the trail," he said.

"I've got a joke for her first," Toby

said. "What's green and moves very fast?"

"Frog in a blender," Daphne said. "Dad? Some friends asked me to go swimming with them at the Natatorium. May I?"

"You must see the Nat. It's the best thing," Toby said.

"What about your class, though? She's in makeup school here, Toby, catching up on some algebra that didn't take the first time around."

Toby wrinkled his nose at Daphne. "Algebra? Blah! At first, I thought you meant makeup school. Like lipstick and rouge."

"I wish," Daphne said. She slipped her left foot from her leather sandal and casually stroked the toes.

"She's a nut for swimming," Coach said.

"You'll be *so* bored here," Toby said to her. "Most nights, your options are ordering a pizza or slashing your wrists. Those are the choices of what there is to do."

"Yes, sure," she said, disbelievingly.

"Take it from Toby," he said, waving goodbye.

Coach let Toby out through the front door and watched until he was down the street.

"He was nice," Daphne said.

"Aw, Daph. That's what you say about everybody. There's a lot better things you could say—more on-the-beam things."

"I guess you're mad," she said.

Coach went to the kitchen, back to his playbooks.

Daphne came after him. "Aren't you?" she said.

"I guess you thought he was cute," Coach said. He flipped through some mimeographed pages, turning them on the notebook's silver rings. "I don't mean to shock you about it, but you'd be wasting your time there. You'd be trying to start a fire with a limp wet match."

Daphne stared at her father. "That's sick!" she said.

"I'm not criticizing him for it. I'm just telling you," Coach said.

"THIS is completely wrong," Coach said sadly. He read further. "Oh, no," he said. He drowned the newspaper in his bathwater and flung the wet pages over into a corner.

His wife handed him a dry copy, one of the ten or twelve *Rooters* Daphne had brought home. Sherry was sitting parallel to Coach on the edge of the tub, with her back braced against the tiled wall. "Oh, cheer up," she said. "Probably nobody reads a free newspaper."

Coach folded the dry new *Rooter* into an oblong around Toby's article. "O.K., I wasn't head coach at Elmgrove, and I sure wasn't Phi Beta Kappa. Ugly, ugly picture," Coach said.

"Your head looks huge."

"You were never at Mount Holyoke. Where did he get that one? I didn't bitch about the sidewalks this much."

"You didn't? That's almost too bad. I thought it was the best part of the article," Sherry said.

Coach slipped deeper into the warm water, until it came up to his chin. He kept the newspaper aloft. "Oh, come on, give me some credit here!" he cried. "Don't they have any supervision over in Journalism? I don't see how he could get away with this. It's an unbelievably sloppy job."

"It's just a dinky article in a handout paper, Coach," Sherry said. "What do you care? It wouldn't matter if he said we were a bright-orange family with scales."

"He didn't think of that or he would have. This breaks my heart," Coach said.

"Daph liked it," Sherry said.

Coach wearily chopped at the bathwater with the side of his hand. "They read this in the football office. I'll spend my first year here explaining how none of it's true."

"Lie," his wife advised him. "Who'll know?"

"And sure Daphne liked it. She was called 'pretty' or whatever. The pretty Noonan daughter who'll be attending Flippo High School in the fall," Coach said.

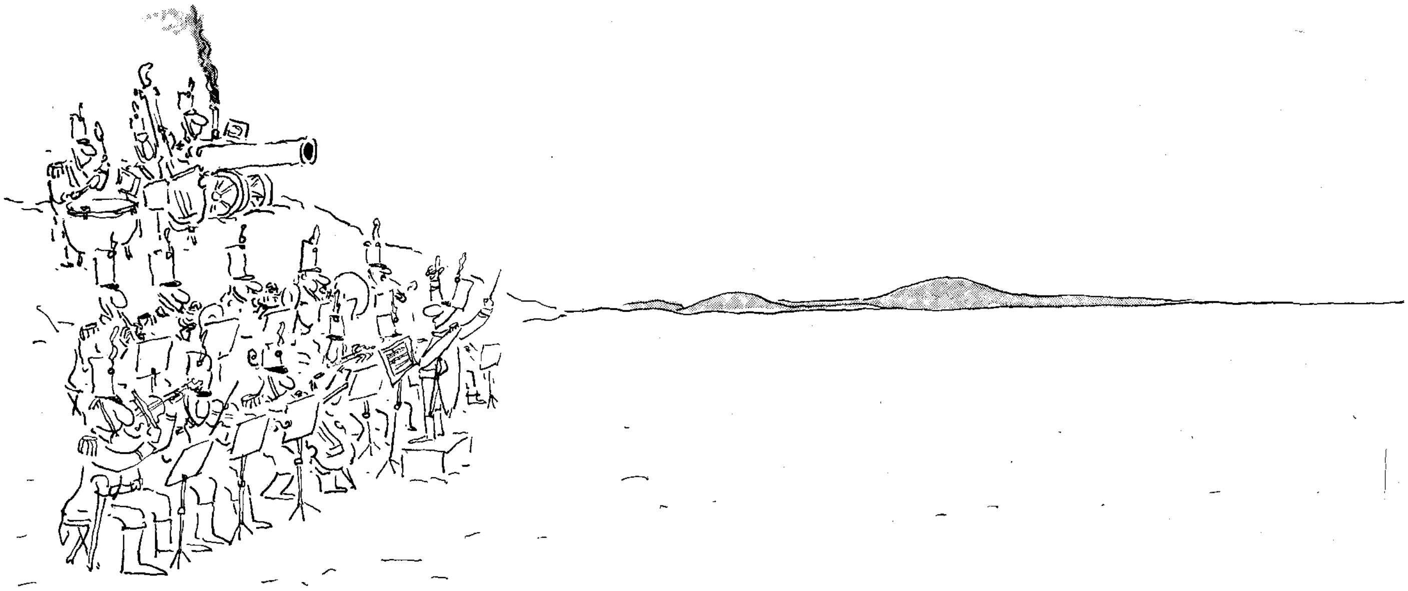
" 'Petite,' actually. 'The petite brunette,' " Sherry corrected.

"Daphne's not that small," Coach said.

"I just think the person who's going to come out of this looking bad is that reporter, finally," Sherry said.

"I could kill him," Coach said. "Then he'd look bad."

NOW Coach had a little more than a month before the start of the two-a-days. He was seated awkwardly on an iron stool at a white table on the patio of the Dairy Frost. Daphne was beside him, fighting the early-evening heat for her mocha-fudge ice-cream cone. She tilted her head at the cone, lapping at it.



“You aren’t saying anything,” Coach said.

“Wait,” Daphne said. She worked on the cone.

“I’ve been waiting.”

“If you two want to separate, it’s none of my business,” she said.

Out in the parking lot, a new powder-blue Pontiac turned off the highway, glided easily onto the gravel, and took the parking slot by the door. The boy in the driver’s seat looked familiar to Coach. Good-looking shoulders. The couple in the back—the boy’s parents, Coach thought—were both talking at once.

“Have I been wasting my breath for nothing?” Coach said. “*Not* a separation. Not anything like it.”

“All right, *not*,” Daphne said. She stopped her attack on the cone long enough to watch the Pontiac boy step out. A blob of ice cream streamed between her knuckles and down the inside of her wrist.

“You’re losing it, Champ,” Coach said.

Daphne dabbed around the cone and her hand, making repairs.

“Hell, real trouble—your father wouldn’t tell you about at a Dairy Frost,” Coach said. “This apartment your mom found is like an office or something. A place for her to go and get away every now and then. That kid’s in my backfield. What the *hell’s* his name?”

They watched as the young man took orders from his parents, then came into the Dairy Frost. He looked both wider and taller than the other patrons—out of their scale. His rump and haunches were thick with muscle.

“Bobby Stark!” Coach said, and smiled very quickly at the Pontiac. He turned back to his daughter.

“She wants to get away from us,” Daphne said.

“Definitely not. She gave me a list, is how this started. She’s got things she wants to do, and you with your school problems and me with the team, we’re too much for her. She could spend her whole day on us, if you think about it, and never have a second for herself. If you think about it fairly, you’ll see.”

“That guy looks dumb. One of the truly dumb,” Daphne said.

“My halfback? He’s not. He was his class salutatorian,” Coach said.

“He doesn’t know *you*.”

“Just embarrassed. Can’t we stick to the point, Daphne?”

She gave a sigh and marched over to a trash can to deposit her slumping cone. She washed up after at a child’s drinking fountain. When she came back to the table, Coach had finished his Brown Cow, but he kept the plastic spoon in his mouth.

“What was on this list of Mom’s?” Daphne asked.

“Adult stuff, Daphne.”

“Just give me one example,” she said.

Coach removed the spoon and cracked it in half.

“Dad!” Daphne said.

“I always do that. Your mother’s list is for five years. In that time, she wants to be living differently. She wants to be speaking French, regularly. She wants to follow up on her printmaking, and we both know she’s got talent there, with her lithographs and all.”

“This is adult stuff?” Daphne said.

Coach raised a hand to Bobby Stark. Stark had three malt cups in a cardboard carrier and he was moving toward his car. “Hey, those all for you?” Coach said cheerfully.

“I still got a month to get fat, Coach. Then you’ll have five months to beat it off me.”

Some of the people at the tables around Coach’s lit up with smiles at the conversation. Stark’s parents were grinning.

“Every hit of that junk takes a second off your time in the forty,” Coach said.

Stark pretended to hide the malteds behind his arm. He was blushing.

“Duh,” Daphne said in a hoarse voice. “Which way to duh door, Coach?”

“He can hear you,” Coach said.

“Duh, kin I have a candy bar, Coach?” she said. “Kin I? Kin I?”

They watched Stark get into the Pontiac. He slammed the door and threw Daphne a wink so dazzling that she went silent.

COACH was in the basement laundry room, with both his arms hugging a bundle of jogging clothes. He was waiting for Sherry to unload her clothes from the washer.

“The Dallas Cowboys are soaking their players in a sense-deprivation tub of warm salt water,” she said.

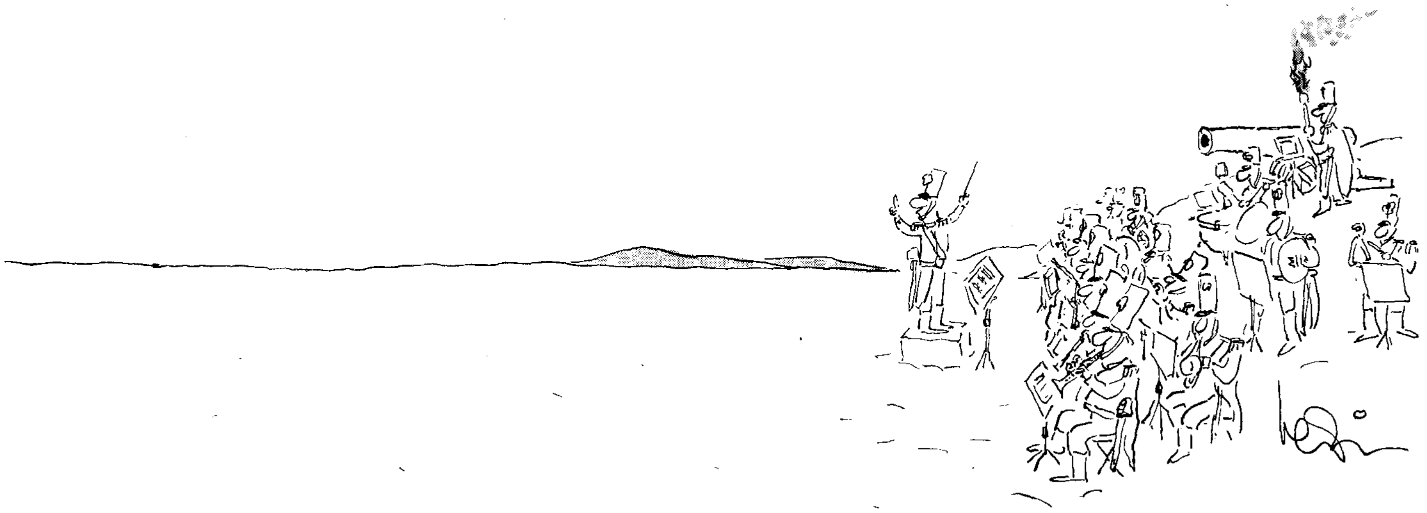
“We know,” Coach said.

“If Dallas is doing it, I just thought you might like to consider it.”

“We have. Hustle up a little with your stuff,” Coach said.

“It’s like my apartment,” Sherry said. “A place apart.”

Coach cut her off. “Don’t go on



about how much you love your apartment."

"I wasn't," Sherry said. She slung her wet slacks and blouses into the dryer.

Coach had two weeks before the start of the heavy practices. His team would have him then, he knew, almost straight through to the Christmas holidays. "You already spend all your time there," he said.

A little later, Coach and his wife were on the side patio together, sharing a Tab. They could hear the hum and tick of the dryer indoors.

"You know what's odd? Daphne's popularity here," Sherry said. "I don't mean it's *odd.*" She was taking sun on her back, adding to her tan.

"No, that isn't new. She's always done terrific with people," Coach said.

"Your people, though. These are hers," Sherry said. "The phone hardly ever stops."

"Well, she's out of math trouble, I guess," Coach said. "And you have your apartment hideout, and you're adjusted here. Now, if only I can have the season I want."

"I love it with her and that reporter," Sherry said.

Daphne had become tight friends with Toby after she telephoned her gratitude for what he had written about her in *The Rooter.*

"Yeah, they're like sisters," Coach said.

"You're still bitter?"

"I'm really not," Coach said. "I live one careful day at a time now. No looking back for a second. Fear motivates me."

"You're fearful," Sherry said.

"Shaking with it," Coach said.

IT was eight days before the two-a-day practice sessions would begin. The sky was colorless and glazed, like milk glass. When Coach flicked a glance at the sun, his eyes ached as if he were seeing molten steel. He had run some wind sprints on the stadium field, and now he was doing an easy lap on the track. A stopwatch on a noose of ribbon swung against his chest. He cut through the goalposts and trotted for the sidelines, where he had dumped his clipboard and a towel.

Bobby Stark came out from under the stands. His football shoes were laced together and draped around his neck. He was in cutoff shorts and a midriff-cut T-shirt. He walked gingerly in white wool socks. "Did everybody go, or am I the first one here?" he called to Coach.

" 'Bout a half hour," Coach said, heaving.

Stark sat down to untangle his shoes, and Coach, sweating, stood over him. Coach spat. He folded his arms in a way that pushed out his muscles. He sniffed to clear his lungs, twisting his whole nose and mouth to one side. "You know, Stark, I heard you were salutatorian for your class," he said.

"High school," the boy said. He grinned up at Coach, an eye pinched against the glare.

"That counts, believe me. Maybe we can use you to help some of our slower players along—some of the linemen."

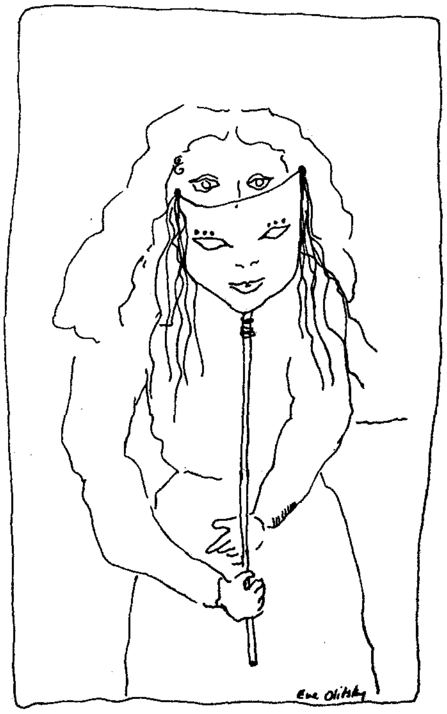
"What do you mean—tutor?" Stark said.

"Naw. Teach them to eat without biting off their fingers. How to tie a necktie. Teach them some of your style," Coach said, and Stark bobbed his head.

Stark settled the fit of his right shoe. He said, "But there aren't really any dumb ones on the squad, because they just flunk out here. Recruiters won't touch them in this league."

Coach planted his feet on either side of a furrow of lime-eaten grass. Above the open end of the stadium, the enormous library building was shimmering and uncertain behind sheets of heat that rose from the empty parking area.

Stark got up and watched his shoes as he jogged in place. He danced twenty yards down the field, loped back. Other players were arriving for the informal session. Coach meant to time them in the mile and in some dashes.



Stark looked jittery. He walked in semicircles, crowding Coach.

"You worried about something?" Coach asked him. "Girl problems? You pull a muscle already?"

Stark glanced quickly around them. He said, "I've lived all my life two doors down from Coach Burton's house. My mom and Burton's wife are the best of friends, so I always know what's really going on. You probably know about it already anyway. Do you?"

"What the hell are you talking about, Stark?"

"Oh, so you don't. Typical. Burton's leaving, see, like the end of this year. His wife wants him out real bad, and the alumni want him out, because they're tired of losing seasons. They're tired of finishing third in the league, at best. Everybody says he should go to Athletic Director, instead. So what I heard was that you were brought in because of it, and if we do well this season—because people think you're a winner and pretty young—like, *you'll* be our varsity coach next year."

"That's conjecture," Coach said. But his voice sounded strange to him.

"We could go through four years together. I respect Coach Burton, but I don't see why in four years *we'd* ever have to lose a single game," Stark said. He took a stance, his body pushing forward.

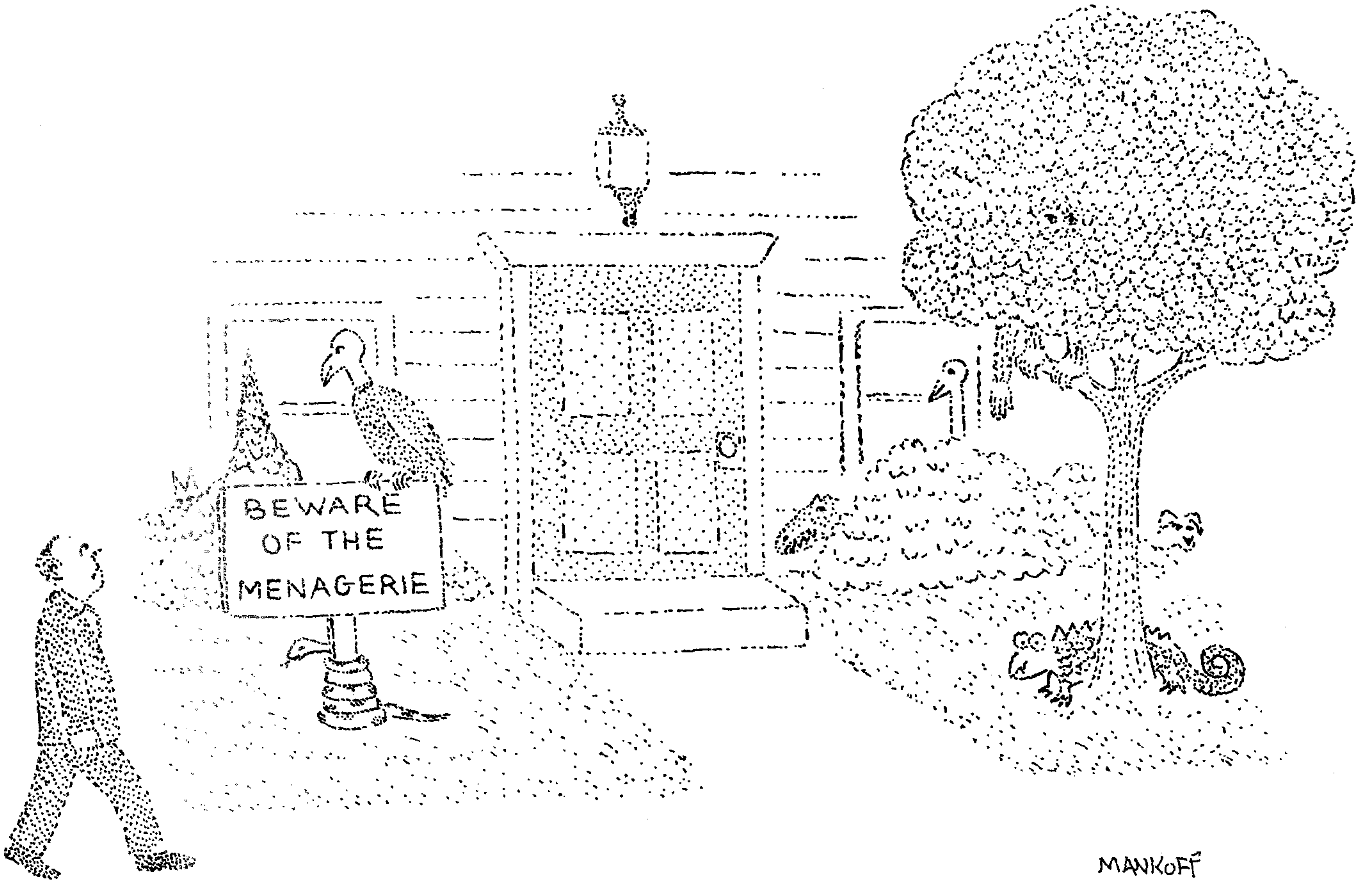
"Ho!" Coach barked, and Stark lunged out.

"See me after this practice!" Coach called to him.

IT was three o'clock, still hot. Coach was going along a sidewalk with Stark, who was balanced on a racing bike, moving just enough to keep the machine upright.

"Three things," Coach said. "I've seen all the game films from last year, and I came here personally and witnessed the Tech game. No one lost because of the coaching. A coach can work miracles with a good team, but he's helpless if his folks don't want it bad enough. That's the worst thing about running a team—you can't climb down into your people's hearts and change them."

Some college girls in a large car passed and shrieked and whistled at Bobby Stark. "Lifeguards at the pool," he explained.



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"I don't know if Burton's leaving or not, but if his wife wants him to, he'll probably go," Coach said. "If you're ever thinking about a career in coaching someday, Bob, think about that. Your family's either with you or you've had it. You drag them all over hell—one town to another—and bury them, and whether you stay anywhere or not depends on a bunch of *kids*, really. I swear, I'd give up a leg for a chance to get in a game myself—just one play, with what I now know."

"I wish you could," Stark said. He swerved his bike's front tire and let it plunk off the curb into a crosswalk. He stood on the pedals for the jolt of the rear tire.

"The last thing is, don't mention the varsity-coach thing to anybody, and I mean anybody. Do you read me?" Coach said.

Stark nodded. They went on a block, and he said, "I turn here. You going to tell your beautiful daughter about it?"

"My daughter. You want a kitten? Because when I tell her, she's going to have kittens," Coach said.

NO one was home. A plastic-ladybug magnet held a note to the face of the refrigerator. The note read, "Noonan, I'm at my place. Daph's with Toby K. somewhere, fooling around. Be good now. Sherry Baby."

"Dope," Coach said, smiling. He felt very good.

He took a beer upstairs and drank it while he showered. He cinched on a pair of sweat pants and went back down and fetched another beer. He watched some of a baseball game on cable television. He thought over the things he had told Bobby Stark.

"Boy, is that true!" Coach said, and then wasn't sure why he had said it.

He frowned, remembering that in his second year of college, the only year he had been on the varsity team, he had proved an indifferent player. "Not now," he whispered. He squeezed his beer can out of shape and stood it on top of the TV.

There was a thump over his head. The ceiling creaked. Someone had come home while he was in the shower. He took the stairs in three leaps and strode into the bedroom, saying, "Sherry?"

The dark figure in the room surprised him. "Hey!" he yelled.

Daphne was dancing in front of the full-length mirror on Sherry's closet door. She had improvised a look—sweeping her hair over her right ear and stretching the neck of her shirt until her right shoulder was bared. A fast Commodores song thumped from her transistor radio.

"Nothing," she said.

"You're not home. Aren't you with Whoosis? You're supposed to be out. You are *beet* red," Coach said.

Daphne lowered her head and squared her shirt, which bagged around her small torso. "O.K., Dad," she said.

"No, but how did your audience like the show? I bet they loved it," Coach said. He smiled at himself in the mirror. "I'm just kidding you. You looked great."

"Come *on,* Dad," Daphne said, and tried to pass.

He chimed in with the radio song. He shuffled his feet. "Hey, Daph. You know what time it is?"

"Let me out, please," she said.

"It's Monkey time!" Coach did a jerky turn, keeping in the way of the exit door. "Do the Shing-a-Ling. Do the Daphne." He rolled his shoulder vampishly. He kissed his own hand. He sang along.

"Thanks a lot," Daphne said. She gave up trying to get around him. She leaned over and snapped off the radio. "You've got to use a mirror, so you don't look stupid on the dance floor. Everybody does," she said.

"I really was kidding you. Seriously. I know dancing is important," Coach said.

"May I go now? I've got algebra," Daphne said. She brought her hair from behind her ear, which was burning pink.

"Before that, you have to hear the news," Coach said. "Here's a news bulletin, flash extra."

"You're drunk. You and Mom are going to live in different cities. Somebody shot somebody," Daphne said.

"No, *this* is good news. There's a chance I'll be head coach here, of the varsity. The varsity coach. Me." Coach pointed to his chest.

"Let me out, please," Daphne said.

Coach let her pass. He followed her down the thin hallway to her bedroom. "More money. I'll even be on TV. I'll have my own local show on Sundays. And I'll get written up in the press all the time, by real reporters. Daphne?"

She closed her door, and, from the sound, Coach thought she must have leaned against it.

"What's going on? Tell me, why am I standing here yelling at wood?" he said.

By dusk, Coach was drunk at the kitchen table. He was enjoying the largeness of the room, and he was making out a roster for his dream team. He had put the best kids from his fifteen years of coaching in the positions they had played for him. He was puzzling over the tight-end spot. "Jim Wyckoff or Jerry Kinney? Kinney got that tryout with the Broncos later," he said out loud. He pencilled "Kinney" onto his diagram.

He heard Daphne on the stairs, and it occurred to him to clear the beer cans from the table. Instead, he snapped open a fresh can. "Daphne?" he said.

"Wait a second. What?" she said from the living room.

"Just wondered who else was alive besides me. I know your mom's still out."

Daphne entered the kitchen.

"You're sorry you were rude before?" Coach said. "That's O.K., Daph, just forget it."

Daphne made the slightest nod. "You *drank* all those?" she said.

"Hold still. What've you got on?" Coach asked. He hauled his whole chair about so he could see Daphne, who had gone behind him.

"Two, four, five," Daphne said, counting the cans. She wore one of the fan shirts that Coach had seen on a few summer coeds. On the front of the shirt, against a maroon field, were the golden letters "GO." Across the back was "GRIFFINS!"

"Now you're talking," Coach said.

"It was free. This guy I met—well, these two guys, really, who work at Campus World gave it to me. But, I don't know, I thought I'd wear it. I wanted you to see that I care if you get that big job. I do care. I want to stay here. Do you think we can? Do your people look any good for this year?"

Spat

"Winners," Coach said.

"Yeah, but you always say that," Daphne said.

Coach skidded his chair forward. "Have a beer. Sit down and let me show you on paper the material they've given me to work with."

Daphne took the can Coach offered, sipped at it, shook her head, and said, "Ooh, it burns. No wonder people burp."

"These guys are fast and big, for once. I'm not overestimating them, either. I've seen what I've seen," Coach said.

A car swept into the drive, and then its engine noise filled the garage. Coach and Daphne were quiet until Sherry bustled down the short hall that connected the garage with the kitchen.

"Really late, sorry, sorry," she said.

"It's a party, I warn you," Coach said to her.

"So I noticed." Sherry was carrying a grocery sack, not very full. There were bright streaks of paint on her brown arms. Daphne got up and plucked a bag of Oreo cookies from the groceries.

"Shoot me one of those," Coach said.

"Any beer left for me?" Sherry said. "I want to drown my disappointment. I can't paint."

"You can paint," Coach said.

"Ugh. My ocean today looked like wavy cement. My rocks looked like big dirty marshmallows." She put her sack down on the kitchen counter.

"Tell Dad he's got to do well so we can stay here," Daphne said to her mother.

Coach said, "Man, Daphne! I hope somebody finds your 'off' switch." He told his wife, "Plant your behind in that chair, Picasso. Let me tell you how we're moving up in the world."

"Every August," Sherry said, "Coach wants us to get packed up for a trip to the moon."

—MARY ROBISON

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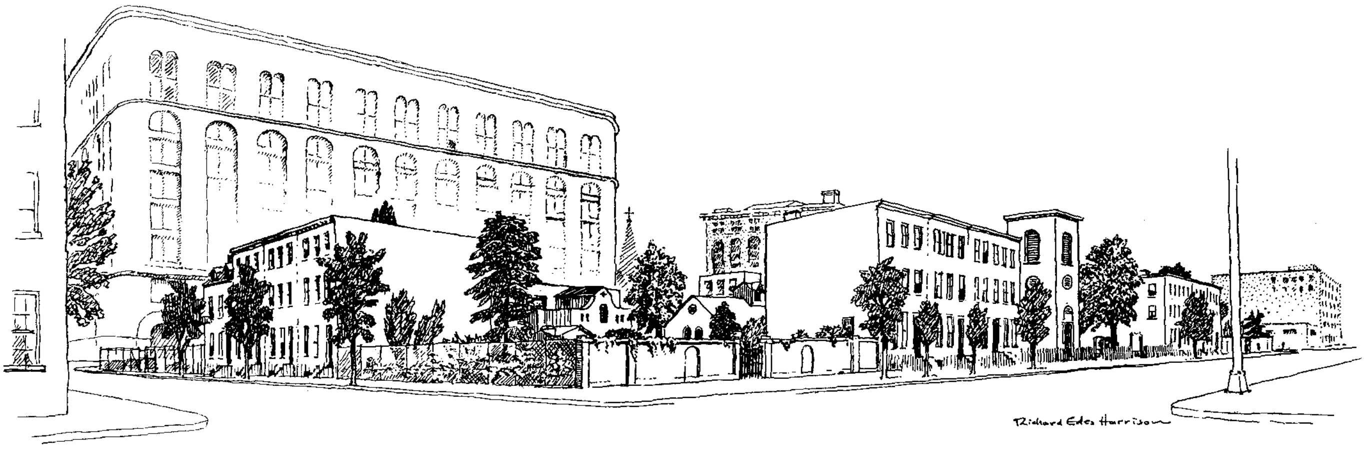
H. REPT. 97-3—Ways and Beans Committee, report pursuant to Budget Act, 2/5/81.—*Congressional Index.*

Make that "Wheys and Beans," please.

PROFILES

GARDENS



THE time is spring, and the place is the Corner Garden at St. Luke in the Fields Episcopal Church, in Greenwich Village. Scores of transients can be found here any day, but for the moment (it's rather early) I have the place almost to myself. I've inspected the butter-yellow daffodils and the fragrant narcissus in the flower beds—they're laid out in a hollow square, divided by walks—that made the Easter opening such a success. The outer beds are blue with scilla and are filled with fat multicolored spring crocuses, one of them like an amethyst goblet. After a good spring rainfall, the small lawn within the garden borders is becoming very green, for contrast ("Green is a color, too," observed that great nineteenth-century garden planner Gertrude Jekyll), and I'd sit and look over into the Middle Yard at the magnolia—shapely pink-streaked white flowers gleaming on its dark boughs—except that all the garden benches are serving the church by propping up some broken bannisters. St. Luke's has another garden, about twenty yards north of this one: the Rectory Garden, which is always warmer and always blooms earlier. It offers a good view of the magnolia, and it has its own verdure, besides grass—privet, wisteria, rose of Sharon, all leafing. I'd sit there instead, except that the lone bench, in the center, is occupied by a man reading the *News*. Under the privet outside the rectory, a white trillium lingers. I suspect that the Rectory Garden, as the elder child, is the favorite of Barbara Ellen Leighton, a longtime Village resident, who is the Corner Garden's creator. She resurrected the Rectory Garden in 1954 and started the Corner Garden two years later, and has maintained them (along with much else that blooms on the premises) ever since.

The grounds of St. Luke's are bounded by Barrow and Christopher Streets to the south and north, by Hudson Street, where the church and the gardens are, to the east, and by Greenwich Street to the west: an entire city block, containing—in addition to the gardens—ten brick town houses (including the rector's house), a parking lot, a school, several buildings used for pastoral- and community-related activities, and a playground. The permanent inhabitants of the grounds number about thirty (not including four cats and uncountable nesting birds) and range in age from a few months to more than ninety years, and all enjoy the use of the gardens hidden at the heart of this various, bustling little world.

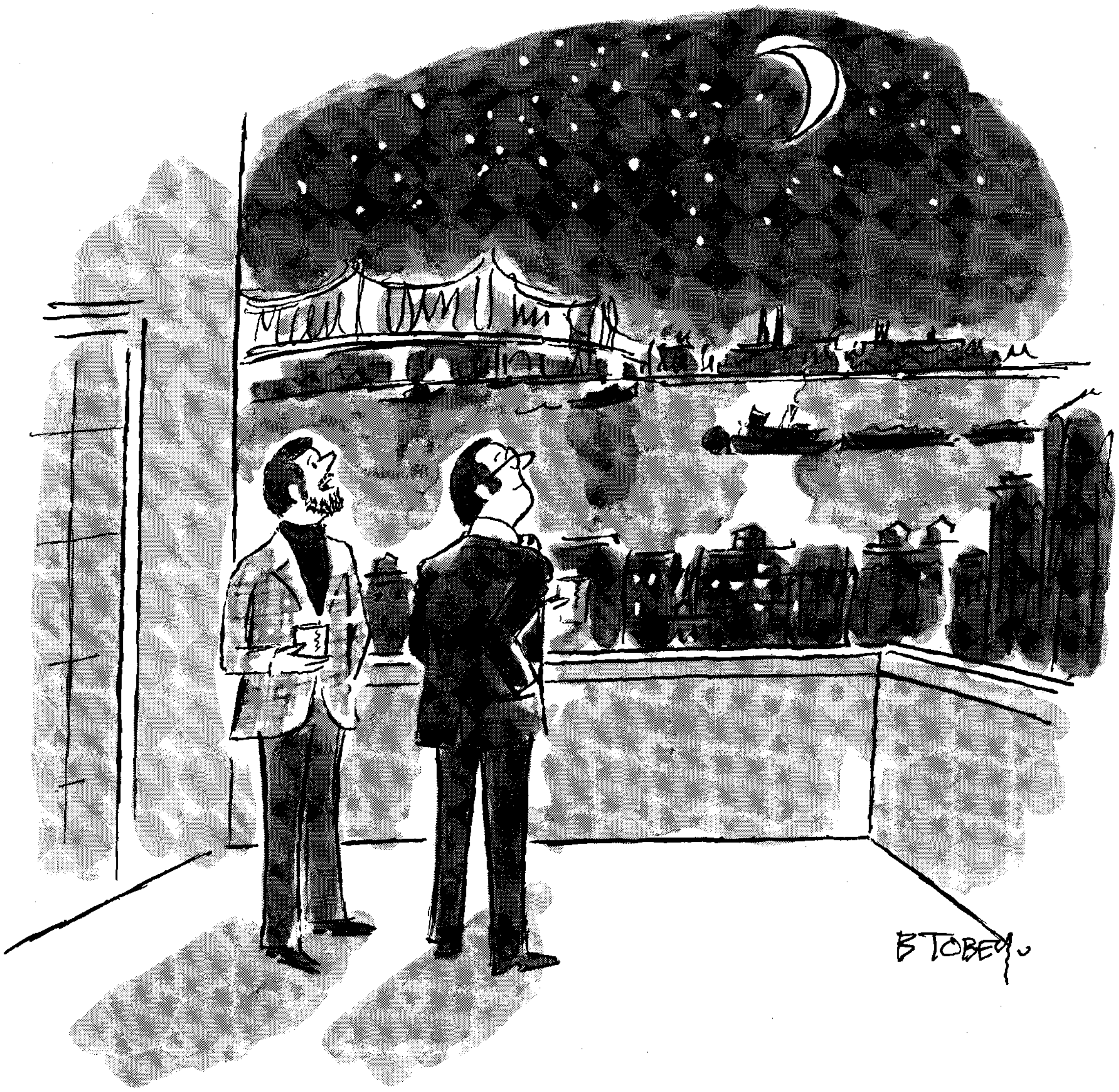
Barbara Leighton has her work cut out for her this spring. She must have the wheelbarrow tire blown up at a nearby gas station on Hudson; replace a rose of Sharon by the church which had to be removed by a tree surgeon last December; cut the Baltic ivy from the walks and the lawn; prune the shrubs in the center of the Corner Garden and bundle the cuttings with twine and set them on the Hudson Street sidewalk for the garbage pickup; prune and fertilize the roses; rake all the lawns and fertilize them when the ground isn't wet; fertilize all bulbs; clean off old alyssum in the flower beds; prune and fertilize the Chaste tree; trim the oak-leaf hydrangea and fertilize all the hydrangeas; apply lime to the lilac; fertilize the day lilies and the iris, which need to be cut back; dig out rampant forsythia; fertilize the cut-leaf maple; cut back buckthorn hedges closely; and pick up the old crab apples plopping off their boughs and all the other miscellaneous detritus of winter. When the ground dries out, she'll plant radishes, for morale—they come up in two days.

THE story of how Barbara Leighton became the mistress of the St. Luke's gardens is practically a legend to the regular visitors. Here is the way she told it to me:

"I was walking past the church one Sunday morning"—she lives nearby, on Cornelia Street—"with a camera around my neck, and the early service was just letting out. And Father Wilbur Leach, one of the curates, was standing outside the church, shaking hands. So I asked him if I could just step into the grounds—looking for subject matter, you know—and he said, 'Of course.' That was how I *discovered* the garden. In those days, you know, there was only the Rectory Garden. It was spring, and I started to go back every Sunday, and I never saw anybody. About all that was here was a terribly overgrown wisteria, and what is now the rose row was a blank—a few irises struggling up through the weeds. There were two large shrub roses. An indifferent lawn. And a *pie*-cherry tree."

"But how did you get the use of the garden?" I asked.

"Well, I'd finished with my Sunday



"Fantastic, J.T.! What a backdrop for a sitcom."

• •

Times, so I started to pull weeds from around the iris, and then the vicar's mother—Emily Stickney Weed—appeared. I was scarlet from the sun and from bending over and from embarrassment—imagine being caught pulling weeds out of someone else's garden! And she said, 'Good afternoon.' And I said, 'Good afternoon.' And then I said, as tactfully as I could, 'You know, this garden could be quite a pleasant place.' And she said, 'What would you suggest?' So I said I'd have to think. And that woman went into the vicarage—now the rectory—and came back out with a chair and sat down on it, and I sat down on a bench beside her, and out of *vast* ignorance I said, 'I'd put in annuals for now. Roses and good tulips in the fall. And I would work on the lawn.' Then I bade her goodbye and went home, and thought all evening. I woke the next morning *still* thinking about it, so I called my office, excused myself until noon, and went back to the vicarage. And I rang the bell, and she came to the door, and I said, 'Good morning. I'd like to ask for the privilege of remaking the garden.' And she said, 'Do come in,' and we had a good confab about the garden. I said, 'I'll start Saturday morning.' And I was there at the crack of dawn on Saturday. Well, I'd already gotten hold of one of Montague Free's books, and he recommended an old broom as the best way to sweep a ragged lawn, so I had provided myself with an old broom, and when Mrs. Weed came out of the 8 A.M. service I had already swept the stone plots and the paths, and she said, 'Why, it looks better already.' She always knew the right thing to say."

ONE sunny afternoon just before Easter, I came through the schoolyard into the Rectory Garden, where a long green garden hose was lying on freshly watered grass. The hose was attached to the faucet behind the Church Hall, and a few drops still trickled from its nozzle, but the gardener was not around. In fact, the only people besides me out in the sun at St. Luke's right then were a little girl of about four, wearing a long, sashed dress of printed cotton, à la Kate Greenaway; a small boy of about two, in shorts; and the three-year-old son of the assistant pastor. All three children live in the town houses on the premises. In the sacristy, clergymen and lay people were sewing away at vestments. While I was inspecting the spring show of tulips by the Church Hall wall, the girl came over from the playground and went to a faucet to run water so she could fill a tin pail that held about a quart. After she'd filled it, she turned the water off, and, under her watchful eye, I took the pail, which I had difficulty carrying without spilling, from the Rectory Garden into the sun-soaked schoolyard without losing more than a few drops. Then I looked at the Corner Garden briefly (frost had nipped the viburnum; the *Magnolia soulangeana* over the hedge had lost its innocence completely; and the red-gold Queen of Sheba tulips by the gate in the wall were regal and ready to open), found no gardener, and left for home by way of the schoolyard gate. The little girl, holding up the pail, said to the other children, "Now, this is the wine,

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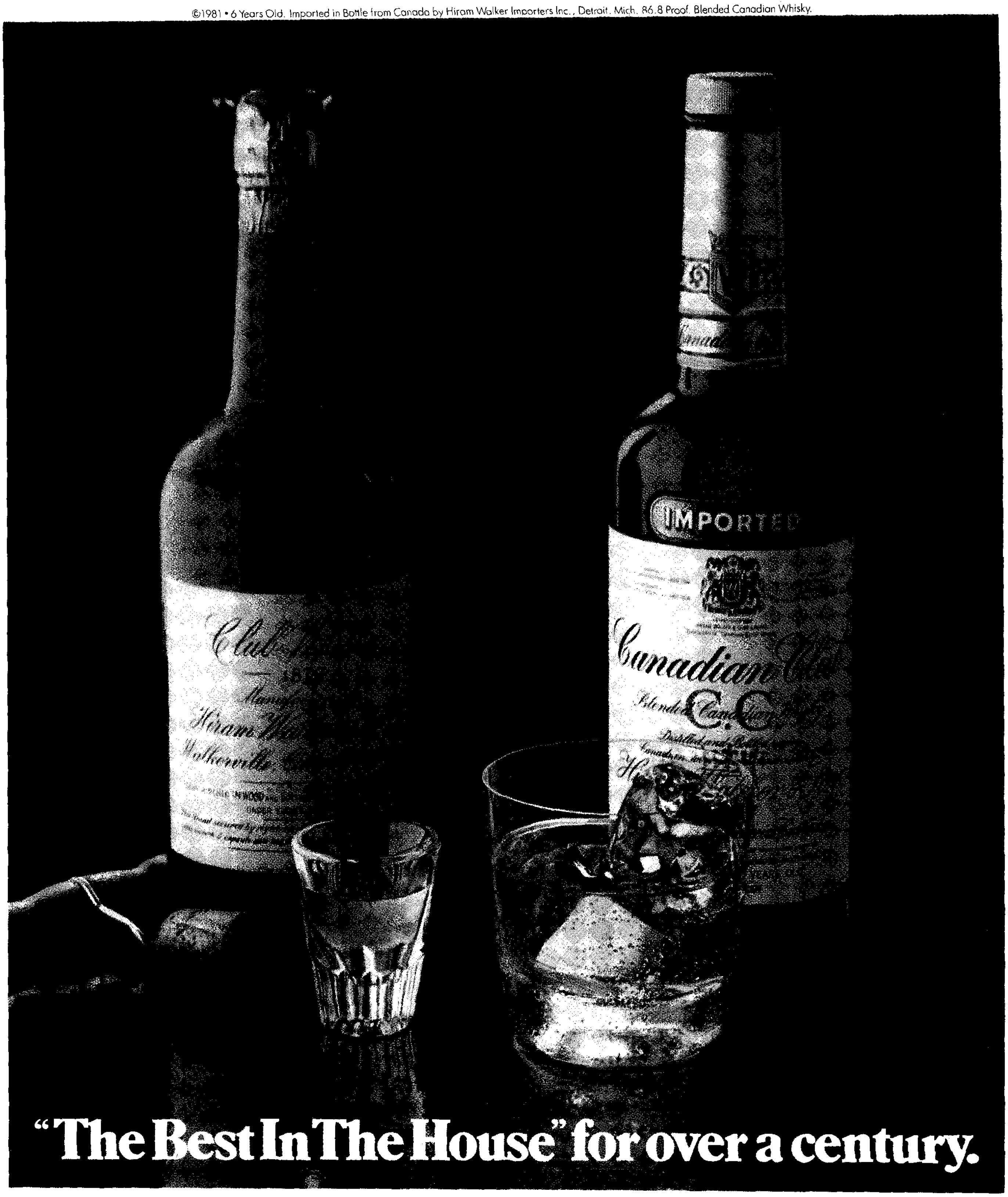

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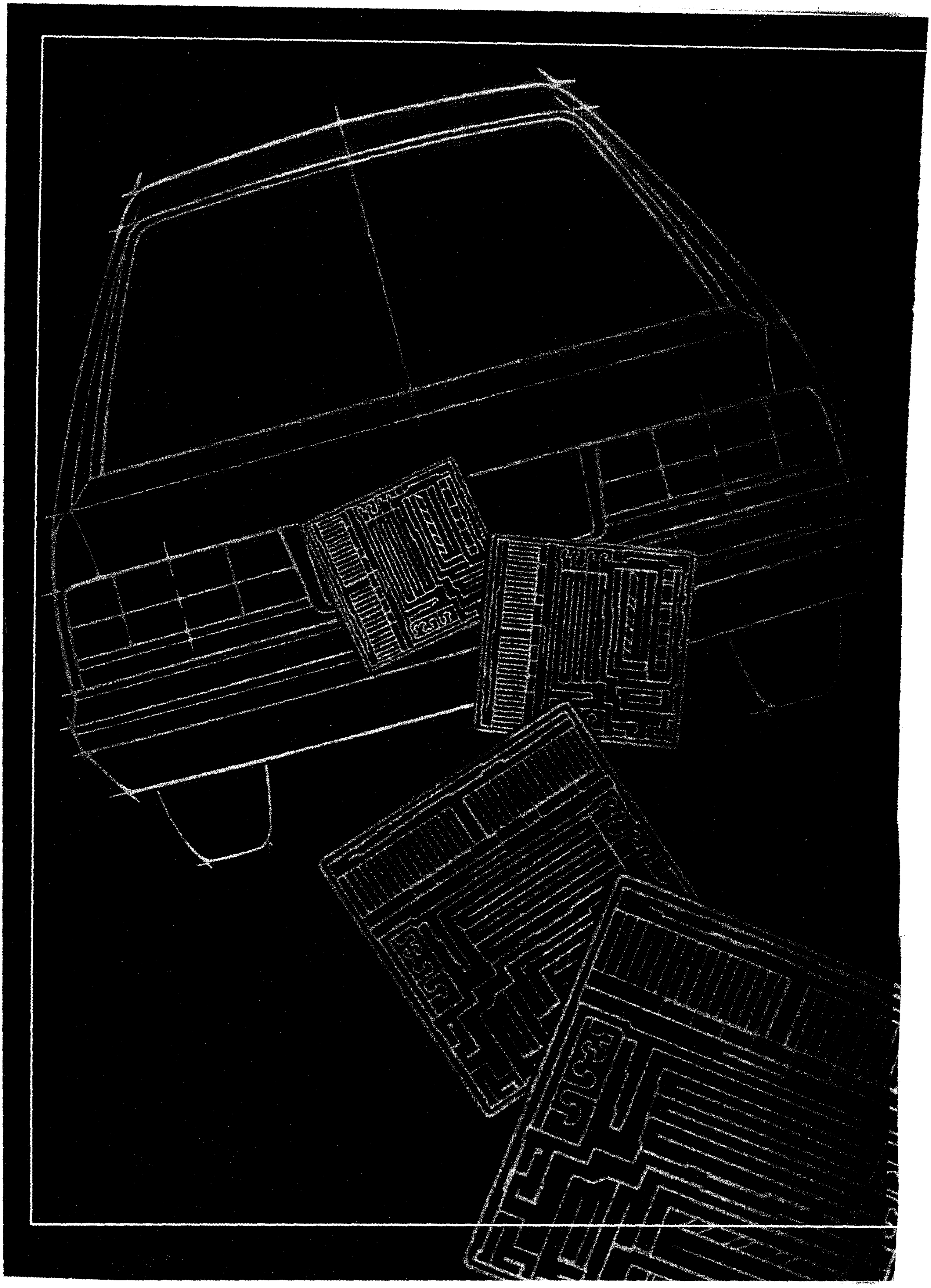

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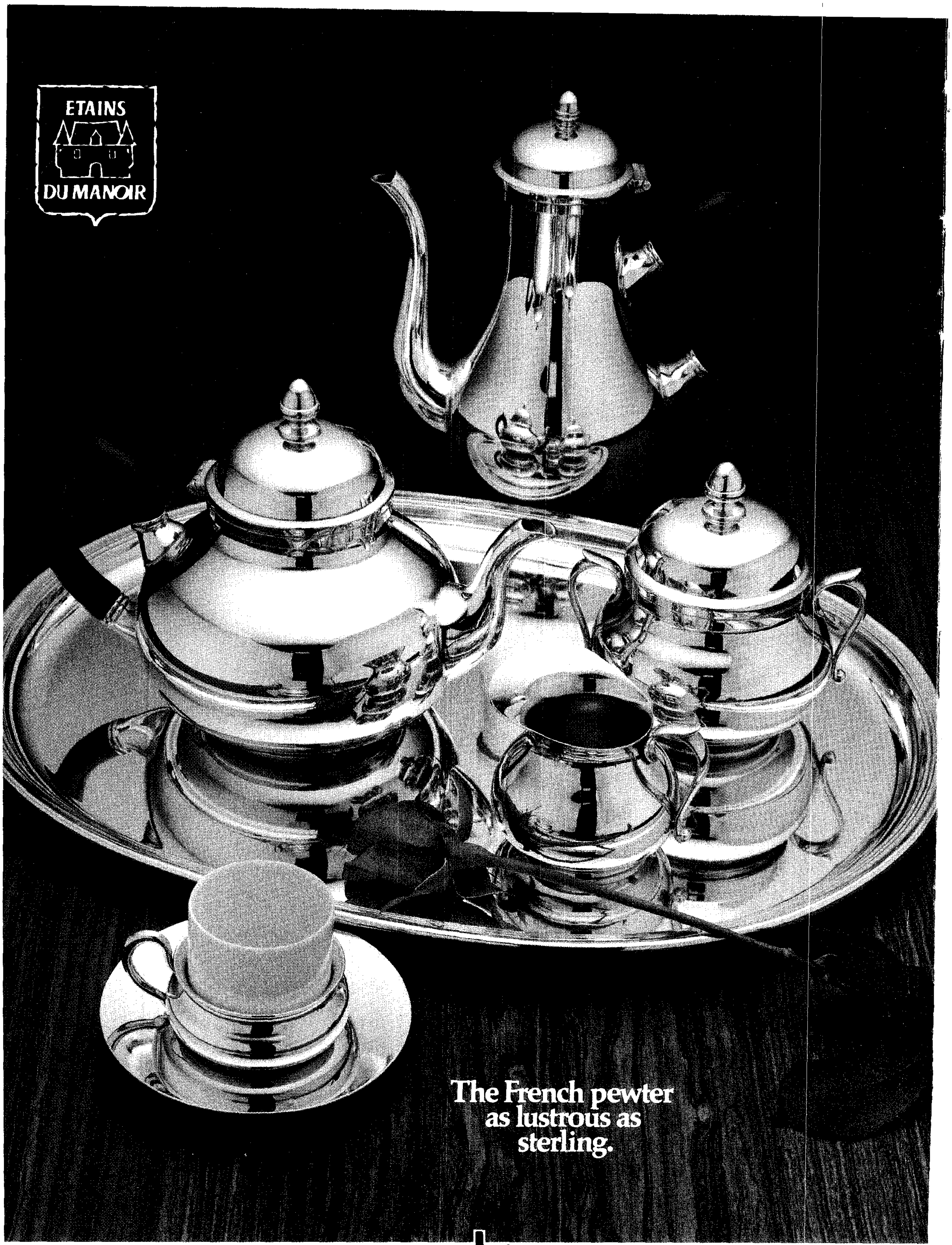
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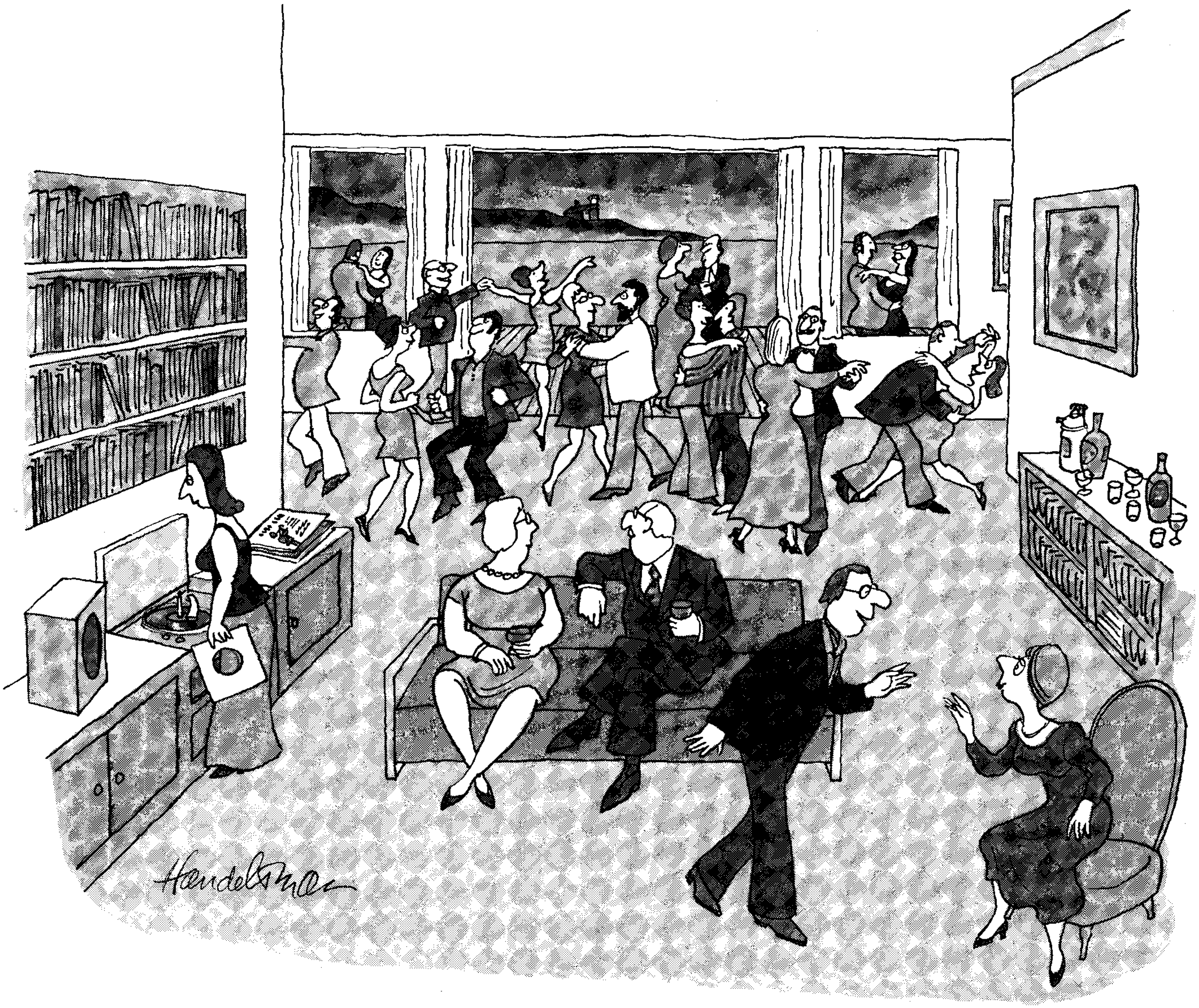

"Miss Pettigrew, may I have the therapy of this dance?"

• •

and here is the bread"—leading them in a private service.

When I told Miss Leighton about my visit, I ended by saying, "And, do you know, Barbara, those children were even more beautiful than the flowers."

Her response was "Ha!"

While she has nothing against children—she is childless, widowed after only two years of marriage—children are the most conspicuous garden pests, and pests are the bane of the gardener's existence. There are two preventable ways a garden can be damaged—by vandalism and by neglect. (Eve and Adam's crime was theft of fruit that the Gardener had forbidden them to pick, though they were the garden's caretakers. St. Augustine, who abandoned his beloved mistresses for religious reasons, never forgave himself for having stolen pears from another's orchard as a child.) Acts of God take care of everything else. If God did not exist, it would be up to the meteorologist to come up with a pretty good reason why.

On another day just before Easter, a rainy Sunday morning, I watched Miss Leighton surveying the damage that someone had done at the Corner Garden during the night. She was practically in tears, and furiously banging a wooden stake into the border near the yucca, to support the peonies. "And look what they've done to the center hedge! And trod on the lawn! It's the parents' fault. They bring up their children to do just as they please." (The footprints were small, so it was clear that the offenders were young.) As she continued her inspection—and, indeed, the damage was extensive—her mood grew even sadder. "I'll tell you one thing," she said as she let me out by the garden gate. (It is locked at all times except Sunday afternoons between one and four.) "That was the work of someone who has no love for St. Luke's Church." Or gardens.

THERE was originally a tenement on the site of the Corner Garden, owned by the Trinity Corporation, which is the business end of Trinity Parish in the Diocese of New York, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. A bit of ecclesiastical history is necessary here. Trinity Church was established by English settlers in 1697, by Royal Charter of William III of England, but land on which to build Trinity Church itself was not granted until 1705, by Queen Anne. The first church to stand there was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1776. The build-

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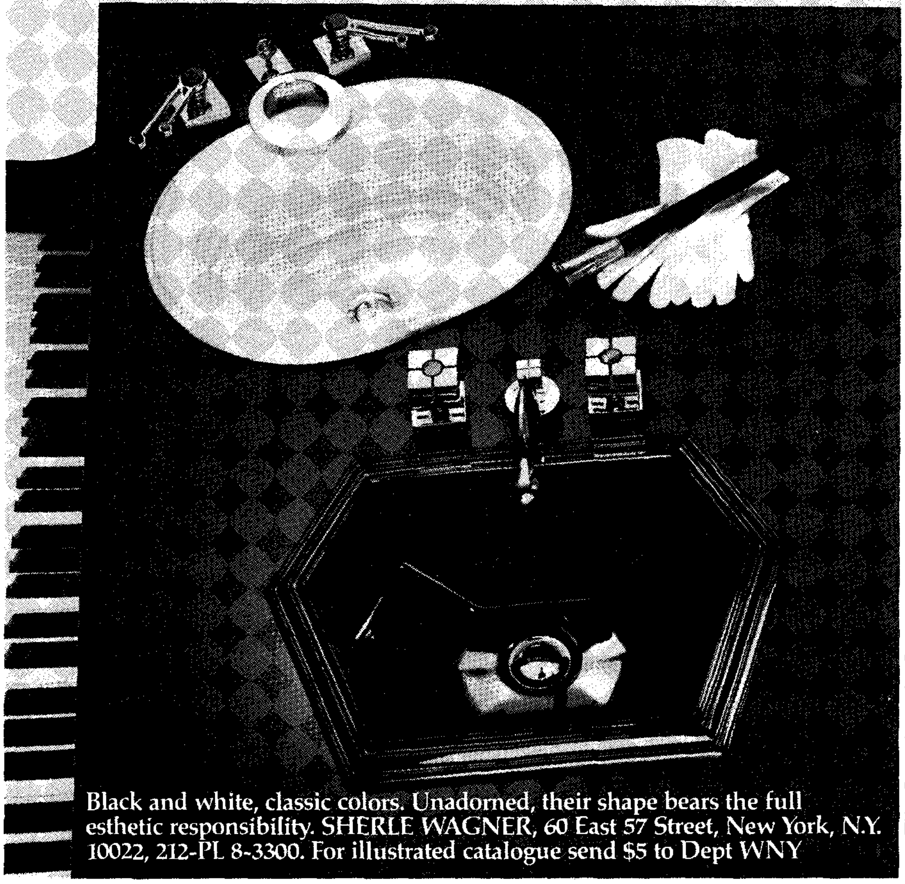

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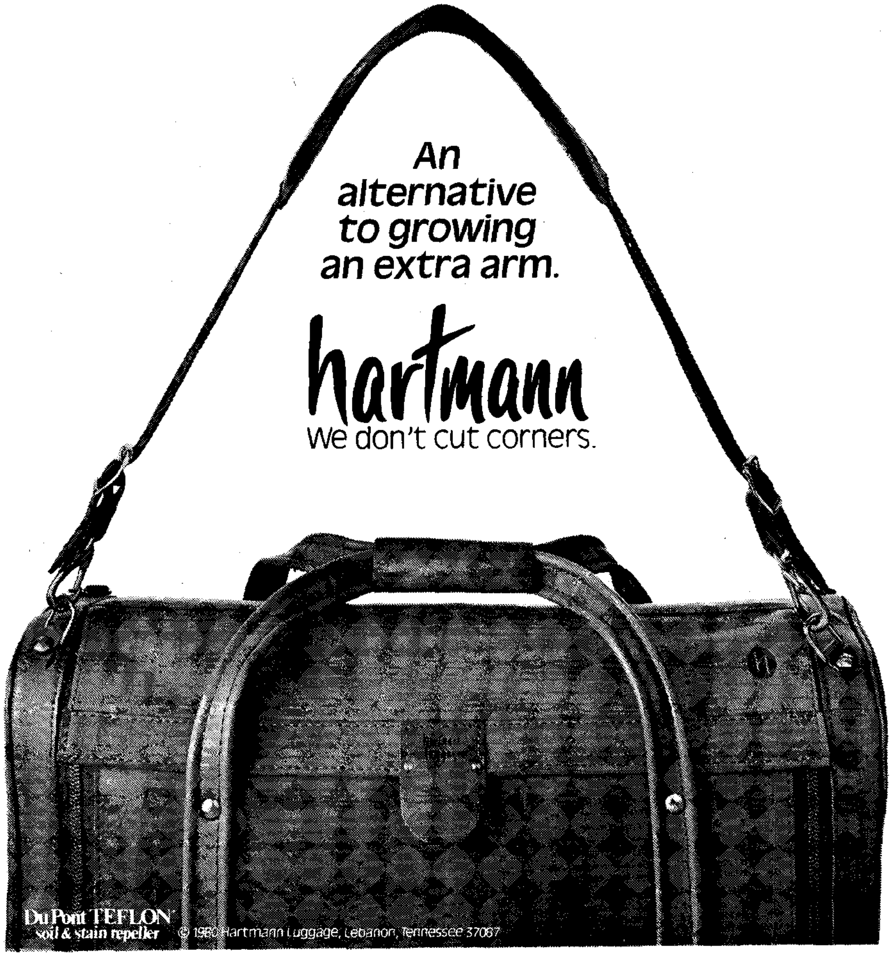
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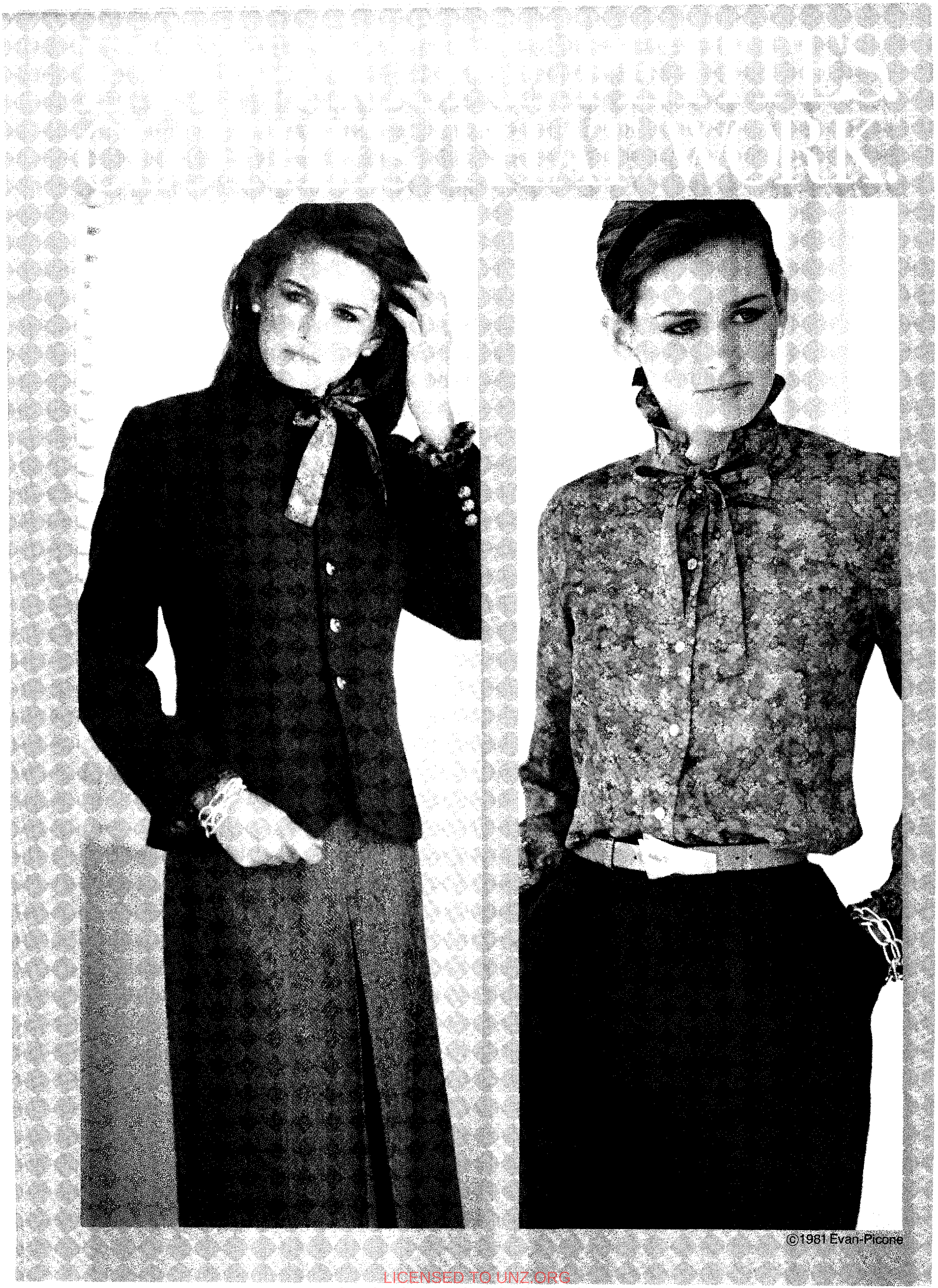
ing there now was designed by Richard Upjohn, and was consecrated in 1846. Trinity Parish is believed to be among the wealthiest Episcopal parishes in America, and it is fitting that its present church stands where the two others did—at the head of Wall Street. George Washington was present on March 25, 1790, for the consecration of the second building to be called Trinity Church, when New York City was his headquarters and the capital of the United States.

New York in those days was all downtown—people both lived and worked there. Outbreaks of yellow fever in the early nineteenth century forced those who could afford it to take refuge uptown, in a small wooded settlement known as Greenwich Village. A meeting was held in October of 1820, at the home of one of the new residents, Mrs. Peter Ritter, on West Fourth Street, to make plans for starting an Episcopal church in what was now more or less a suburb of New York City. The first service for the new group was held in Obadiah Parker's schoolhouse, on Amos Street. (St. Luke's stands on land that was called Queen Anne's Farm in Colonial days. A number of the weeds that Miss Leighton finds so baneful are direct descendants of flowers and grains from Europe—many of the wild flowers seen growing by waysides, railroad tracks, and empty lots are alien imports—and could have grown in the nearby Amos garden, if there was one.) Amos Street is now West Tenth Street (which bears an angular relationship to East Tenth Street; it intersects West Fourth Street between Seventh Avenue and Bleecker Street, and at that point is three streets away from West Eleventh Street, where I live). The charter members had to wait a year and a half before their church was built, and meanwhile they held Sunday services at the State Prison Watch House that stood at the corner of Hudson and Christopher Streets. Trinity Church donated land, and Trinity Corporation posted a bond that insured a large loan for expenses. The cornerstone was laid June 4, 1821, and on Ascension Day, May 16, 1822, the church, built of Dutch bricks, was consecrated as St. Luke's Church by the Right Reverend John Henry Hobart, the Episcopal Bishop of New York. It is the third-oldest standing Episcopal church building in use in Manhattan, after St. Paul's downtown, a chapel of Trinity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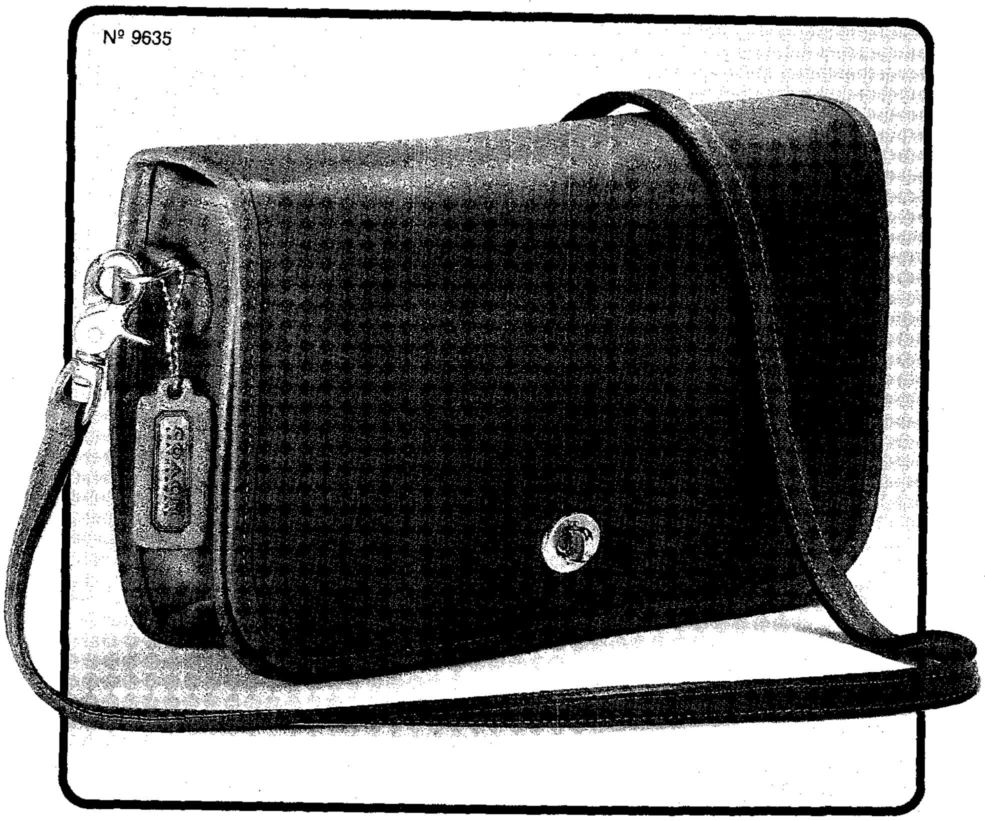

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Church, and St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery.

On December 5, 1887, the parishioners learned that Trinity Church, which owned a large plot of land two and a half blocks south of St. Luke's, planned to build a new church on it, with a hospital and other buildings—competition from an ecclesiastical superpower which would put St. Luke's out of business. Relations with Trinity were strained. Trinity bought out St. Luke's, and thus enabled the congregation to build a new St. Luke's, far, far uptown, on the heights near Hamilton Grange. Trinity's plan to tear down the old St. Luke's fell through, however, when the city condemned the site on which Trinity had hoped to build the new church. (The city wanted the land for a park.) In 1892, St. Luke's became a chapel of Trinity Parish.

One of the features that distinguished St. Luke's was its burial ground, with no standing headstones but, rather, a flat green with covers for eighty vaults. These were emptied when the original congregation built the church uptown, and the plot became the Rectory Garden. You could say, then, that gardening at St. Luke's Church began around the turn of the century, when the space next to the church ceased to be a graveyard, and the rectory became the vicarage, in 1892. (According to Miss Leighton, the four-story brick house at 477 Hudson Street has been in continuous use as the clergy house since it was built, in 1825.) The Rectory Garden is about ninety years old, then—not bad for a garden, though an English gardener might sneer and remark that it takes at least twice that time to build a good lawn. If "green is a color, too," grass is also part of a garden—in its place, which is not in Miss Leighton's tulip borders. The most persistent form of grass is *Poa annua*, which is a weed—very hardy and very homely. Grass has its own flowers, greenish, inconspicuous, anemophilous. Ask any allergy sufferer.

STARTING at the intersection of Barrow and Hudson and moving north, you see the St. Luke's Corner Garden, the assistant rector's house, the middle house (that's where the principal of St. Luke's School lives), the rectory, the short leg of the Rectory Garden, the church, the schoolhouse gate, the Parish House, two brick town houses, the playground (all on Hudson Street). Rounding the

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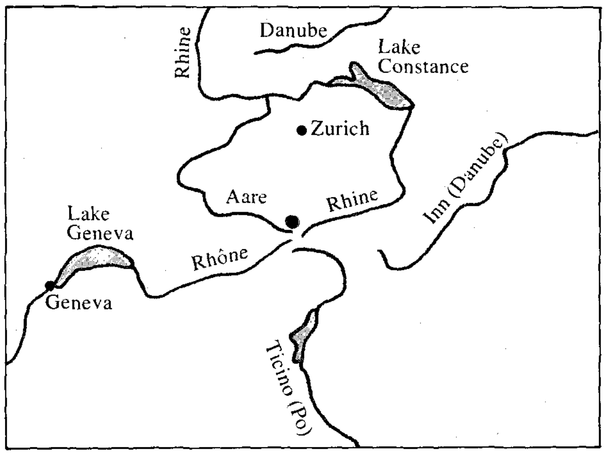

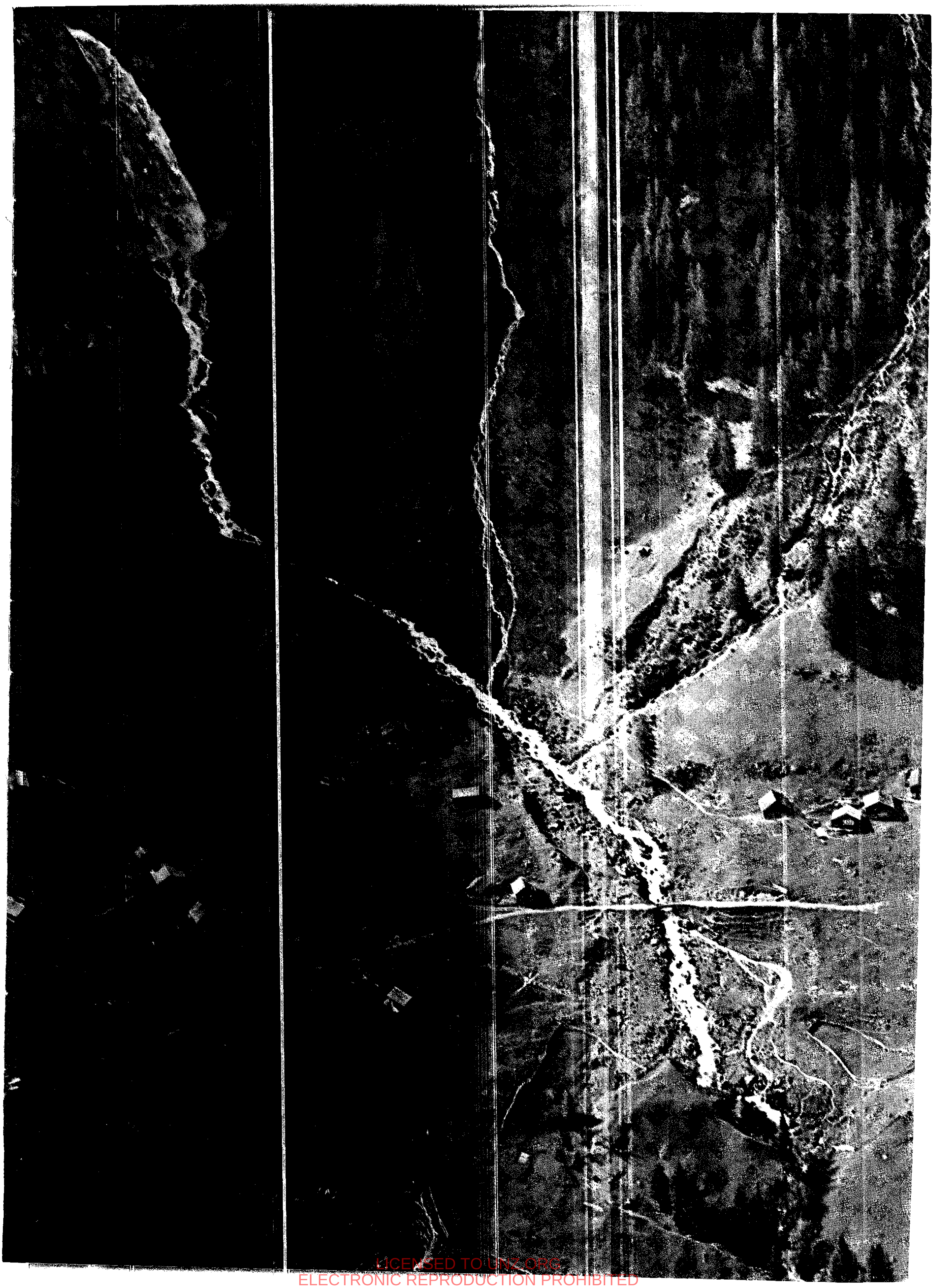

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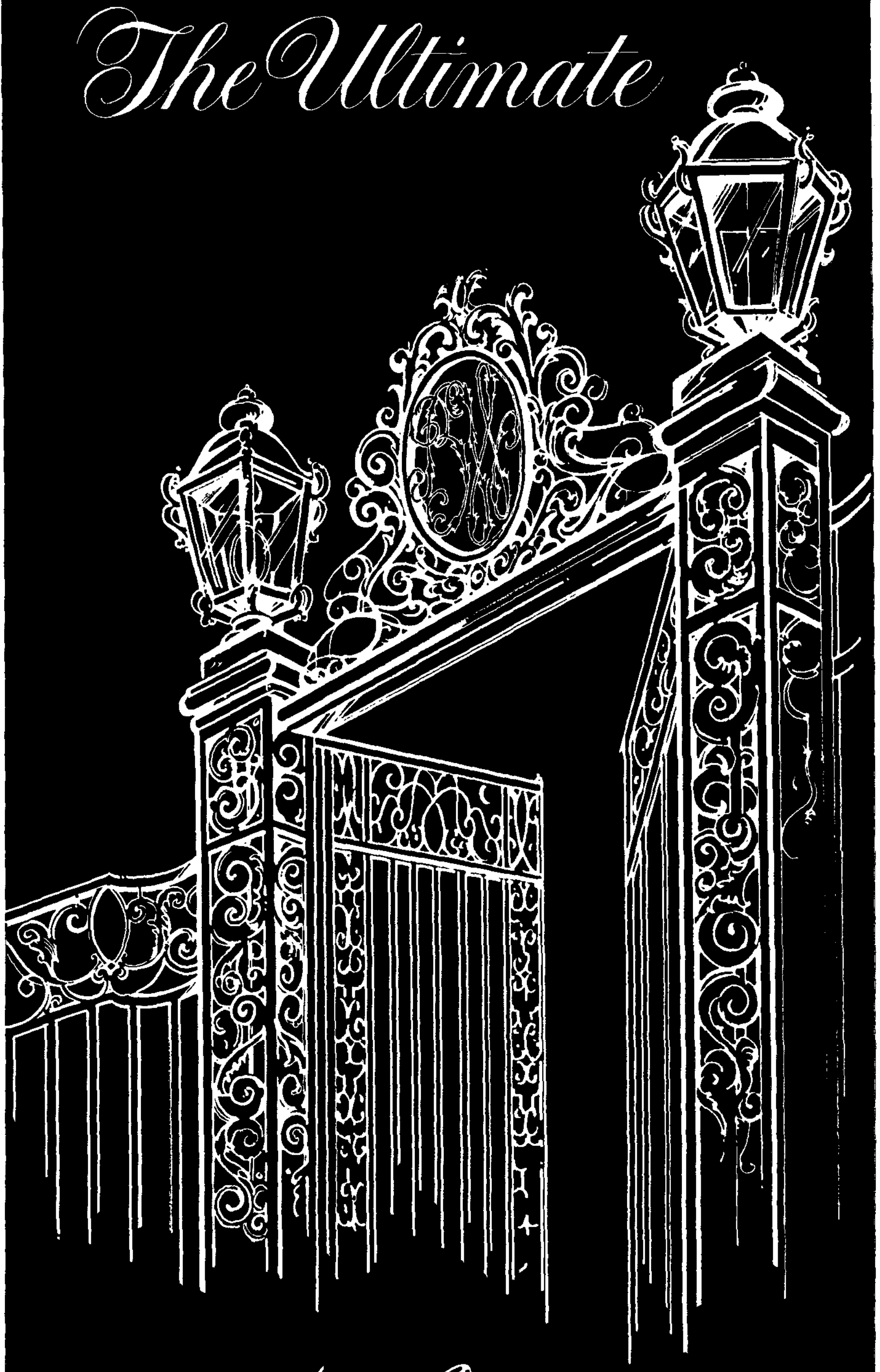
corner of Christopher, you find the playground and the side of the school. On Greenwich are the back of the school and the parking lot. Turning up Barrow, away from the Hudson River, you pass the chain-link fence and the entrance to the parking lot, a row of brick town houses, the buckthorn hedge poking through the chain-link fence on that side of the Corner Garden. Within this compound exist several other buildings, all of dull-red brick and all one story: the garage, the Church Hall, and the Corner Garden toolhouse. The schoolyard runs approximately thirty-five feet by fifty feet, between the school and the Church Hall. The schoolchildren run throughout the premises, and sometimes jump into Miss Leighton's central hedge. She is officially responsible only for the Rectory and Corner Gardens but has helped out in the Middle Yard and in the town-house gardens, since all these yards are visible from the Corner Garden. She usually enters the long way round, through the schoolyard, and pulls weeds when she sees them.

◆

EASTER SUNDAY. The Corner Garden empty of visitors at two in the afternoon. (The gate isn't open Sundays if it's raining, or if the temperature is below fifty-five degrees or above one hundred—these seem to be the lower and upper limits for visitors.) Everything seething with bloom; pink bleaching fast (the central crab-apple and the ones in the corners), white and fragrant (the viburnum by the wall—blasted by twenty-degree frost this year), Chinese redbud Shocking pink, lilac swelling, pink dogwood blossoms like ceramic flowers a half inch across visible over the unleaved hedges, crab-

DOLLS
Julie Reece Deaver



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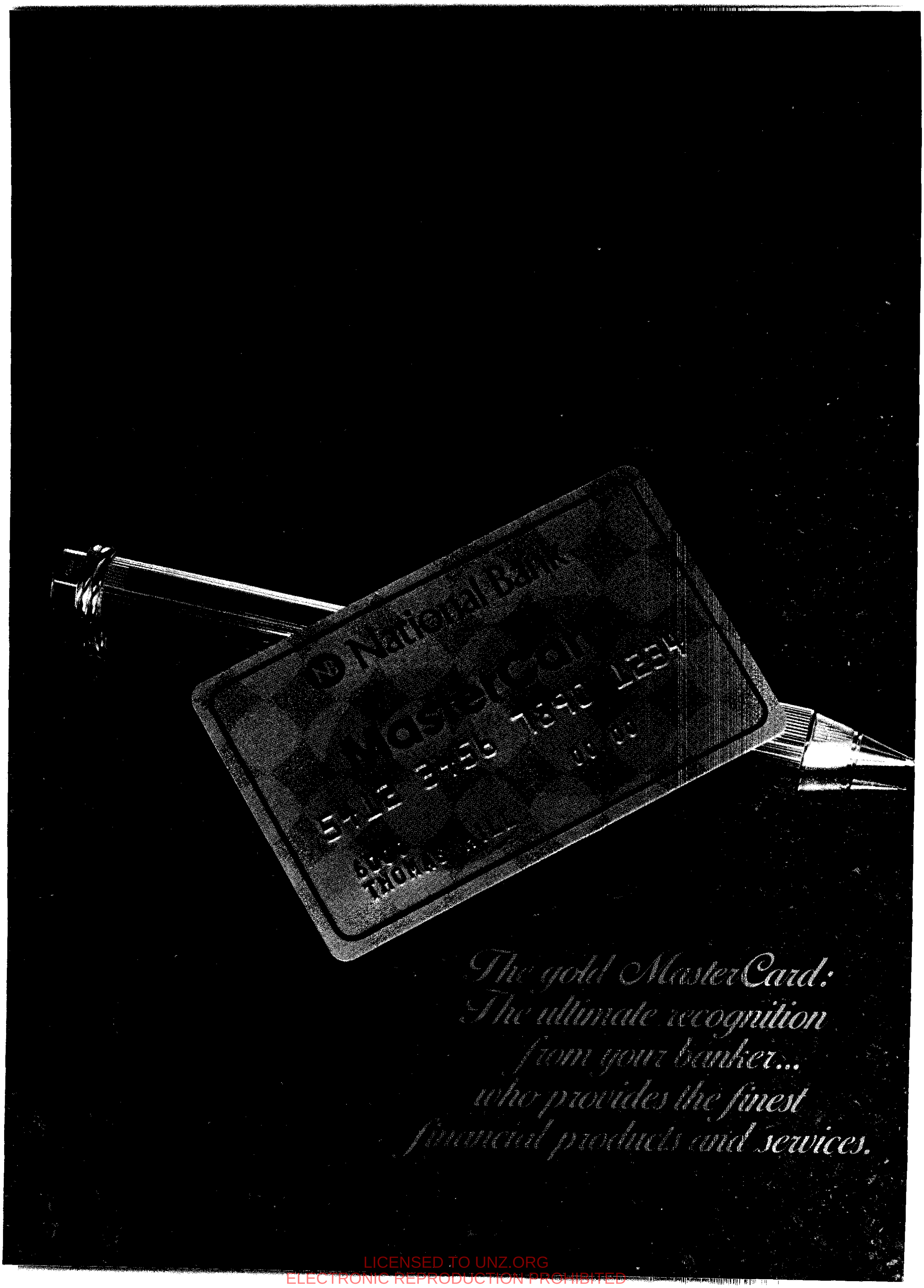
apple tree by the schoolyard gate spending the last of its blossoms in a rain. Below these woody plants, daffodils in a coma; the grass prevented from scorching by heroic watering attempts from a sprinkler; Queen of Sheba tulips, marbled yellow and red, holding their own; the border cover—periwinkle, hyacinth (sprawling)—where it was shady, persisting; bushes with tiny white flowers (*Deutzia gracilis*) just opening in the center around the *pink flowering-crab-apple* tree. Cabbage butterflies busy around the daffodils. No birds in the unfilled birdbath, but a blue jay flashed into the upper branches of a corner crab-apple tree.

MAY. A Saturday. Tree-flowering time: lilac; pink and white crabapples; viburnum; dogwood petals about an inch across. Air garden. Down to earth, tulips all over the place; red and yellow predominate. Peonies that thrust up through the soil only a month ago now three feet high, flower heads the size of softballs, ready to pop. White trillium *still* in place, benches now strategically distributed. Ring of bicolor tulips around the strip-ling Adam crab by the schoolyard gate. The smell of clove, cider, sugar, honey—add the odors of grass, earth, and a trace of exhaust fumes from Hudson Street and you could bottle and market it as Essence of St. Luke's. Corner Garden. Deutzia and The Fairy rose well cut back, as also the evergreen Japanese holly around the center crab. Deep-pink azalea blooming at the east wall; both dogwoods out, sculptural sepals darkening toward the tips, in the Rectory Garden and the Middle Yard. Heavy lavender clusters hang from the wisteria married to the Church Hall wall; they smell like grapes when you bury your nose in them, but watch out for bees. (Presumably, wild honeybees, unless *there's a beekeeper in the* Village. Wonder where bees sleep at night.) Huge Oriental poppies at the center square—orange, like silk flowers. Art imitates nature. Patch of blue *Scilla campanulata* by the Church Hall drainpipe. Candy-cane-striped hybrid tulips alongside the church.

JUNE. A Saturday. Near the solstice. In the Corner Garden: foxglove, orange lilies, hydrangeas blue and white, a huge blue ball of allium on a long stem. And weeds—the dayflower, with its comical little elephant head. (I often tell Miss Leighton how much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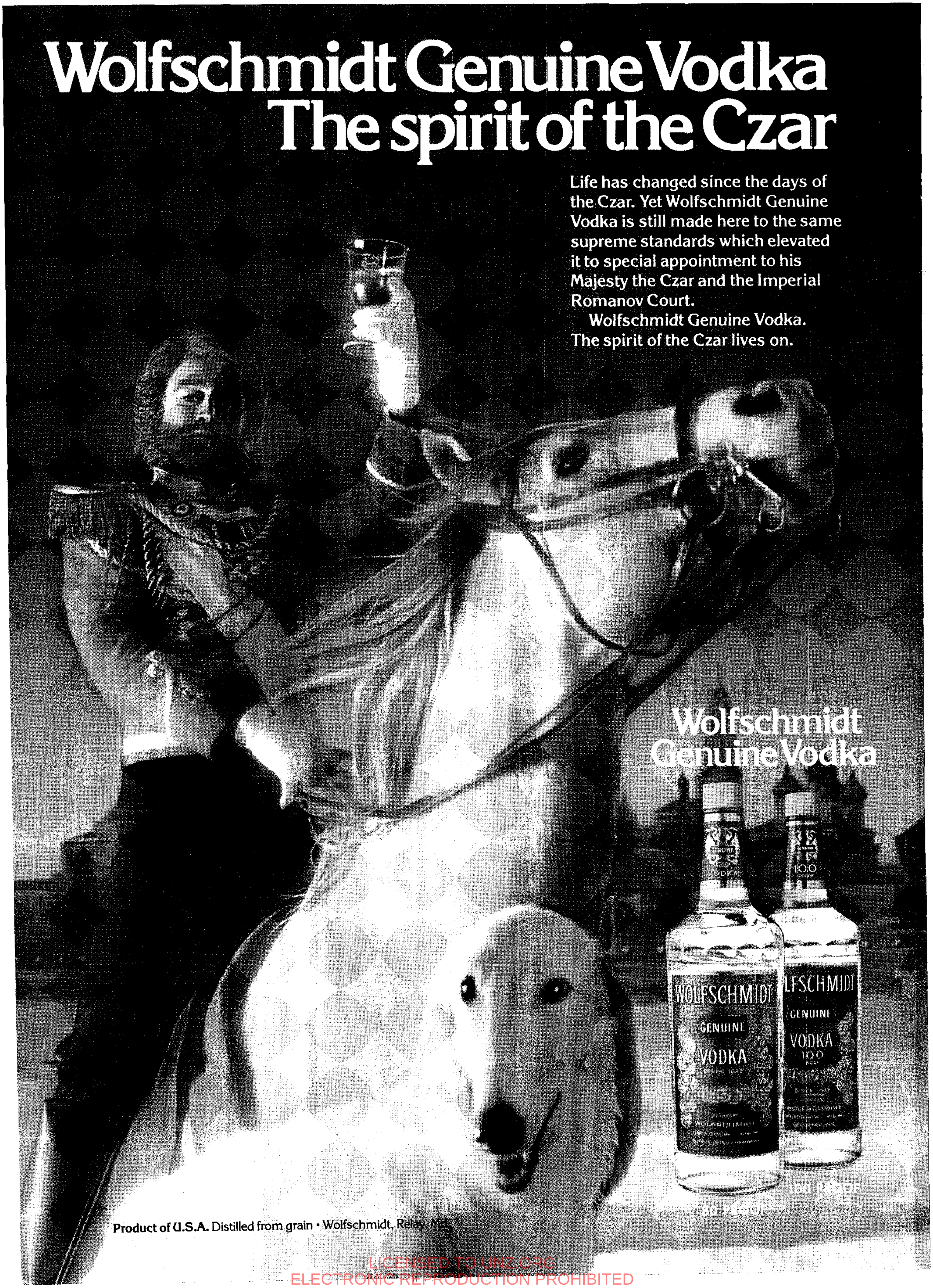
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I like the dayflower, and she pretends she can't hear me.) And, of course, roses. Climbing Mrs. Sam McGredy, Don Juan, and America; the shrub roses Fragrant Beauty and Nevada; the hybrid teas Helen Hayes, Proud Land, Peace, and Medallion, with its raspberry fragrance; Iceberg (a floribunda, and most floriferous); and the old garden rose, Harison's Yellow. The rose of Sharon is in at last.

JULY. A Sunday. I enter the Rectory Garden through the schoolyard gate—under the mimosa (*Albizzia*), with its silky pink tassels, a young man is lying face down reading "The Gulag Archipelago" in paperback. On a bench, between two younger women, a woman of ducal bearing is sitting upright, wearing a blue cotton dress with some white things printed on it, clearly mistress of all she surveys. Bright-blue eyes, curly strong white hair. As I lower myself into a reclining position, she says to me, "Please do not *sit* on the grass." So I walk on the grass all the way from the Hudson Street border to the bench under the corner crab-apple, and wonder whether she has anything to do with the garden. (I think my actual words are "Who are you?") I have finally caught up with the gardener, Miss Leighton.

The following Sunday, I have an appointment with Miss Leighton, and when she arrives we sit for an hour on a bench in the Corner Garden.

"How nice everything in the garden looks," I say.

"Oh, it's not as if we'd had any rain," Miss Leighton says.

"What is this?"

"Oak-leaf hydrangea."

The conversation soon turns to gardening literature, and Miss Leighton says, "Did you ever read Beverley Nichols or the gardening columns written by V. Sackville-West for *The Observer*? Garden history is fascinating to me. The plant explorers, for example. There was a man I've just been reading about who was sent out by the Veitch nursery to find the Chinese handkerchief tree. It has pairs of white handkerchief-like bracts. Not leaves, bracts."

(Ernest Henry Wilson, sent by the firm of Veitch to the Yangtze Kiang gorges in 1899, found the tree. Veitch had been inspired by the finds of an Irishman named Augustine Henry, a doctor who worked for the Chinese Maritime Customs, and who became a great tree man. The first Europeans to

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send back plants from central and western China were French Catholic missionary priests, Fathers Delavay and Farges, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, whose plants were raised in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris and the famous nursery Vilmorin.)

"What's this feathery tree in the corner?"

"Tamarix. Not tamarind or tamarack." (A woody shrub with ferny foliage, blossoming in July, with strands of little pink flowers. Also known as tamarisk.)

"That bright-blue flower just inside the gate?"

"Oh, that's the plumbago. These lilies are Black Beauty. Now I want you to go straight into the other garden and behold my hardy amaryllis. It has many trumpets, but I'm not as crazy about it as some people are."

In the southeast corner of the Rectory Garden, a huge round hydrangea is in full sky-blue flower—one of the originals surviving, along with the Korean chrysanthemums in the central plot, from the garden begun by the wife of the vicar who preceded Father Paul C. Weed. Three large bushes are spread out in wineglass shapes in front of the church. "That's rose of Sharon. It blooms and blooms *and* blooms—six weeks. We've one in the Corner Garden, too, near the toolhouse. The trouble is, it sheds." Mauve blooms, like empty purses, scattered all about.

"Haven't you had much rain this summer?"

"Every garden in New York except St. Luke's has had rain. I'm going to have to prune back the crab-apple so the lilies can have a chance."

At three-thirty, she goes back to superintend the gardens' closing. Miss Leighton and I both smoke, and now she shows me where to put the stubs—in one of several containers, out near the benches, for waste disposal. One container is gold and has a label reading "Communion Wafers" in ecclesiastical script. She bends to pull a weed, brisk and wholehearted in her movements, but maintaining her dignity. Her brown hands are etched with scratches today (from cutting wisteria), and part of the garden is under her nails; there is a leaf in her hair. "I was retired from my job at the Port Authority in May, 1976—with an adequate stipend. Now I'm looking for volunteer work to keep myself busy."

At nearly four o'clock, a thin, dark-haired girl puts her head over the gate and asks if she may just walk quietly around. A man with a handlebar

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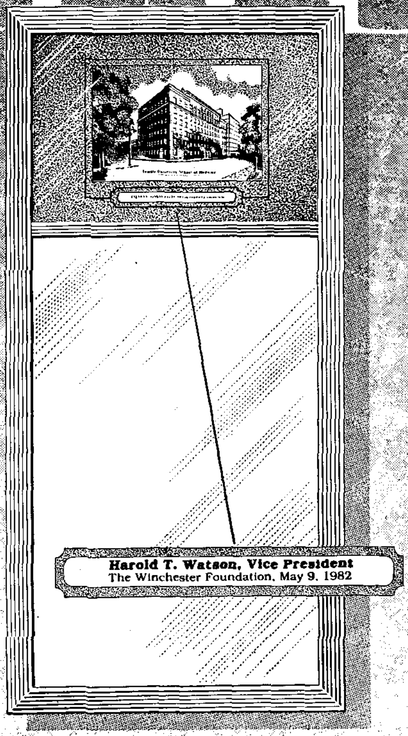
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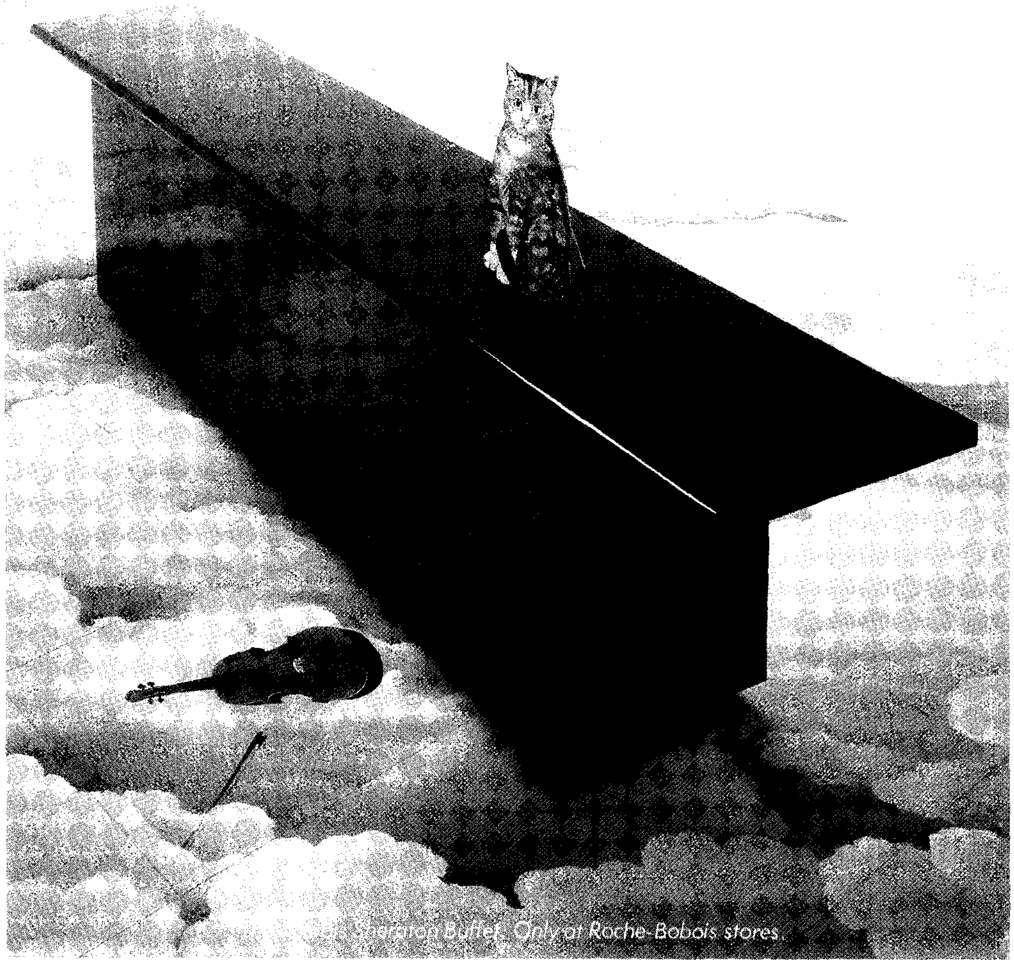

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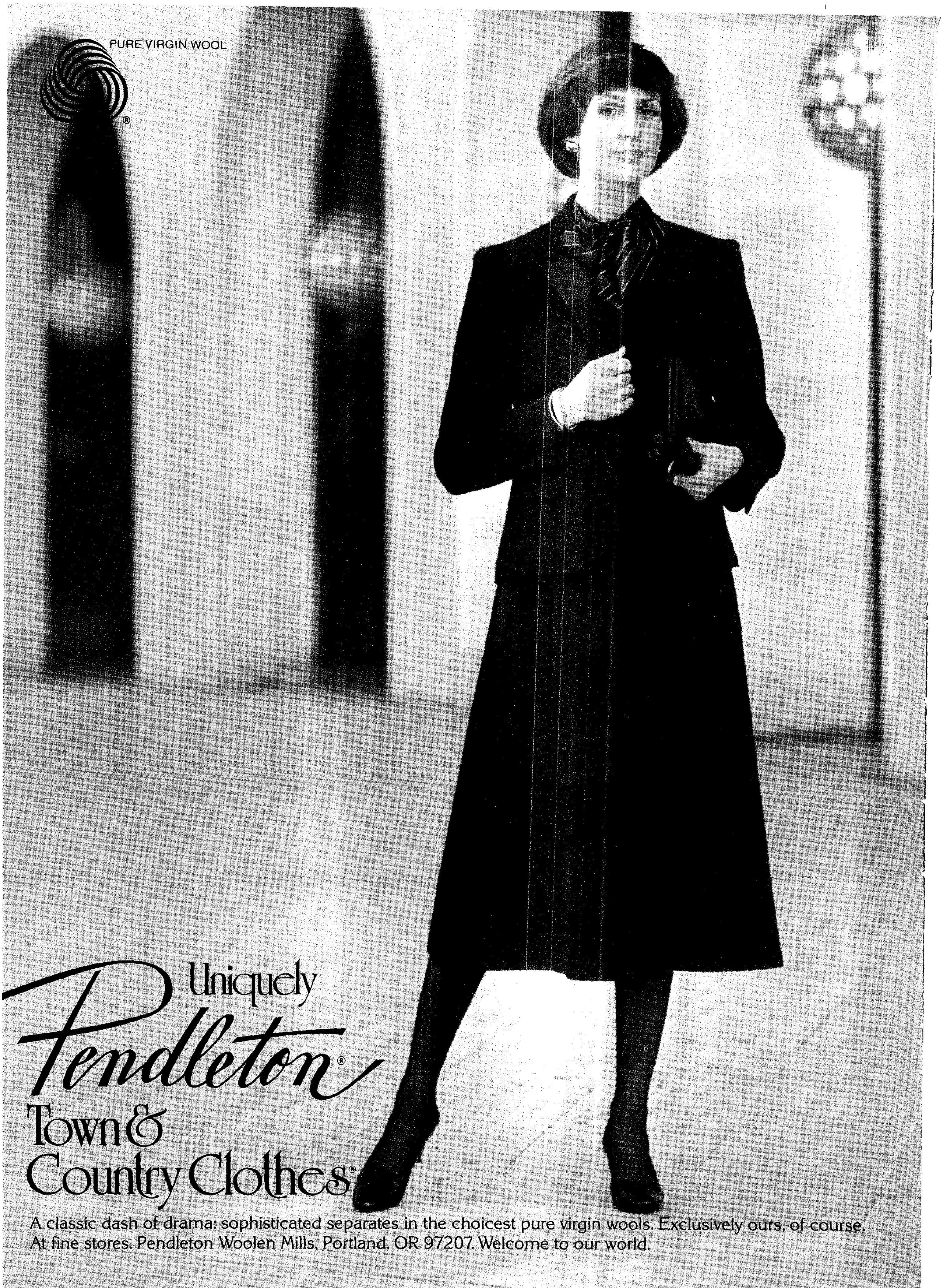

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mustache enters and begins asking the name of every flower while Miss Leighton fusses with the sprinklers and makes sure everything is ready for the closing of the gate. She says to the man, "I'm very sorry, but I'll have to ask you to leave The garden closes at four."

She then tells me, with a certain sadness, "It used to be five, but they've curtailed the hours." Addressing the long green garden hose, she says, "Come along, Joe." Then she turns off the water and detaches one of the sprinklers. After stowing the hose in the toolhouse, and locking the door, she tells one of the church maintenance men, "Be sure and leave the other sprinkler on all night." She seems to loathe closing the garden gate.

AUGUST. A Saturday. Heroic watering measures are called for. While August slows people down, it speeds things up for the St. Luke's gardens. The rose of Sharon has come into its own, and the crab-apple trees are big and bushy. Helen Hayes and other hybrid teas are producing roses in abundance, and so are climbing Mrs. Sam McGredy and the polyantha rose The Fairy. In the Corner Garden, the abelia replaces the deutzia as the white-flower bearer; the mimosa is wilted. The Rectory Garden has, besides roses, the bush of bright-blue hydrangeas and potted red geraniums. "Oh, August, August, August," Miss Leighton says to me this afternoon. "New York is listless. The people are listless. The garden is listless. I am listless."

We discuss the Corner Garden, which is more than twenty years old. "It was done on a shoestring," Miss Leighton says. "You see, there used to be a tenement here. When the city condemned it, it was decided to use the land for a garden. So the Trinity Corporation arranged to have the building demolished and most of the rubble taken away and the rest put down with a steamroller. I didn't plan the garden. They called in a professional and gave me a choice of two plans, one calling for a pool in the center. I vetoed that, in view of the plumbing difficulties. The corporation had seven or eight loads of topsoil brought in and distributed to a depth of six inches—no peat moss. They laid a sod lawn and flagstone walks bedded on sand for drainage. My office was at the Port Authority over at Fifteenth and Eighth Avenue, and I was tearing over here

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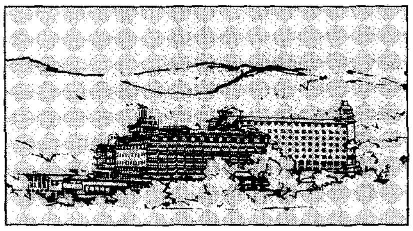

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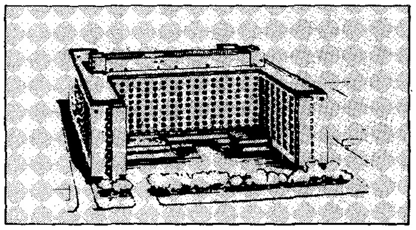

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at noon every day. There was a chimney where the center crab-apple tree is now. They used the building stones as a foundation for the toolhouse. Some were so embedded they had to remain in the center—that's one of them. They planted two buckthorn hedges, on either side of the garden, and built a brick wall with an iron gate along Hudson Street and a chain-link fence on Barrow Street. And planted eight *Deutzia gracilis*, eight *Abelia grandiflora*, and eight of The Fairy roses around the center. Four Japanese crab-apples in the four corners."

The work was finished on December 15, 1956, and in the spring Miss Leighton began to plant annuals.

"And the sod didn't take. They engaged a man to plow it under. And I conditioned it, graded it, and planted it with Vaughan's best copyright grass seed, and rolled it. And the chinch bugs ate it. So I had to start again, using clover. The best gardens wouldn't have clover, but clover heads blow, reseed, and clover roots don't go dormant."

"How many hours a week do you put in?" I ask.

"Never counted. I worked harder at first—not so much now that the place is planted. I would get to the garden when the sun rose and then go to work, and then come back at noon—especially during the pointing program on the place, when St. Luke's was refurbished and everything was covered with clouds of dust—to wash off the trees *and* pick up litter. The workmen *hated* me. Oh, how they hated me! Mrs. Weed and I paid for the inside perimeter. The man in charge of the chapels finally broke down and bought topsoil and peat moss and fertilizer that the verger had been asking for for ten years. The corporation moves with glacial speed."

"What about tools?"

"I bought some, they bought some. One dozen benches were bought, for the rectory yard and the playground—some broke, and ten years ago the garden gate was jimmied and someone walked off with four benches."

She rises to greet three women who have just come in from the sidewalk and are exclaiming about the garden.

"Didn't somebody famous used to live in one of these houses?" one asks. "Herman Melville?"

"Bret Harte lived at No. 487, and Clement Clarke Moore was buried in the churchyard here," she replies.

The borders are very colorful with low flowers—blue salvia; gold, or-

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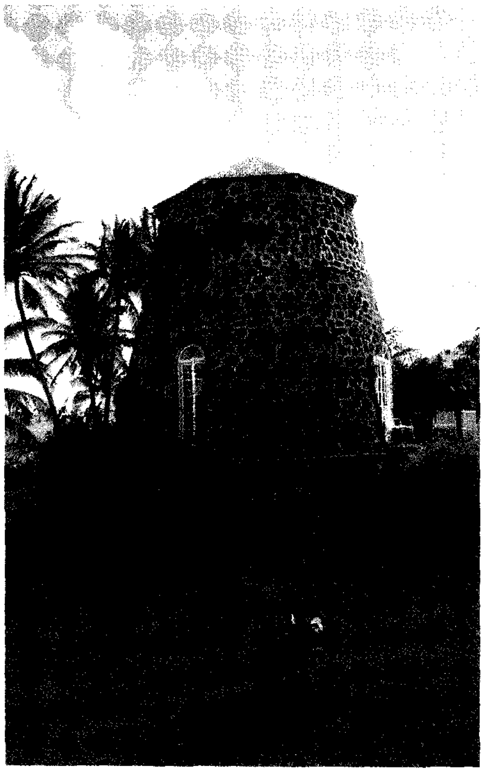

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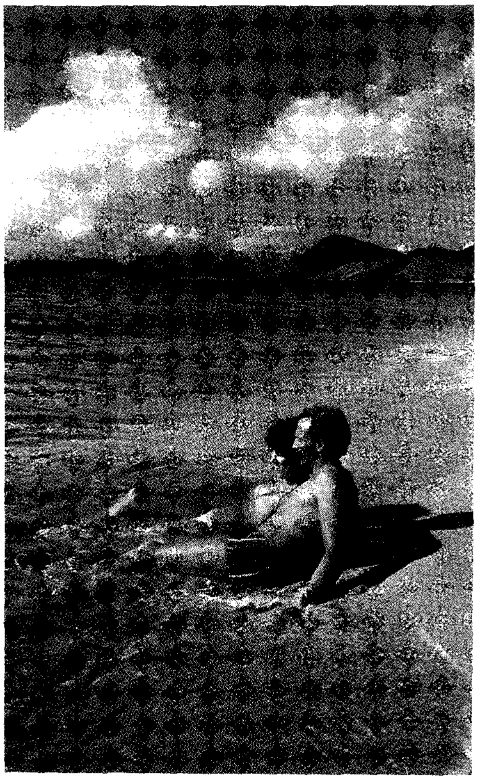

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ange, red zinnias; tree celandine by the trash barrel.

After the women have left, Miss Leighton tells me about her childhood. "I grew up in northeastern Pennsylvania. I was a country girl—we were hayseeds. We had a lovely house with a big lawn, and the neighbors had a pond. Father was a civil engineer—he was the resident engineer for part of the tunnels under the East River built by the Pennsylvania Railroad. I had a garden then. I'd work all morning, then swim across the neighbor's pond and back. I was born January 3, 1907, in Glenburn, Pennsylvania. I was the baby. My father used to call me his little autumn strawberry. He died when I was thirteen. We went to country high schools. Two years at high school in State College, two in Dalton, Pennsylvania. I went to business college, so I could get a job when I was sixteen. I graduated from Antioch College, in 1931, with a degree in English literature. Some years after Father died, we sold the house, and Mother and I went abroad in the summer of 1929, all over—the Grand Tour."

We are surrounded by Korean mums, *Sedum spectabile*, The Fairy rose. Though there is an ebb and flow of visitors, mostly in the other garden, there is no sense of activity; the benches are placed so that each is invisible to every other, and, of course, visitors are warned "Please keep off grass."

I ask what she did after graduating from Antioch.

"I was living in New York. I used to get standing room at the opera. In high-school days, I sang in the church choir. The three others in the choir were coal miners—they belonged to the Methodist church but needed the money. I didn't get paid—I loved to sing. I met my husband, Robert Wagner, in the standing-room section at a performance of 'Tristan and Isolde.' And did he love music! He was Viennese, and a gourmet cook. And he wouldn't allow me in the kitchen—he'd say, 'Go to the movies, please. I am going to make dinner.' "

But he died, and since then Miss Leighton has never owned a record. They'd had a huge record collection, but where was she to put it? She found an apartment in a house on Cornelia—a landmark house, which used to be a granary.

During the war, she worked as a researcher at *Newsweek*. One afternoon in 1944, she was struck by an

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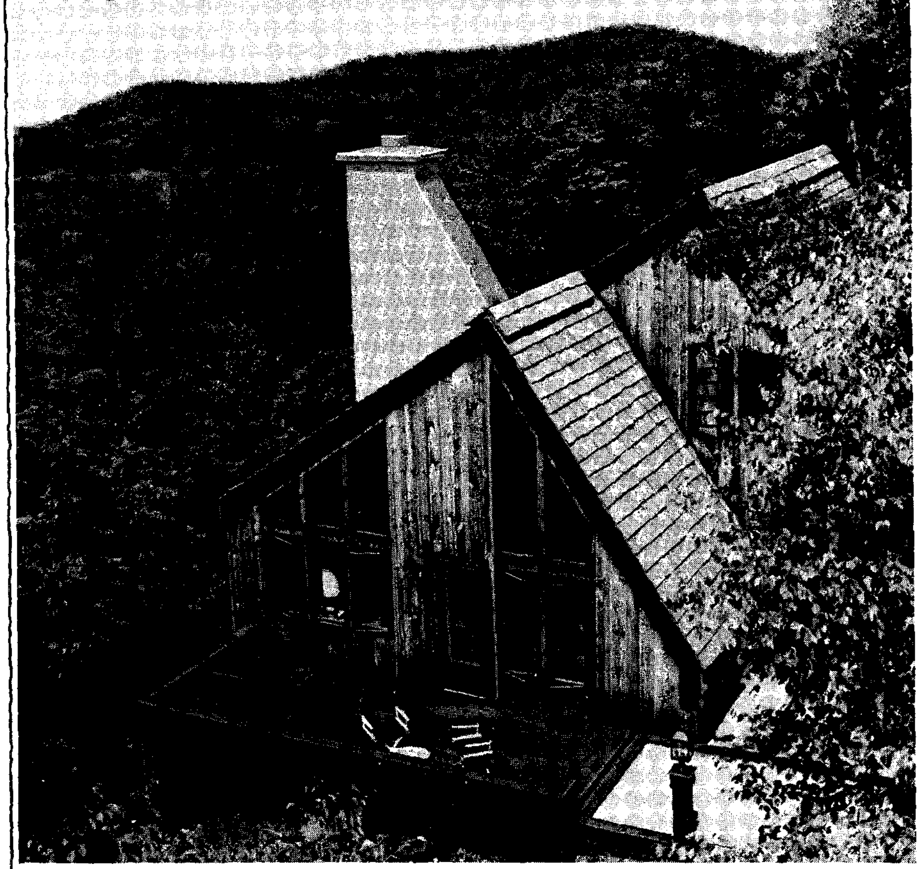

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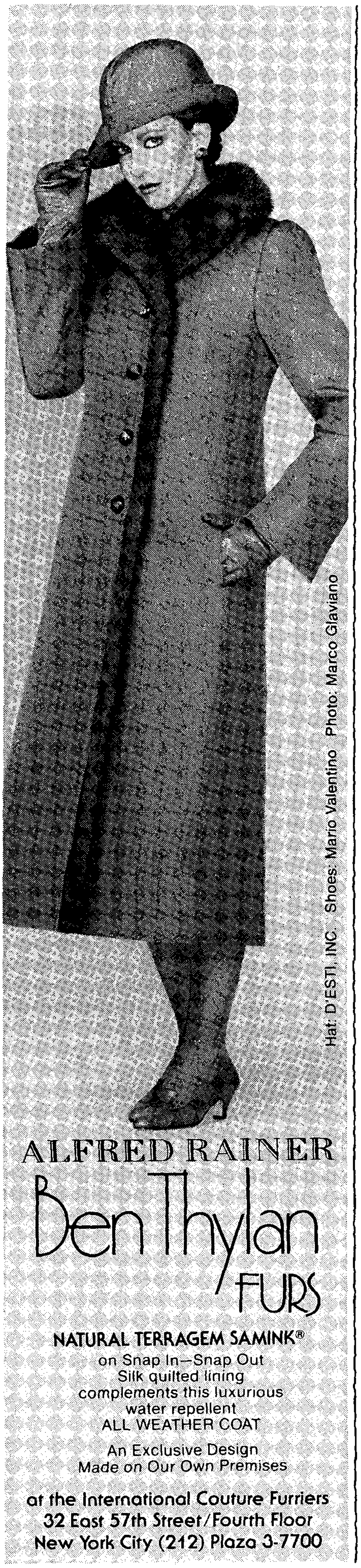
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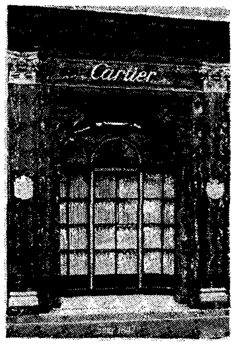
automobile up at 116th Street and Broadway, and her back was damaged. She was taken to Harlem Hospital, and lay in a ward with thirty-six other people for a month. "It *wasn't* bad *at* all. I had more flowers and more visitors than all the rest of the ward put together. When I got out, I wrote up an account of it for the *Herald Tribune*, and it was then made into a radio play and broadcast over the air."

However, she was discharged a little too soon—a month before V-E Day—and the long hours at the magazine were too much for her back. It is not a period she likes to dwell on. Eventually, she found a job with the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, where she remained for more than twenty years.

SEPTEMBER. Soon, Miss Leighton will start fall planting, for next spring. The garden is taking on autumn shades: blues and mauves and russet. The new chrysanthemums in the Corner Garden haven't done very well. "The garden . . . persists," Miss Leighton says one day. "The cat caught a yellow-bellied sapsucker. I've mowed the lawn, potted up freesias for winter bloom, done some trimming—the usual. There was a fire in the bulb house in Holland—Lisse—where I placed my order. I don't know how it will all come out, but I am terribly concerned about my bulbs. Crocus and hyacinth, my spring show—I've got to have them in by Election Day. I strove to get the people to get the high ladder to prune the trees—nothing's been done on the crabs the last couple of years, and they're too tall now for me to reach. The Trinity Corporation has got in touch with a fancy pruning organization—part of the contract has a clause about the pruning. I got black manure in today. Oddly, I don't have the energy I had. Enough for three thousand people at once. I do calisthenics a half hour a day to strengthen the muscles, then rise up and create what I see in my mind's eye."

In September, the gardener prunes—there's a diseased crab-apple tree—and does maintenance. After May, it's all maintenance, maintenance. The first of October, she will set in her bulb border with the bulbs she and her good friend Pamela Berdan, a professional landscape designer, have ordered from Holland.

OCTOBER. Miss Leighton has been weeding and cleaning up and getting ready for winter. The bulbs



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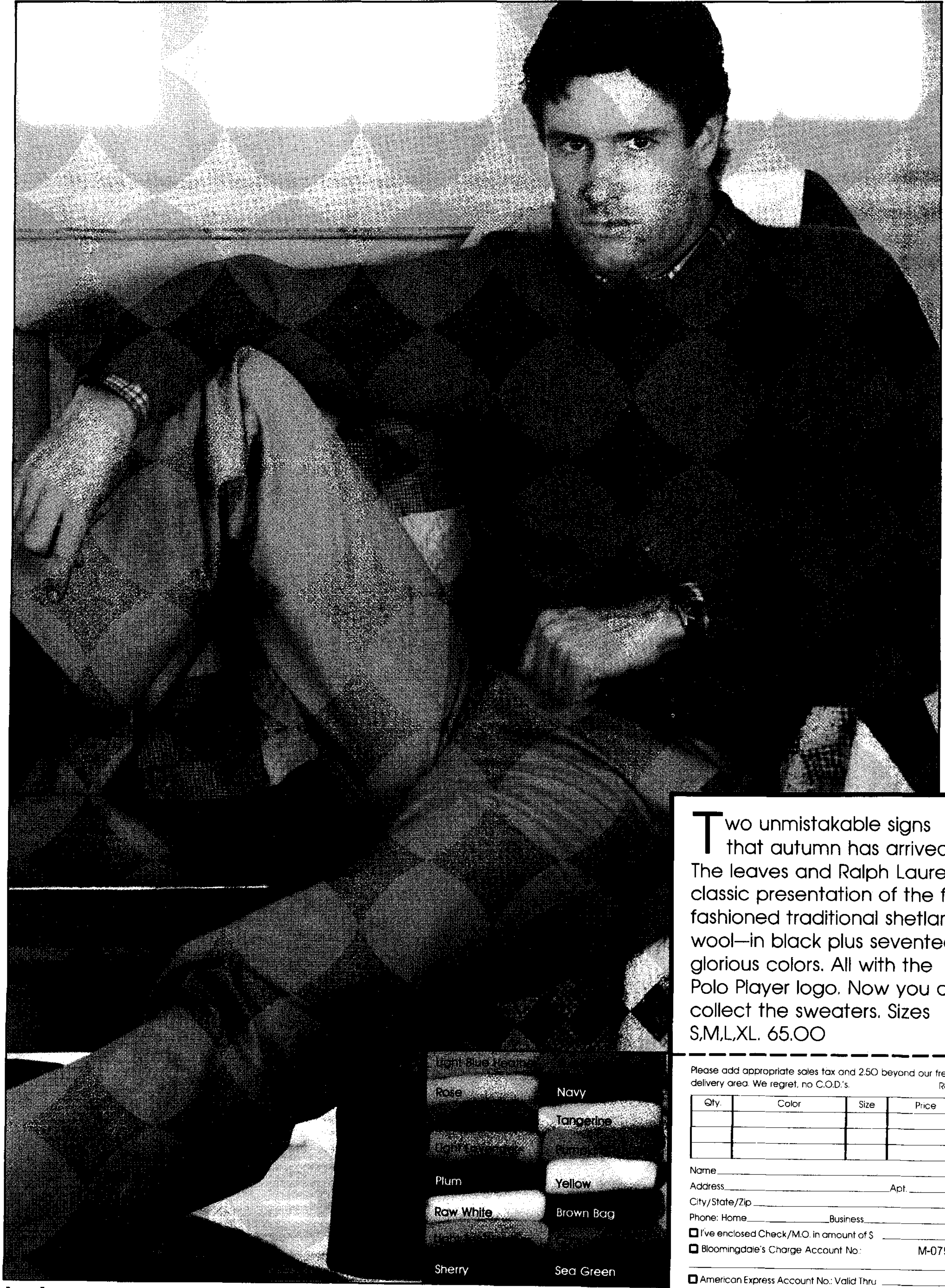
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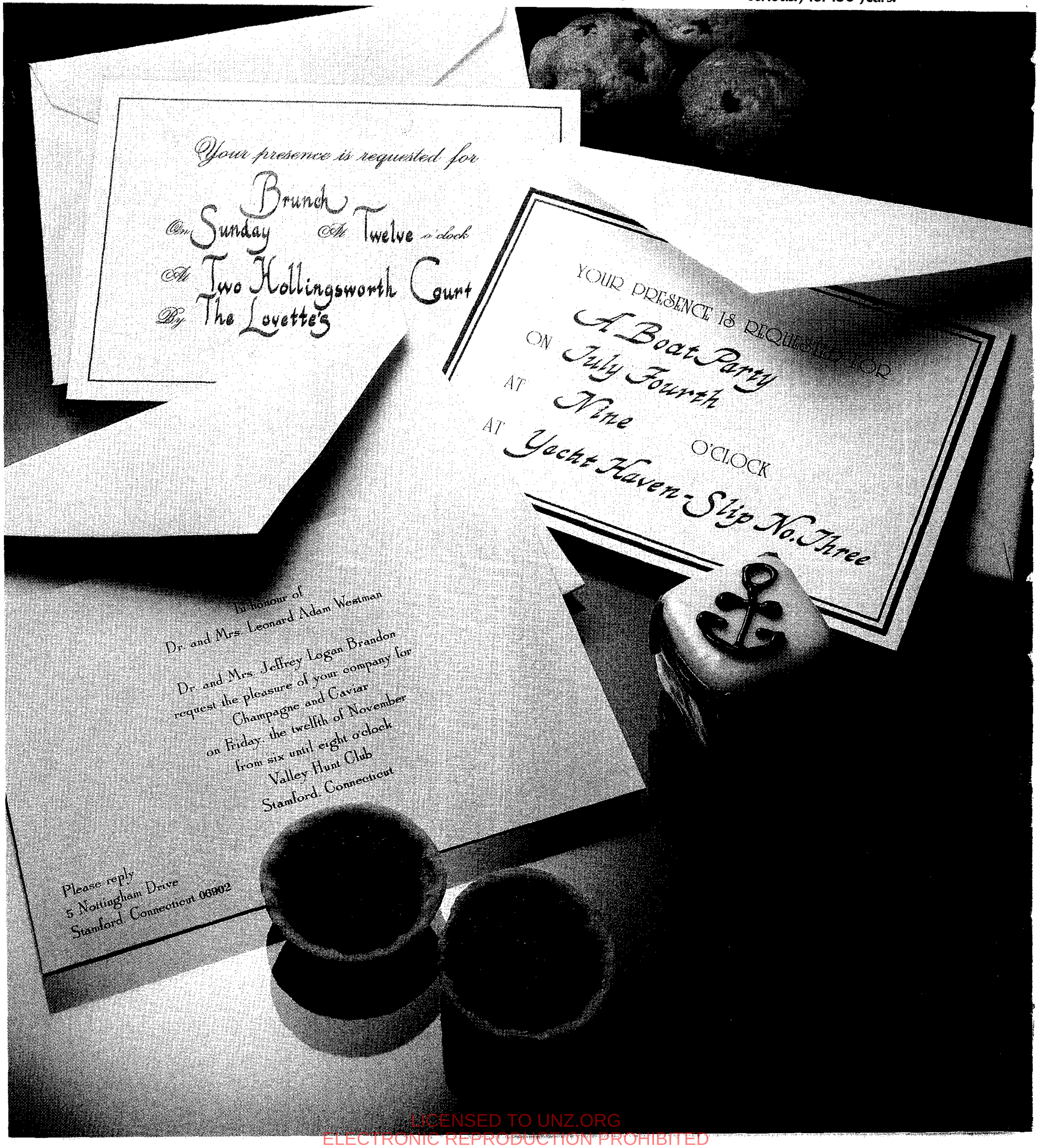

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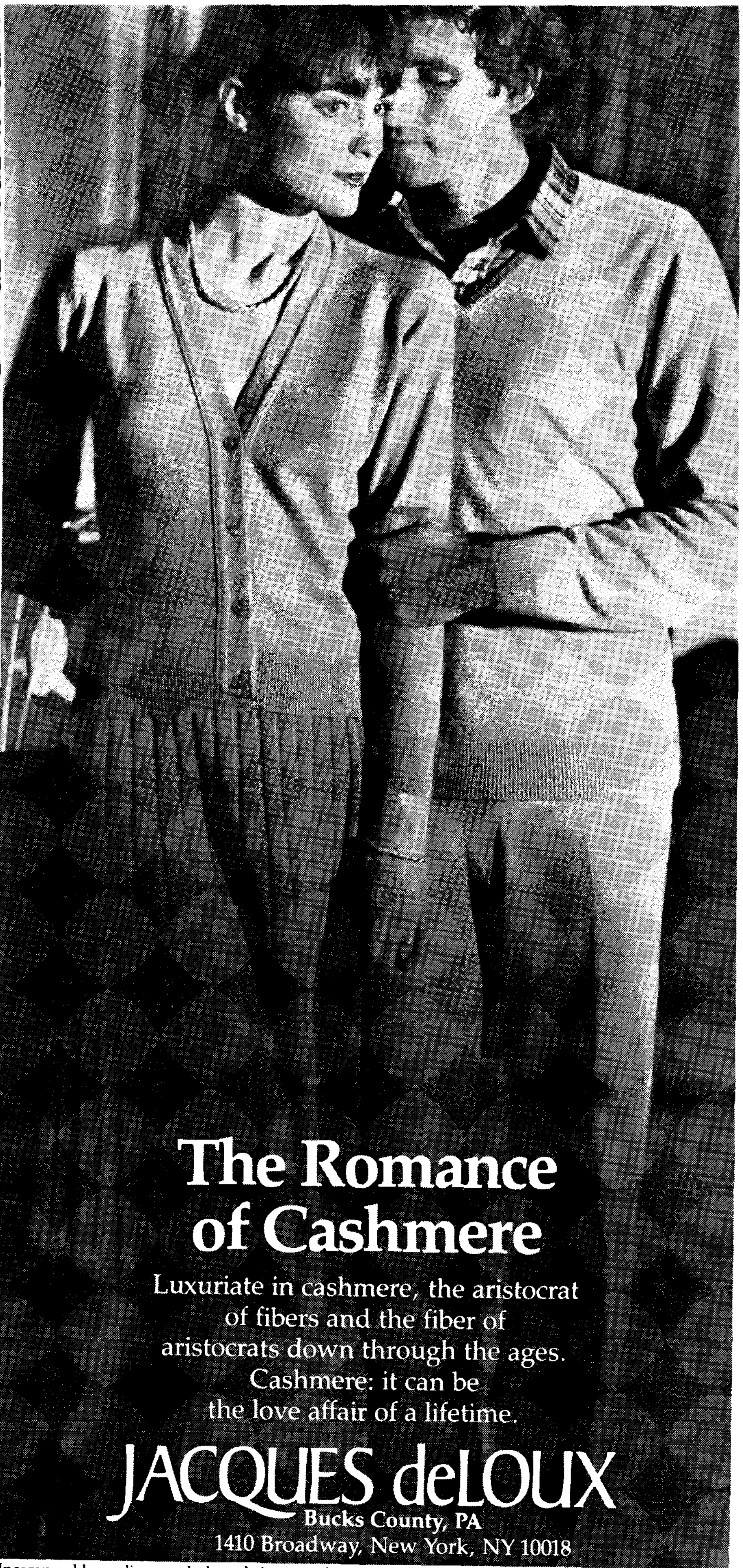
haven't arrived—there has been a United Parcel strike. "You must come see the garden in the winter, on a calm day after a snowfall," Miss Leighton says one afternoon. "I plant for 'winter interest': shrubs and trees that have a pleasant outline—dogwood, with its horizontal branches, each with a different aspect. People have been jumping over the fence next to the church and running through my rose row to save a few steps—I'm going to fence the rose row. One steady rain a week is good in September—gentle, not pounding. Don't always get it. And I have to clean out all those herbs—the basil and oregano. And sow Dutch clover. You should have seen my autumn daffodils. And here's my autumn crocus. Please see my Ilse Haberland; she's for the rose jar." In the Rectory Garden, the plantain lily has jade-green spatulate, striated leaves. The Korean chrysanthemums are self-mutated, ranging from brown to purple to green-yellow. "Take some basil," she tells me, uprooting the entire bush. "It wards off the basilisk." Blue salvia. Strawberry sage. She'll close the garden at Thanksgiving. "I've got to hill up my roses. With *virgin* earth. At one of the town houses on Barrow Street, they've been digging out dirt in front. Over my dead body was I going to let them throw it out. I dragooned them into bringing it over. There were several wheelbarrowfuls." (Virgin earth, where nothing has ever grown, is useful because, though it's lacking in humus, it is uncontaminated and pest-free.) As she shoos people out with a worried expression, she remembers to smile and say, "Come back when it's open."

Everything is now a variation on the color of the Dutch-brick walls of the church. Abelia still flourishes; the tamarix leaves have turned gold, the oak-leaf-hydrangea leaves dark red; the mimosa tree has big brown pods. (Miss Leighton sometimes wishes she'd never planted the mimosa, which she brought back from a trip to Virginia Beach in 1958; it throws its seeds all over, and the dropping pods in fall make the garden look like a *boneyard*, she says.) There are some coppery chrysanthemums in the border near the side wall. The Rectory Garden has a lilac-colored crocus (Turkish, the kind from which saffron comes), the yellow Korean chrysanthemum, the blue hydrangea flowers faded to old bronze, red leaves and red berries on the dogwood. Here a bit of



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blue plumbago is still visible. There is scaffolding on the wall of the Church Hall near the mimosa. In the schoolyard, a new bench around a maple tree has been lettered in Gothic: "Nor sit in the seat of the scornful."

After a premature spring, a fine summer, and a pleasant fall (with a brilliant display of foliage in New England), winter, Miss Leighton predicts, will be early and severe. It's *freezing*, she says. "We've had one frost, and there's going to be a frost tonight. I put paper bags on the rosebuds, because the temperature will go up again. In my heart of hearts, I think the world is getting colder."

NOVEMBER. Although Miss Leighton insists that she's not a garden-club lady—the sort who goes around with a pointer and shows the gardener where to plant—I have yet to see her working in the garden. In fact, there is something mysterious about the way my visits coincide with her absences. Once, I caught sight of a blue raincoat moving purposefully around behind the Church Hall, and although I shouted at it, by the time I arrived, panting, at the toolshed—two minutes, at best—it had vanished. She is a person of dignity, and prefers not to be seen at her work. She doesn't like to be seen at work Monday, Tuesday, or any other afternoon—or so she claims, putting me off a million times when I request an opportunity to watch her garden. Finally, I have to say firmly, "Barbara, unless you let me watch you plant these bulbs, I'm going to believe that you are what you say you're not—a lady with a pointer—and that you pay someone to work for you on the sly." This gets results; on a Wednesday early in November, I am there, and so is she.

She has brought me some books and put them in the toolhouse. It is the first time I have seen the interior. Here's a random inventory of its contents. On top of a cupboard, a pesticide bag labelled Dacthal Plus (an herbicide to kill crabgrass). It is to go "out with the garbage," Miss Leighton says. "The Trinity Corporation bought it without asking me. We've got children here. It's poisonous. And has a fancy price on it." On the rear wall, pegs from which hang spades, rakes, and other tools with handles. The pedestal for the birdbath is in here, but the bowl is cracked and will have to be replaced in the spring. A lot of flowerpots of plastic and terra-cotta.

Miss Leighton is properly dressed,

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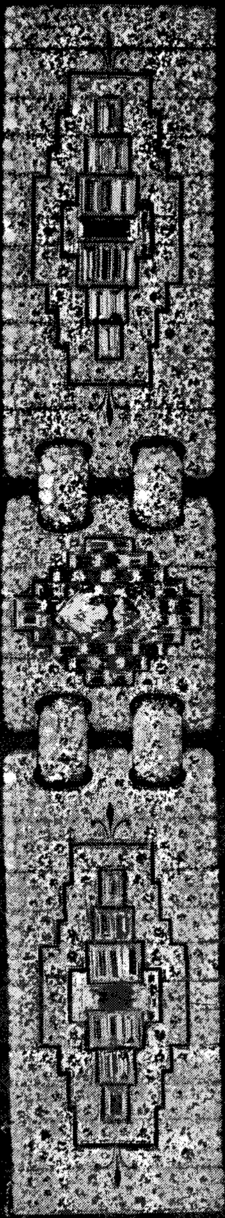

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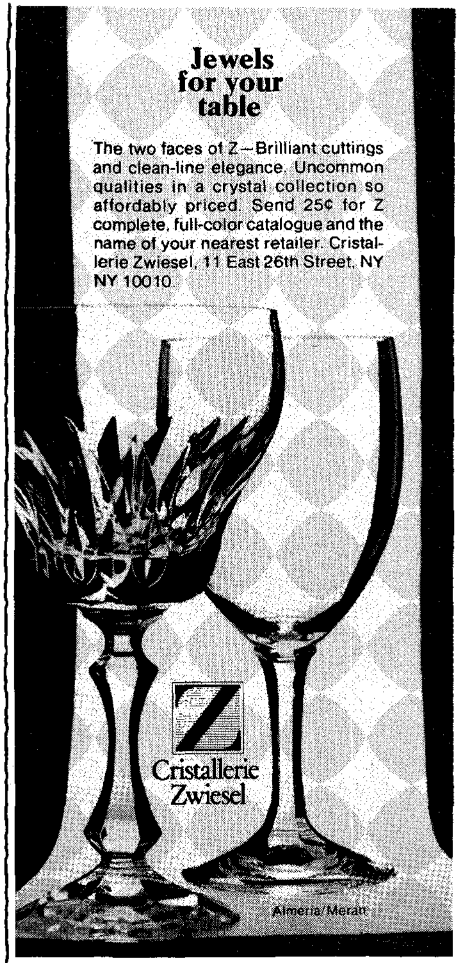

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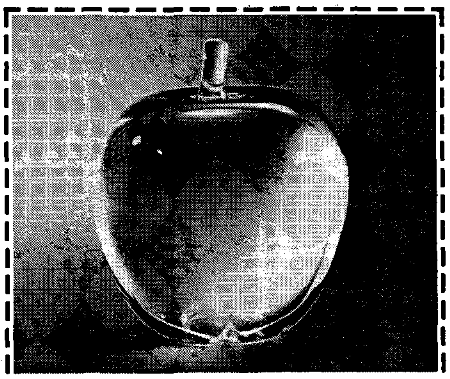

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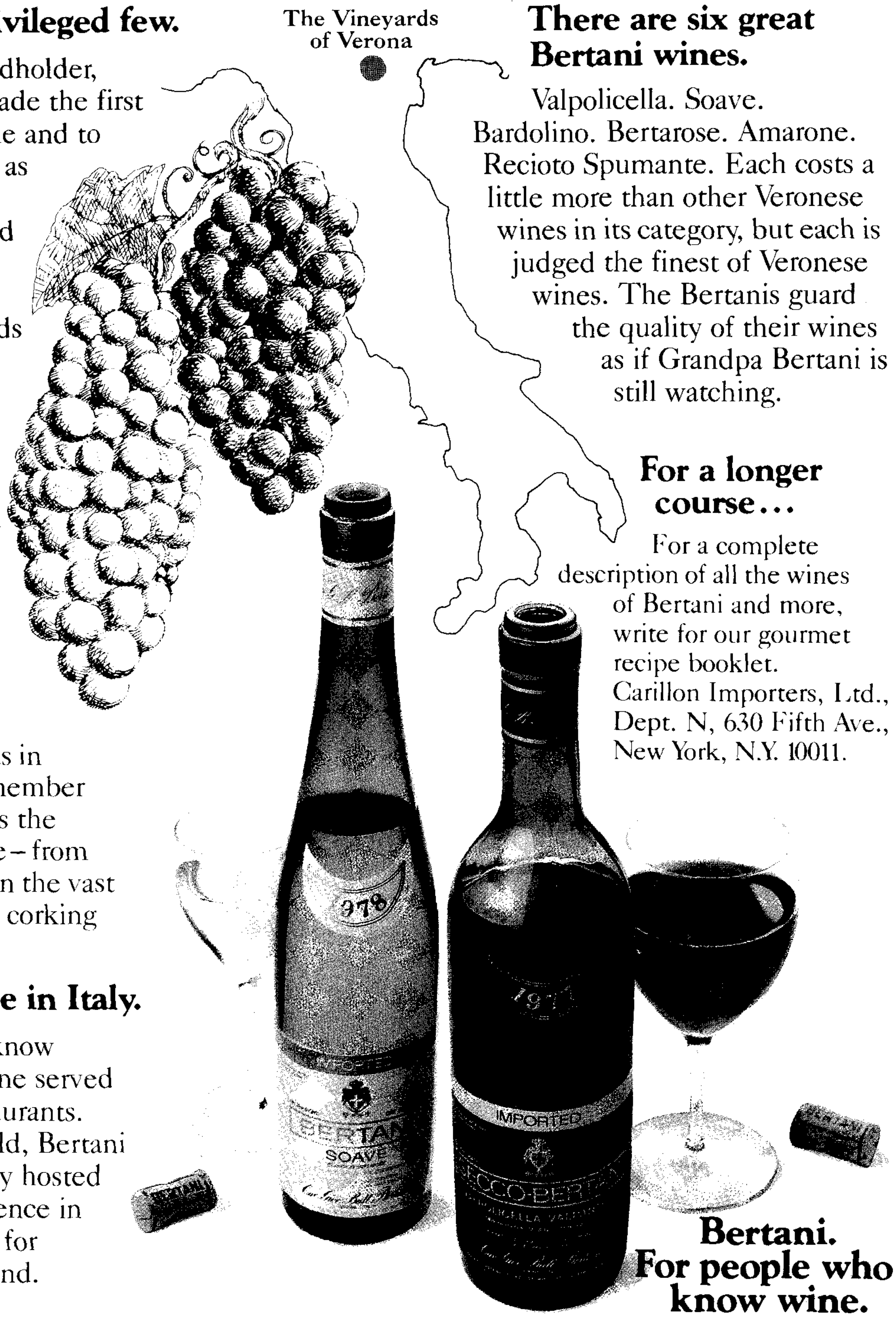

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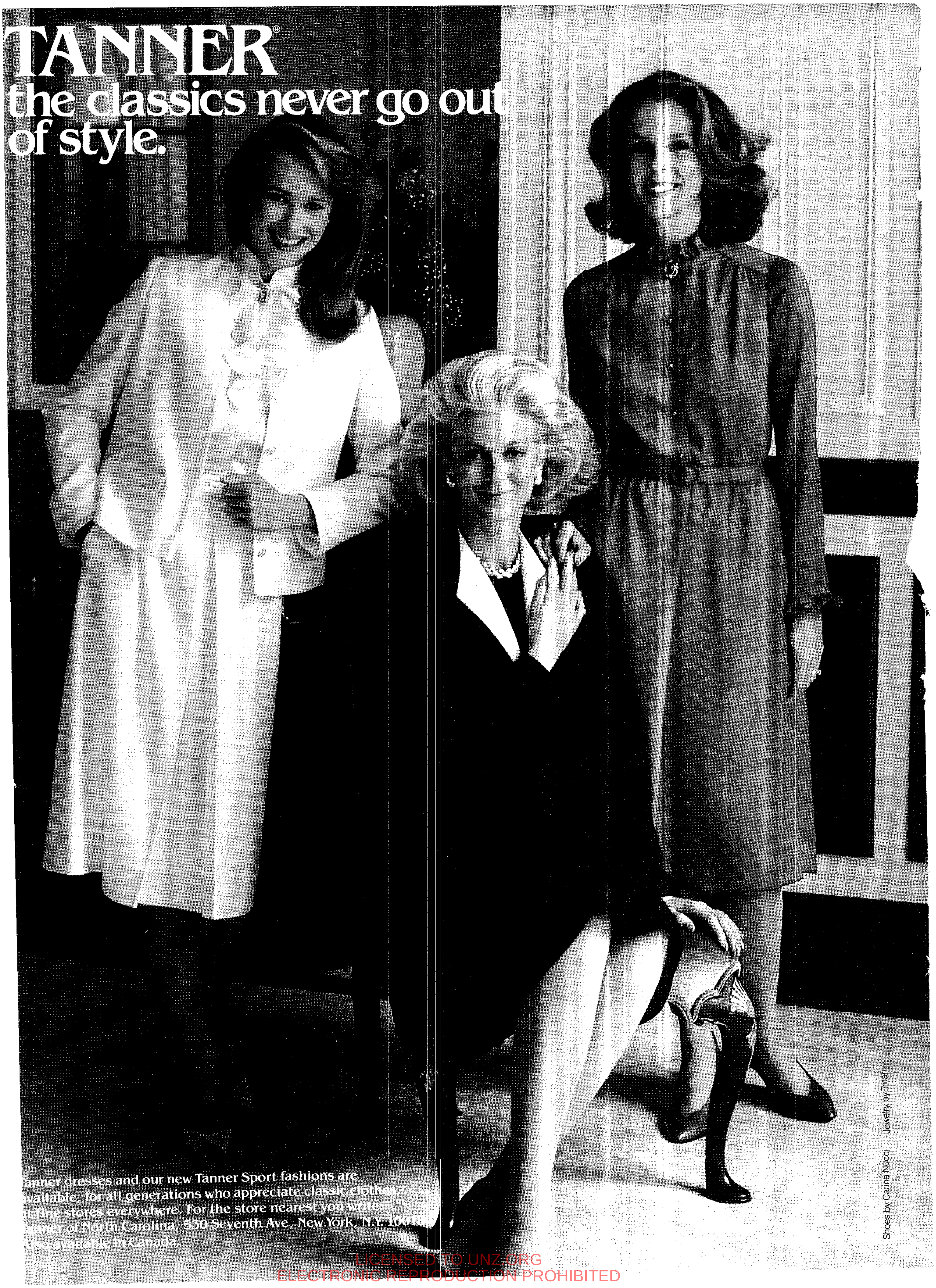
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in a black wool pullover, a green dress, boots, gloves with fingers. I am gloveless and bootless and freezing. From the toolhouse she produces ski mitts—no fingers. I can't write wearing ski mitts, so I compromise: one mitt, and the other hand in the pocket of my leather jacket whenever it gets a chance.

Beside the trench are a barrow full of earth and a couple of spades. Pamela Berdan has just appeared via the schoolyard gate, smartly dressed in a raincoat, a short green skirt, blue shoes, a knitted wool hat, and a pink-red scarf.

It is windy; looks like rain, but the sky is clearing.

Miss Leighton has a brown paper bag filled with bulbs. One kind in the bag is a crocus—fall-blooming. "It has orange stamens and is a really bright blue," she says. "The Korean mums in the Rectory Garden will bloom in late October. The granddaddy was over in the corner, planted, I think, by the wife of an earlier vicar. I gave it good tilth, and it threw seed, came up in colors. Koreans do. It bears flowers of different shapes and hues."

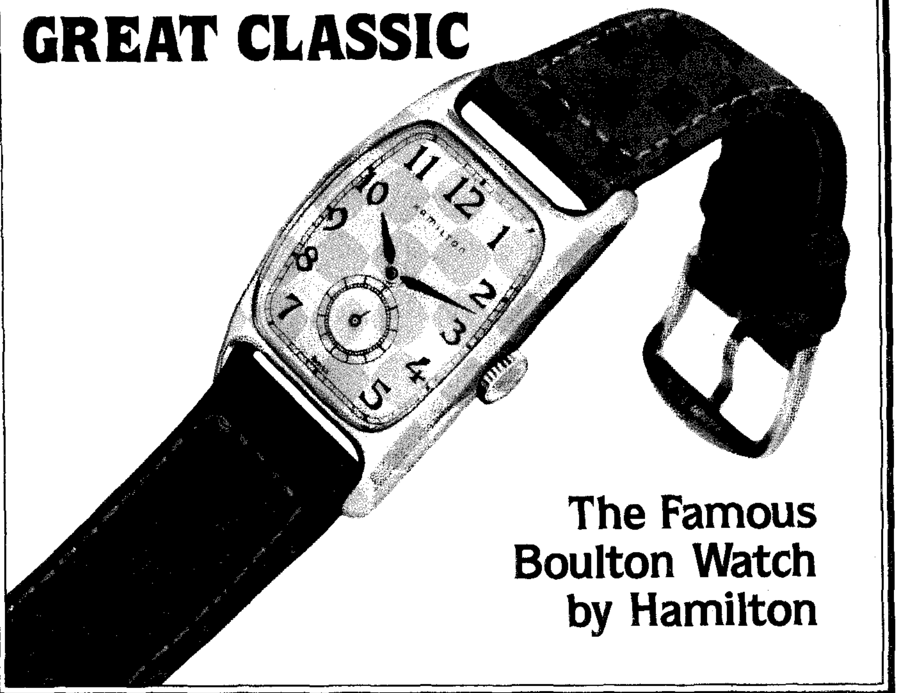
I look to Miss Berdan. "Is that unusual?"

But she and Miss Leighton are involved in a discussion of the word "tilth."

Back to work. Miss Leighton has dug a trench six feet long—one spit (a spade length) deep. "You go down two spits and then change the soil," she says. "You replace the bottom half with the top half—this is the Dutch method." Miss Berdan looks skeptical. The trench is eight inches across. She is going to plant twenty bulbs in it: Renown tulips—spring bloomers.

While Miss Leighton digs, Miss Berdan tells me a little about herself. She is a professional landscaper, and is responsible for the garden at St. John's-in-the-Village Episcopal Church, over on Eleventh Street. That garden might be classified as top secret: only the people whose houses face it and the parishioners of St. John's know about it. She is also responsible for the original design of the garden at the Jefferson Market Library, on the triangular site where the Women's House of Detention used to stand, at Greenwich and Sixth Avenues. "The Library Garden is theoretically my plan," Miss Berdan tells me. "In actuality, the Parks Department eliminated most of the interesting detail."

From an early age, Miss Berdan has



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been familiar with Italian gardens, which have influenced her style, though her sense of color leans more to Gertrude Jekyll. "She has to do everything herself—she's finicky," Miss Leighton says in an aside. They are good friends—co-conspirators, one might say. Miss Leighton gives plants to Miss Berdan; Miss Berdan to Miss Leighton.

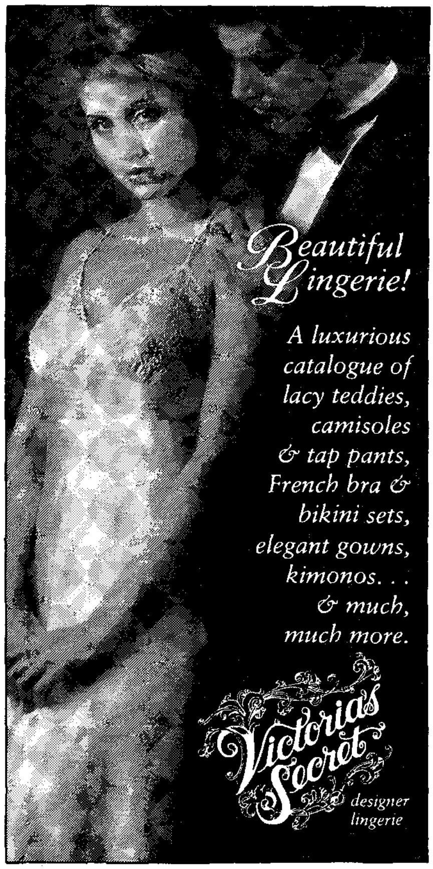
Miss Leighton is digging out some puny little bulbs, which she will plant elsewhere; beside her is a bucket of fresh earth for the bottom of the trench. "I put fresh earth in the bottom in the hope that the bulbs will escape replant disease. I have to rotate the soil, because I can't rotate the beds." Clearly, this is one of the major problems in a small, urban garden. "I sifted compost below and dusted the bulbs with fungicide—Breck's Bulb Dust."

Now she's on her knees, setting out, in a staggered pattern on the fresh earth along the trench, twenty tulip bulbs that look like clean white eggs. Then she rises and begins heaving spadefuls of soil from the barrow to cover them. They were previously shaken up with fungicide in a brown paper bag, just the way you bread or flour chicken parts.

One would suppose that this was a morning's work, but no. Miss Berdan has with her a plastic sack containing fifty snowdrop bulbs and five *Allium giganteum*—huge blue spheres that will be in full bloom by May.

Miss Leighton is now digging in the border by the assistant rector's wall, which faces south and gets a good deal of sun. (The fig tree could hardly survive anywhere else.) "I'm taking out the alyssum on the north border," she says. "Alyssum seeds itself." She points out her soil bank, planted with bocconia, which has beautiful long leaves. "It takes the curse off the toolhouse." Then she has a technical discussion with Miss Berdan, about the Brown Turkey fig tree and its need for burlap to keep it going through the winter, and about the soil bank.

A tiny green-gray bird alights on the central crab-apple tree—a kinglet on its way south, making a pit stop. Whether it's the ruby- or the golden-crowned I can't tell without binoculars. If it is a golden-crowned kinglet, it is a near relation to England's smallest bird, the goldcrest, which has been a frequenter of English flower gardens for centuries. (Here in New York, the only thing smaller is the



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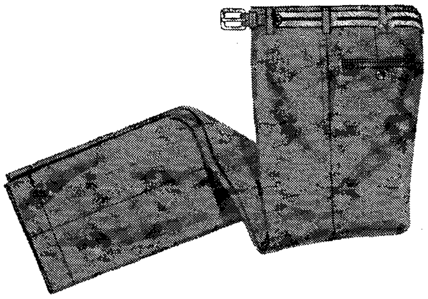

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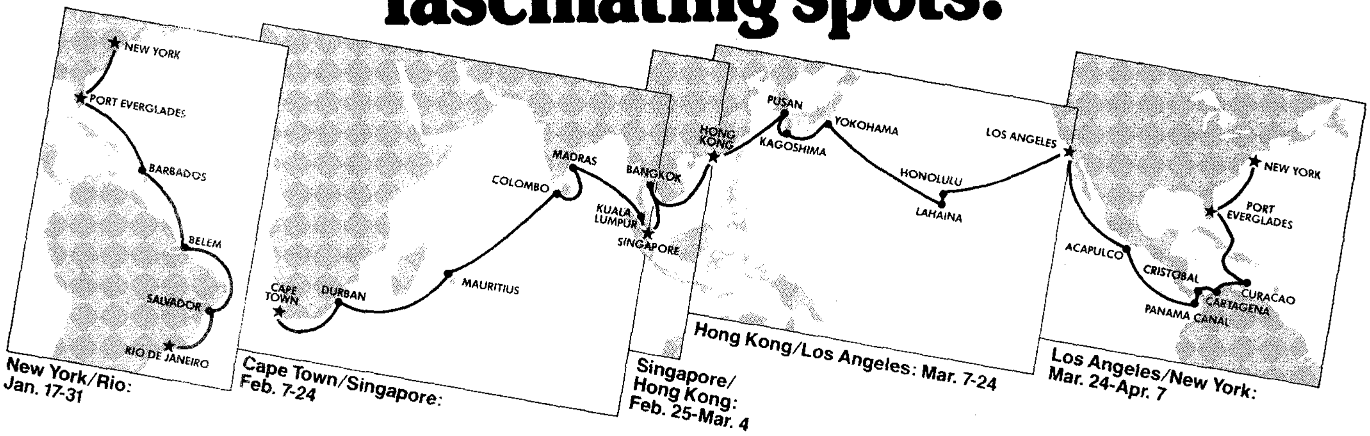
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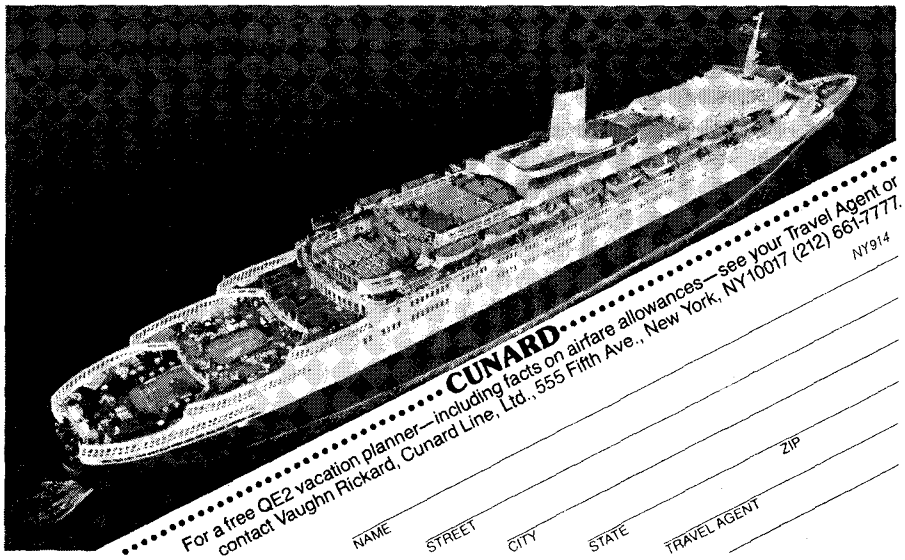

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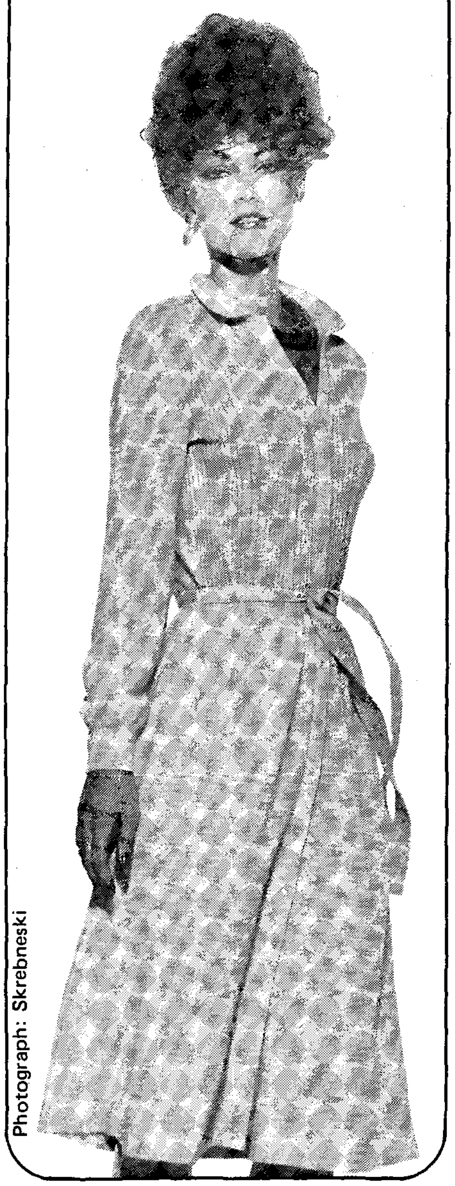

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ruby-throated hummingbird. A hummingbird visited St. Luke's this spring, and Miss Leighton had a hummingbird feeder for a while, but something happened to it.)

Lunchtime at last; though the gardener has heaped on me many articles of clothing, including her blue raincoat, my feet have turned to blocks of ice, my fingers to lifeless sticks, my nose to carrot, and my ears to whatever snowmen wear for ears. All I need is a broom and two lumps of coal and I'd be an ornament to any back yard with children.

At the Beansprout, a Chinese restaurant at Seventh Avenue and Barrow Street, I thaw, while Miss Leighton and Miss Berdan enjoy a good gossip about the Trinity Corporation.

Miss Leighton gives me a lecture on proper gardening clothes: boots, wool socks, heavy-duty panty hose, gloves. Then the discussion returns to the most important thing—bulbs.

"I'm afraid there were substitutions in the order," says Miss Berdan. That could mean that a bulb house is in financial trouble. Or it could simply be because of the drought that struck Europe recently. "They substituted grape hyacinth for my scilla. The drought was all along the North Sea."

Miss Leighton used to order bulbs from a firm in Massachusetts, but she's learned a lot since she began, and now she and Miss Berdan order directly from Holland. "I used to get my chrysanthemums from a neighbor who got them from New Jersey, but he's moved away," Miss Leighton tells me. "Sometimes I buy from Farm and Garden." To Miss Berdan, she says, "Wyman says *Euonymus alata compacta* is immune to scale. Do you believe it?"

"No," Miss Berdan replies.

THE gardens were closed for the winter on the last Sunday in October. They will be opened the first Sunday in April.

●

GARDENING in the Americas was raised to an art by the Incas of Peru, who practiced a form of government that Edward Hyams in "A History of Gardens and Gardening" calls "Divine Communism"—in which land was held in common and no one was allowed to go hungry. The Sapa Inca was a god. One Sapa Inca's *qoya* (queen), Chimpu Urina, was not only a gardener but an experimental scientist, who introduced new plant materials and discovered new uses for old

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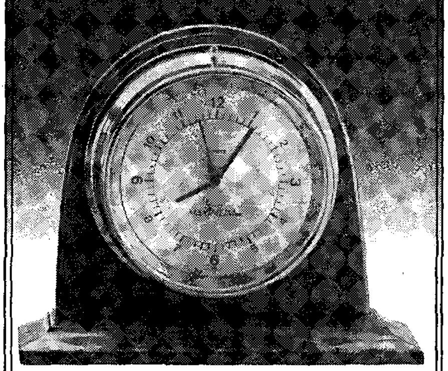

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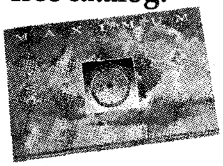

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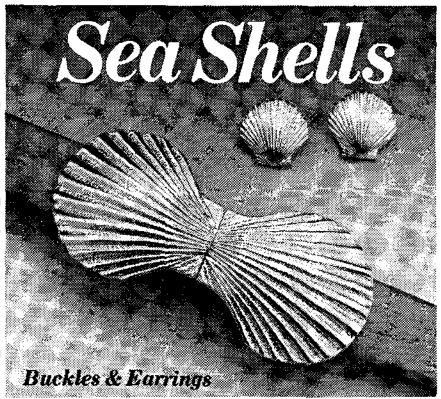

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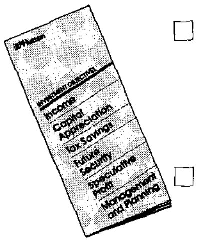

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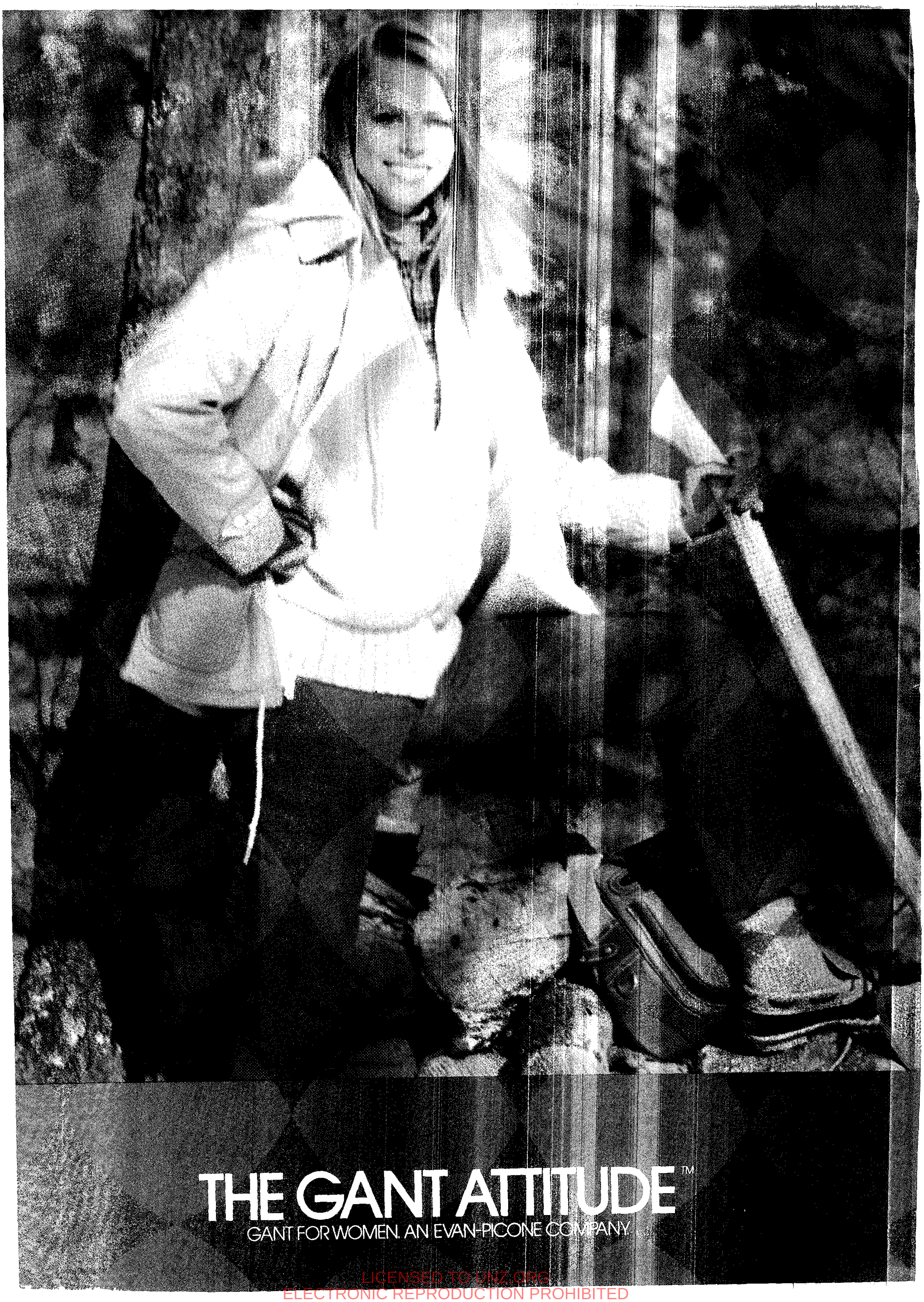
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ones. The conquistadores took care of all that.

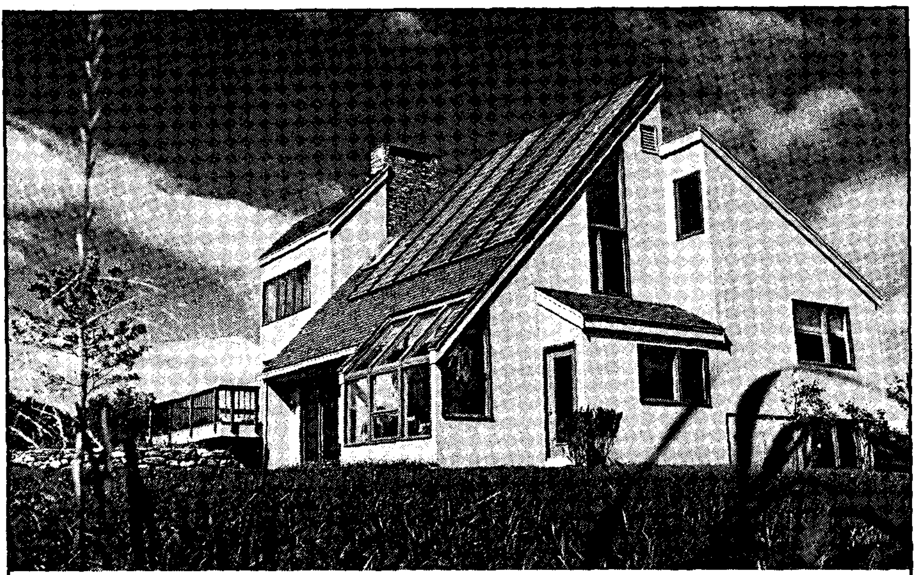
Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote so brilliantly and died so heroically, helped colonize America; an expedition that he had sent out, and that had made a settlement on Roanoke Island (off the North Carolina coast), perished in 1589-90, so nothing is known about the first English gardens in the New World.

Now a brief history of the English flower garden—of which Miss Leighton's is a direct descendant, with modifications for the harsh climate of New York City (technically, it is Anglo-American with Catholic-Protestant-Episcopal overtones)—starting from the seventeenth century. During the reign of Charles I, the number and size of pleasure gardens increased throughout England (though Cromwell put a crimp on gardens for *pleasure* and instead gave a boost to larger farms and better agricultural practices). Capability Brown, who worked in the eighteenth century, is one of the best-known English landscape architects; his gardens tended toward the austere, and emphasized trees. However, there is no escaping the English Romantic temperament: with the huge amount of plant material becoming available from Turkey and China and the Americas, the flower garden was a natural result.

In the poem "The Mower Against Gardens," Andrew Marvell, perhaps the supreme English garden rhapsodist, writes of the garden enthusiasm sweeping England:

> Luxurious Man, to bring his Vice in use,
> Did after him the World seduce . . .
> With strange perfumes he did the Roses taint.
> And Flow'rs themselves were taught to paint.
> The Tulip, white, did for complexion seek;
> And learn'd to interline its cheek:
> Its Onion root they then so high did hold,
> That one was for a Meadow sold.

"Tulipomania" had Europe in its grip at the time; when *Tulipa* first arrived from Turkey, around 1554, Holland turned out to be an excellent place to grow them. By the seventeenth century, when Marvell wrote this poem, the Dutch were going wild, and one tulip bulb was sold for eleven thousand five hundred florins. The bottom dropped out of the market in 1637. But new plants kept being discovered. "Orchidomania" was the nineteenth-century sickness, and the



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•

FEBRUARY. The Rectory Garden. Flower borders under mulch, benches in storage. Phalanx of snow crocus, purple, yellow, white, forced by heat seepage from the church—early valentines, and a sight for sore eyes. Winter defeated. (Winter wins in the Corner Garden, which is unkempt and littered with twigs.)

MARCH. Silver catkins on the playground pussy willow; blond weeping-willow branches outside the Corner Garden. Forsythia has yellow blossoms. After torrents of rain, walks slippery with fallen crab apples. Broom and dustpan where someone's been sweeping them up. Border beneath the trees thick with light-green daffodil leaves—out by Easter? Pale snowdrops among them. Crowd of tulip, lily, iris shoots in middle beds. Crocuses bright blobs of color in sunny spots, especially near toolshed. Heaps of branches pruned from center hedges practically covering lawn. (More on the sidewalk, outside, bundled and tied with twine, for the sanitation men.)

Masses of curly sea-blue scilla in the Rectory Garden; buds fattening on the magnolia, dogwood, wisteria; the mulch removed, pruning shears stuck in the ground near the rose row—feathery red plumage. (I'm tempted to do some cutting.) More scilla by the church wall, more crocuses, several purple irises—native to Central Europe and Russia but with a remarkable resemblance to the American wild flag. Also, by the Church Hall, light-blue chionodoxa (glory-of-the-snow), with the earliest daffodil, no bigger than a clay pipe. First hyacinth on south side of Church Hall, fragrance faint but perceptible if you kneel. If thou hast two loaves of bread, sell one and buy white hyacinths.

APRIL. Yellow daffodils, pale narcissus throughout the Corner Garden; inner borders blue with scilla, finally. Fat spring crocuses, Easter-eggy. Starry white tulips in the Rectory Garden, early iris now a memory. Look for a long time at the magnolia tree. Mockingbird imitating sparrows; catbird playing its own song.

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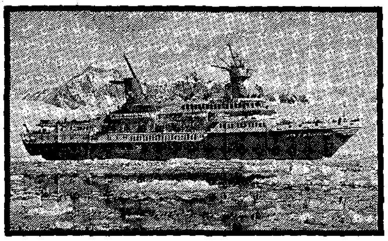

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Garden. Large leaves on the sprawling oak-leaf hydrangea, more cuttings from the ring of bushes around the center crab, scattered on grass (green and growing). Crab-apple trees all covered with tight pink flower buds. A van in the parking lot. A Sunday after a night of thunder and constant lightning. Striped cat sunbathing on the grass outside the rectory; smell of hyacinths. Organ tones roll out through the slightly open church windows; underneath, rose-of-Sharon roots extracted, their graveplace a tidy mound of new soil ringed with stone fragments. Next to it, row of Red Emperor tulips, scarlet, as alluring as sin, as incandescent as votive lights. Phoebe on a crab-apple tree, piercing whistle of tufted titmouse, babble of parishioners taking post-service coffee in the Church Hall. Roses recklessly throwing leafy shoots—pruning time?

An afternoon later in the month. One woman's bane is another woman's soup: remembering suddenly the taste of sorrel (sour grass), I offer to weed my dinner from the Corner Garden, and am warmly encouraged by Miss Leighton. "Take some more. Get it all up," she insists as I kneel and uproot shamrock-shaped leaves—a few small yellow five-petalled flowers among them—by the handful. None of my cookbooks have a recipe for *schav* (cold grass soup), so I borrow a cookbook from next door and improvise my own *schav*, from what I have. Ingredients: sorrel, one yellow onion (minced), water, salt, vinegar, a dash of Angostura bitters, vermouth. Wash spring sorrel grass several times, with gentleness; remove tough roots and yellow flowers. Dump in pot, put in lots of water, the onion, some dry vermouth, not too much salt. Boil, then simmer half an hour. Add vinegar, simmer fifteen minutes, taste, cook another fifteen minutes, add bitters. You may put in beaten raw eggs after it's cooled, stirring so they don't curdle, and serve it with yogurt in each bowl—or sour cream if you're not worried about cholesterol. Like spinach, sorrel is rich in oxalic acid, and it can be used in salads, too, or chewed thoughtfully on the garden bench. It is good for children, pregnant women, and other growing things, but try to tell that to Barbara Ellen Leighton.

MAY. When I was seven, my favorite book was "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and it was my mother's favorite

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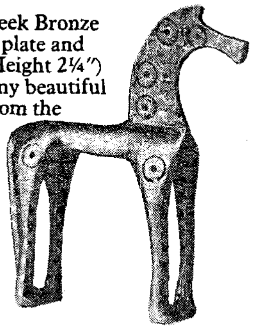

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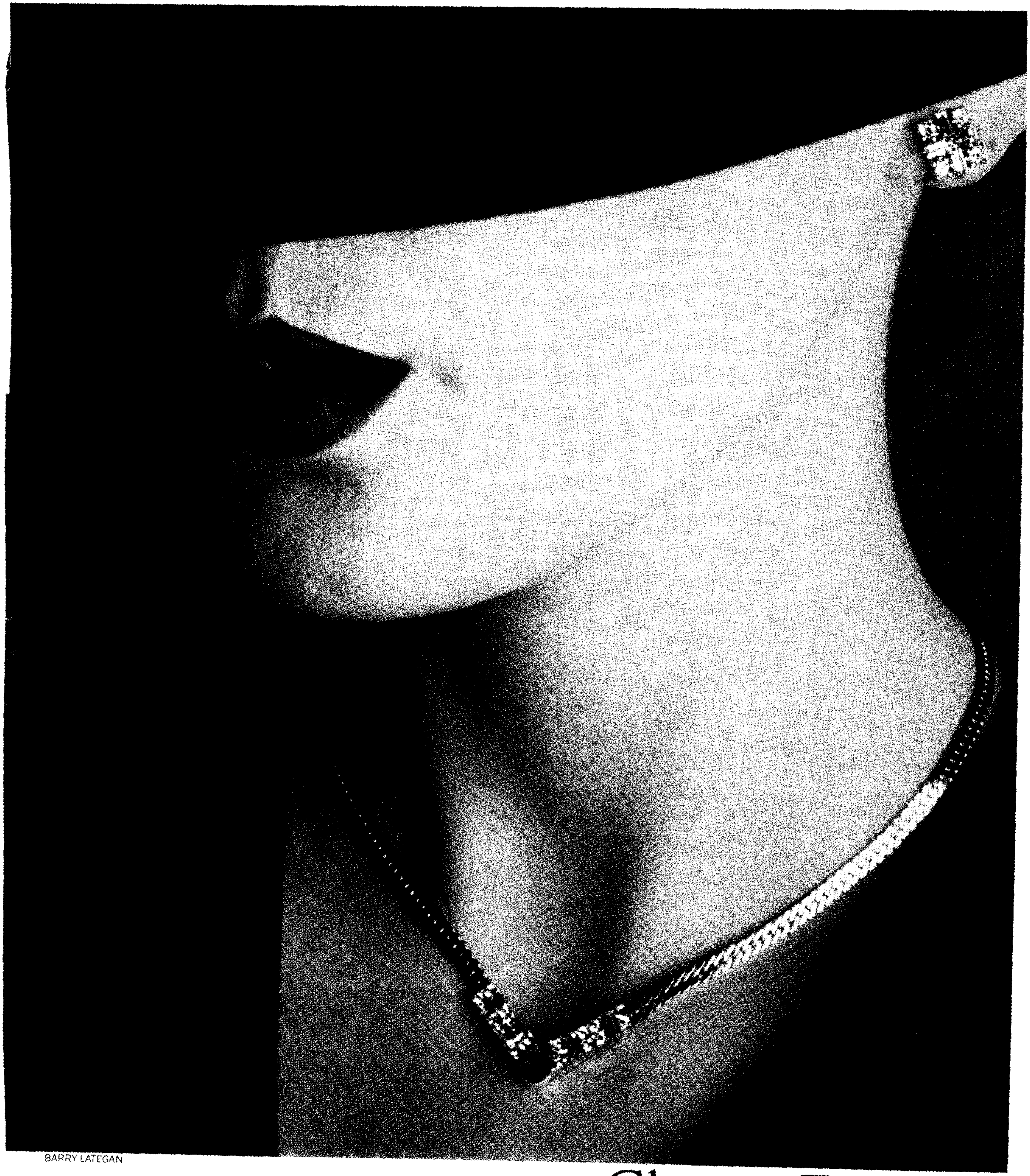

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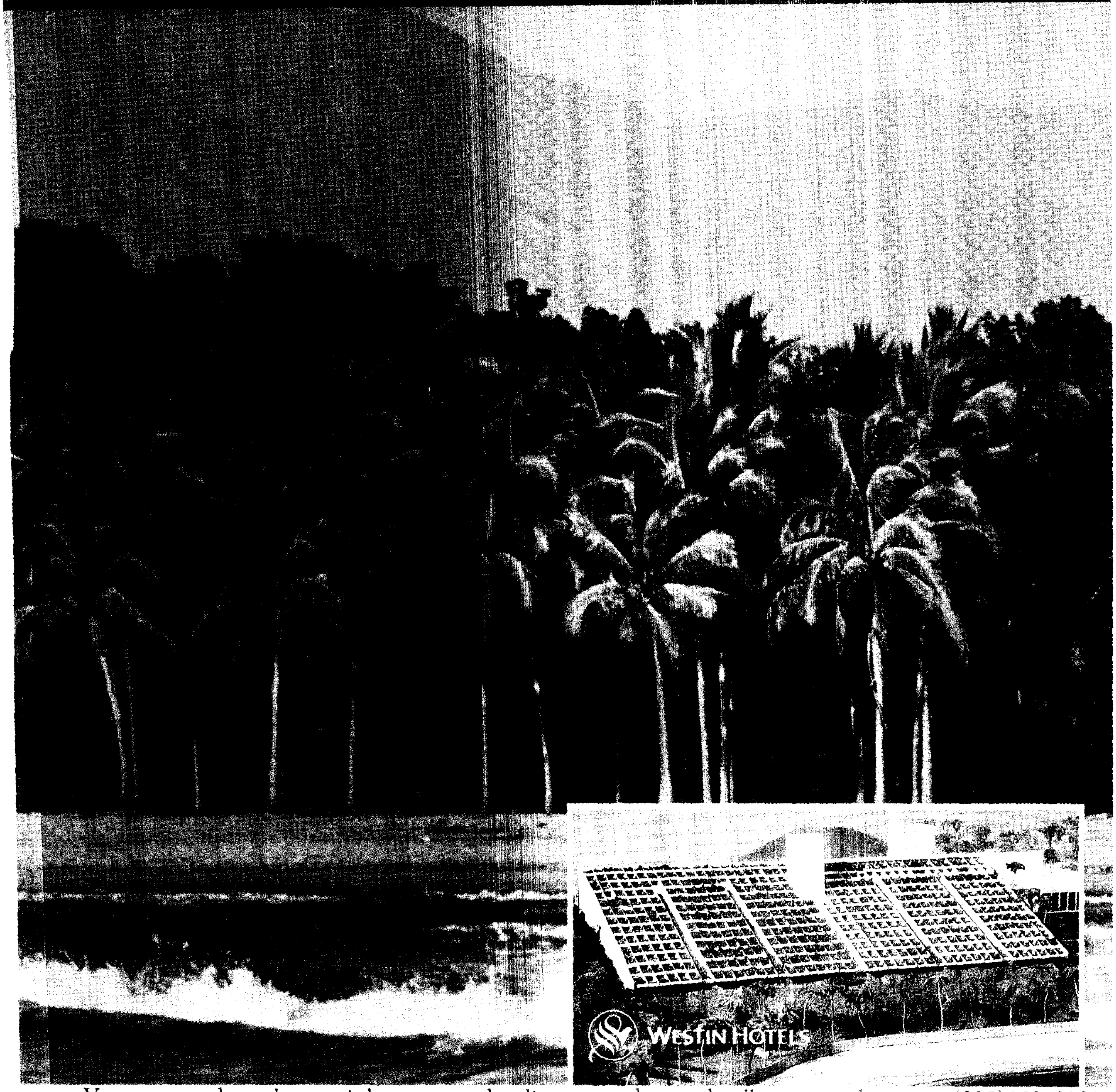

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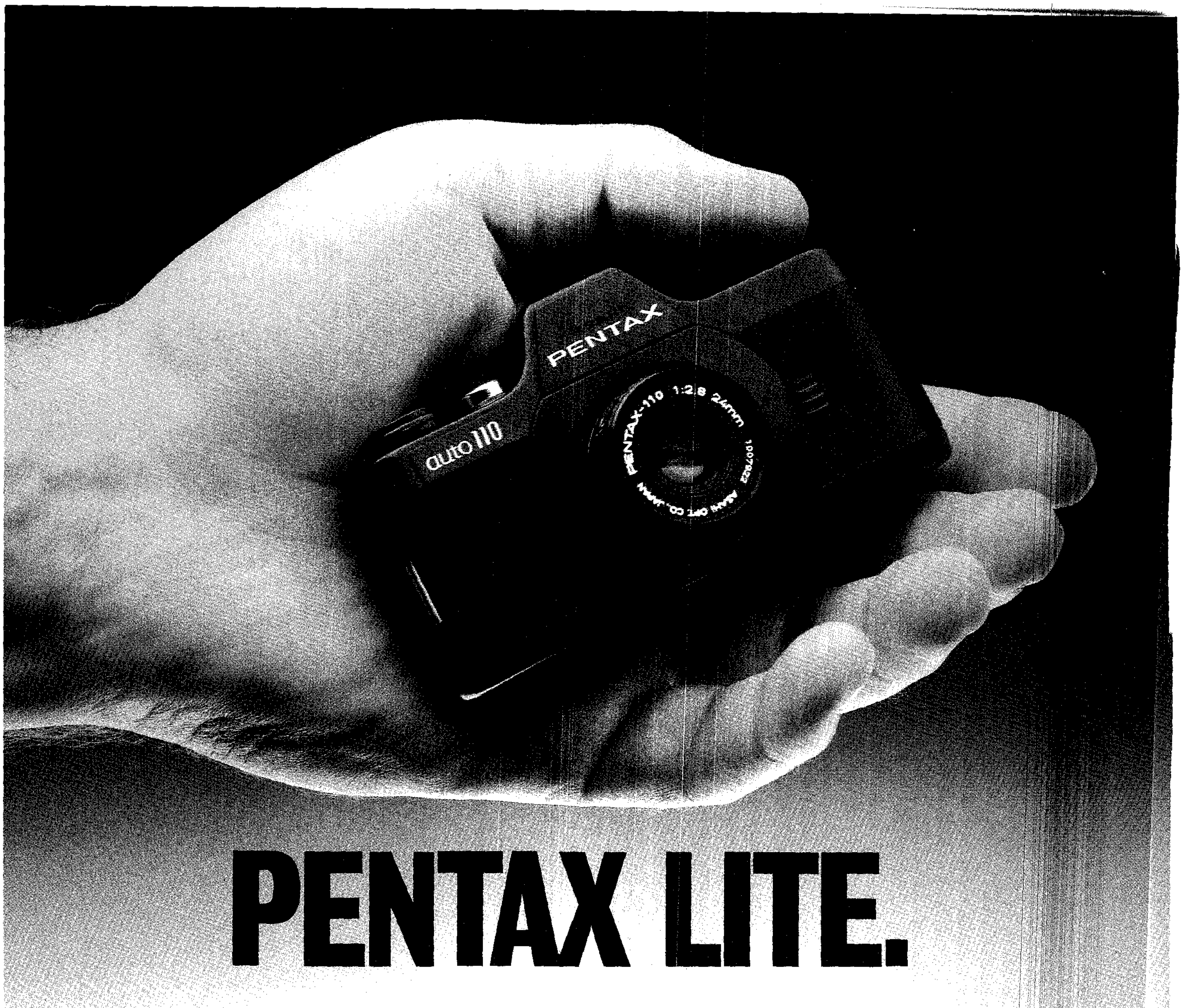
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book when she was the same age, in Colorado. It's about a locked, deserted garden in Yorkshire, England, which two children—a boy who is an invalid, an English girl who has been orphaned in India and sent home to England—discover and, with the help of a twelve-year-old native of the moors, bring back to life, and so restore themselves and the invalid boy's widowed father. (The walled garden had been his wife's, and when she died, as a result of an accident in the garden, so did part of him.) Mrs. Burnett was an immigrant to America from England. Her essay "In the Garden," published by the Medici Society of America in 1925 (illustrated; thirty pages), begins, "I am writing in the garden. To write as one should of a garden one must not write outside it or merely somewhere near it, but in the garden."

Today, a Wednesday, I am taking Mrs. Burnett's advice. I'm in the Corner Garden, on a bench near the toolhouse. Typing in the garden isn't as easy as I thought it would be. This is a magnificent day, following two or three perfectly ghastly ones; the sky is hydrangea-blue, and huge cumulus clouds are moving majestically across it. The deutzia flowers are full-size (about a quarter inch) and have yellow-and-white stamens, and yellow jackets are at work on them. A thrush just fluttered under the spirea, which is releasing round white petals that exactly resemble confetti. The other benches are also occupied—one near the corner crab-apple by three young women who apparently work or live nearby and like to come here for lunch. The bench near the oak-leaf hydrangea (leaves almost full-size now) is occupied only by Miss Leighton's blue raincoat, but when I came in, a little while ago, an elderly woman was sitting on it, holding a sleeping child. (The schoolyard contained two little boys, chasing each other, and a little girl, who ran up to me and held up her guinea pig.) Miss Leighton has stopped mowing and started talking to Tugger, the rectory cat. (I have talked to it, too, and cautioned it against eating birds.) Miss Leighton apparently likes cats—I suppose because the St. Luke's cats do so little damage to her gardens.

The Nevada rose has large, flat white blooms and is arching gracefully out and over the lawn, nearly to the bench by the hydrangea, where Miss Leighton is sitting, now reading yesterday's *Times*. The achillea (of the

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composite family) is silvery-white—"the pearl," Miss Leighton informed me when I told her it was indeed yarrow, because I'd looked it up in Norman Taylor's "Encyclopedia of Gardening." I also said that the Adam crab, the tree she planted where the diseased crab was, sounds like a real winner. The little girl and her guinea pig are beside me now. A while ago, a child of about ten came into the garden and very carefully kept to the paths. "Hey!" he called, peering into the center hedge, whose brown dead foliage is the only unattractive thing in the garden. "There's something in the hedge." I went over. Someone had ridden a child's scooter into it and abandoned it beside the crab-apple tree. We called Miss Leighton over. "Ha," she declared. "Someone probably *stole* it." The little boy wanted to go in and get the scooter, and since he was by far the smallest of us, he was allowed to. "Don't scratch yourself," said Miss Leighton, and he carefully wheeled it out through the crack in the hedge, mounted it, and scooted slowly up the northwest diagonal and out of the garden.

The Queen of Sheba tulips are *still* with us, though the Biscuit Queen Breeder ones among them have darkened to pale brown. The Renown tulips seem to have changed remarkably little.

"See, the rosebush has another cane," says Miss Leighton, righting the lawnmower and pointing with pride. Indeed it has—three dark-red little fellows. Two handsome but fading lavender irises, a mess of prostrate daffodil foliage, raspberry-and-cream reblooming iris. Bocconia, the plumed poppy, on the soil bank. The rose of Sharon has foliage, and is eight feet higher than the toolhouse. Yellow iris is near the grass in the north border, and blue iris buds that look like silk, and there are leaves—leaves—on the fig; it has made it through another winter. The tamarix has ferny growth and will bloom in July.

Birds are singing—a finch, one that sounds like an ovenbird (I left my binoculars at home; it's the way to assure a large crowd of very rare and beautiful birds), and, of course, sparrows. The three-ply buckthorn hedge along Barrow Street is high and thick and leafy; I *know* that catbirds are nesting in it, but haven't found the nest. Or the toads, or the mantids (but they hatch in spring). The sun is out, and the deutzia casts a shadow about the size of itself on the grass, which

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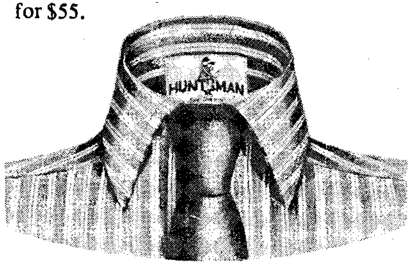

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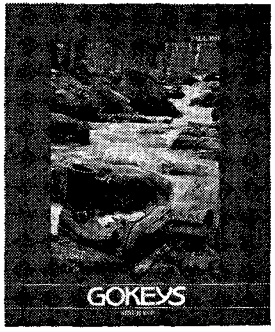

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appears to be half mowed. A fly—flies are all over the peonies—keeps settling on my typewriter, which is perched precariously on the ceramic pedestal of the new birdbath. (The old, broken one stands on the other side of the round hedge, as a mournful reminder of vandals.) The Chinese redbud has big, rounded, heart-shaped leaves and messy (but only when you get up close), fat rag ends of blossom.

"Barbara, you didn't finish mowing here!" somebody calls.

Miss Leighton has put the mower in the toolhouse and is vigorously sweeping the north walk. "No, I haven't," she replies.

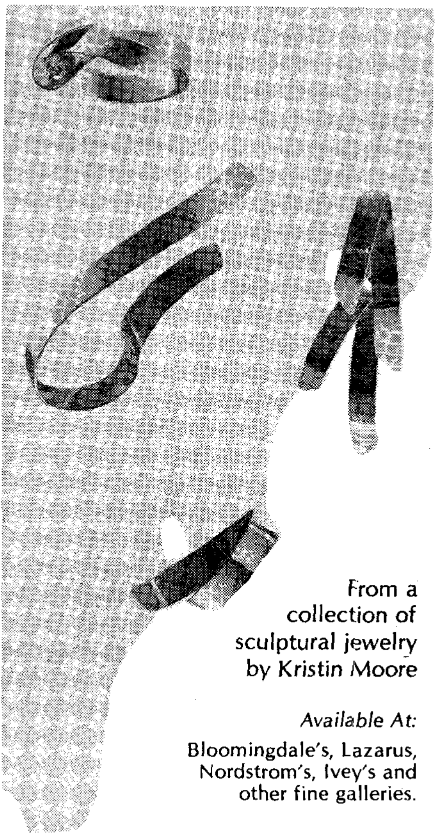
The sun has been in and out two more times. I've put my jacket on; the sun is low in the west, and I'm going home. Perhaps tomorrow I'll come back and write in the Rectory Garden.

Friday, near noon. I'm in the Rectory Garden, in the shade of the pink dogwood tree (its petals completely dappling the lawn, white shading to mauve), with my typewriter on top of a shopping cart—seated on a bench. Today is perfect. The sky has filmy cirrus clouds passing at least four miles overhead: visibility infinite. I am going to take a drink from the hose. Miss Leighton is at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden; she'll be here this afternoon—mowing, no doubt, and sweeping up the dogwood petals with an old broom.

The anchusa, three feet high, next to a scarlet rose, is predominantly indigo, with purple inside its flowers, and is probably good for something. I hear a gull, a finch, sparrows, the wind; and singing from the Church Hall, where the senior citizens are about to have lunch. It is windy. Everything is in motion except the cat in the holly in the Corner Garden. And yet the spring air is narcotic—I'm not quite awake or quite asleep.

I have been looking at a small mourning-cloak butterfly, fresh out of hibernation, and the biggest insect here. I have been unsuccessfully trying to spot what I think is a scarlet tanager, whistling, and I did manage to see a golden Baltimore oriole. Wouldn't it be nice if it stayed here to breed? Its hanging basket would be decorative high up in the willow tree.

AFTERWORD. I have been away from the gardens for some time. Last November, I was invited to take tea with the good priest Father James Flye, who inhabits one of the dwellings on Hudson Street. He's vigorous



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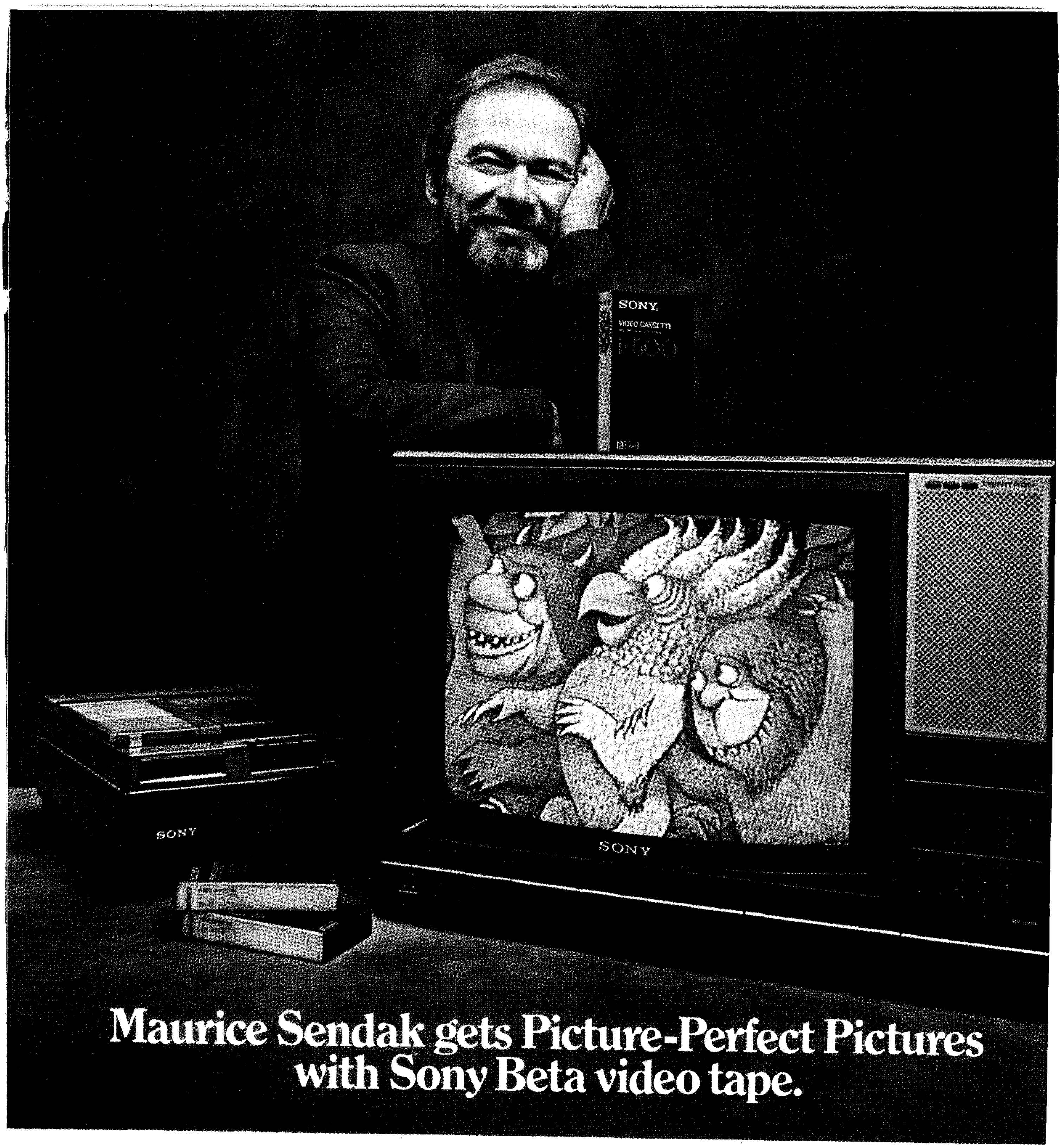

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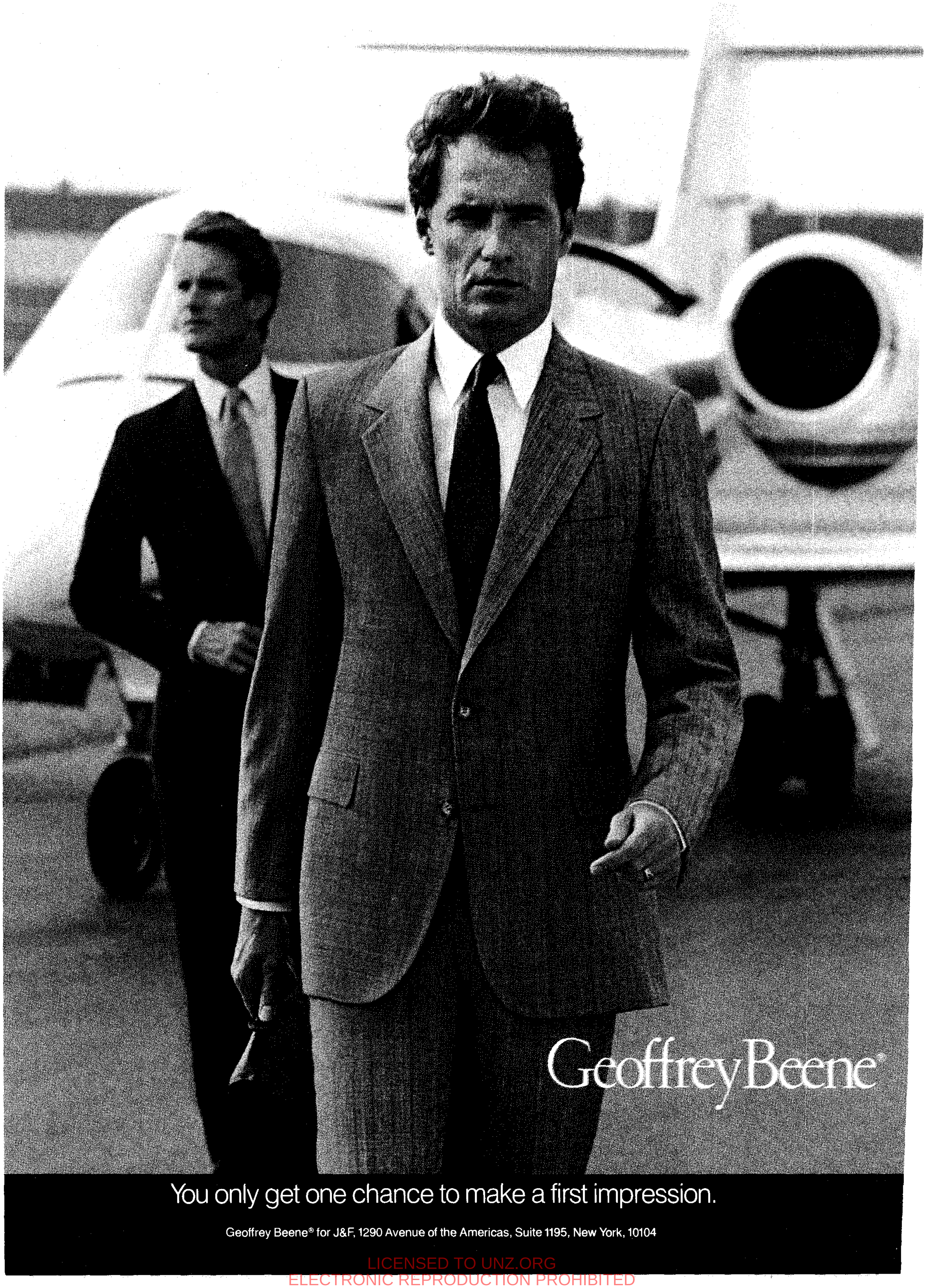
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of mind, charming and witty, a passionate sharer of ideas, but while the spirit is willing the flesh is a little tired—after all, he's halfway through his nineties—so he has people to look in on him, and Miss Leighton comes once a week to relieve his full-time companion. After his gentle, stimulating company, I wandered back past the church, through the schoolyard, and into the Rectory Garden: nothing, of course, in bloom, but enough light from the street to see the outlines of the trees; it looked very much the same. So did the Corner Garden, devoid of foliage: after twenty-five years, it has reached its full shape, the way a forest does after centuries. The young Adam crab-apple that replaced the diseased crab has bloomed and is already setting little green apples, and it seems to be romantically involved with a coral rosebush that grows by the Church Hall; it has thrust an arm into the bush's branches.

God moves in mysterious ways. Just before midnight on March 6th of this year, fire broke out in St. Luke's Church and gutted the interior. Immediately, parishioners and friends set about raising money for its reconstruction; as of now, they have raised more than three hundred thousand dollars in contributions and pledges. (Services are now being held in the St. Luke's School gymnasium.) I quickly went round to see how the gardens had fared. They were unharmed; they persist—signs of hope. Like the dove with the olive branch, the rainbow.

—JULIE HAYDEN

◆

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Massachusetts Lawyers Weekly*]

The June 8 and June 15 issues of Lawyers Weekly contained references to an alleged error in the Green volumes of the Mass. General Laws Annotated.

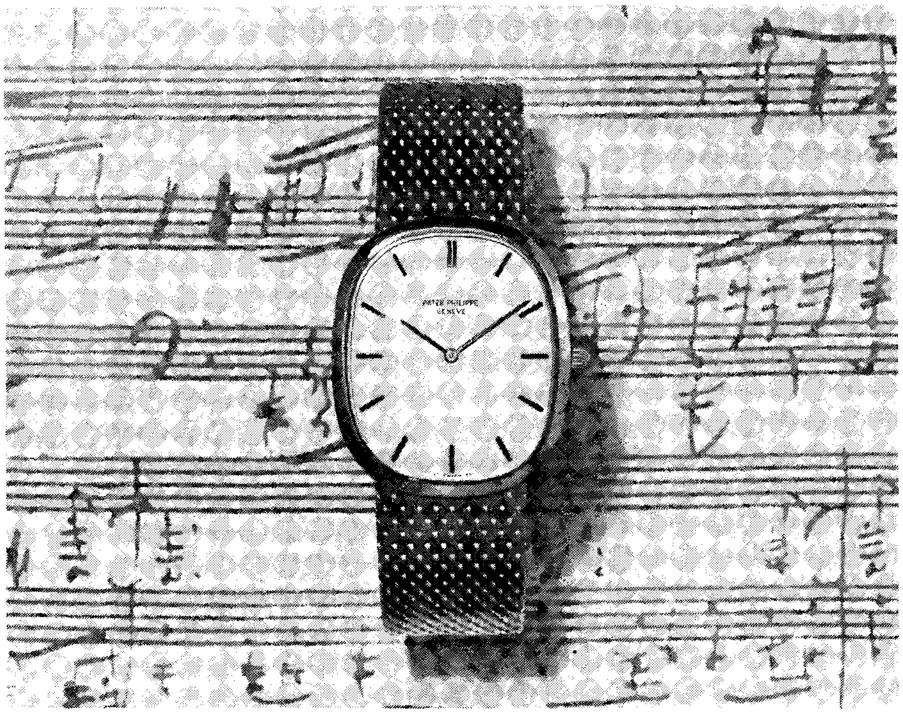
These references were completely incorrect.

The information originally provided to Lawyers Weekly, which was not properly verified by Lawyers Weekly, was in error.

In a subsequent correction there was a reference to the fact that the alleged error had, in fact, been corrected in the 1981 pocket part from an error printed in an earlier year's pocket part.

This also was incorrect because there never was any error in any pocket part published in any previous years.

Our apologies to West for the initial error and any confusion resulting from the correction article. Our thanks to Alfred V. Alliegro Vice President and Editor-in-Chief of West Publishing Company for his assistance in clarifying this matter.



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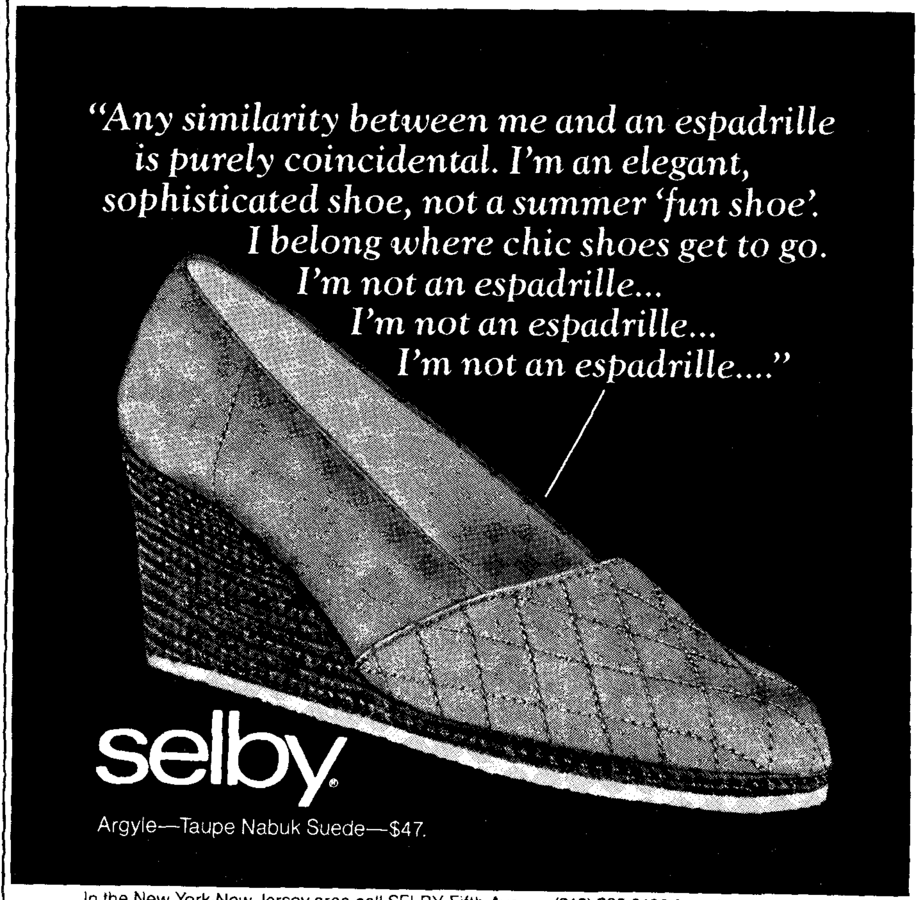

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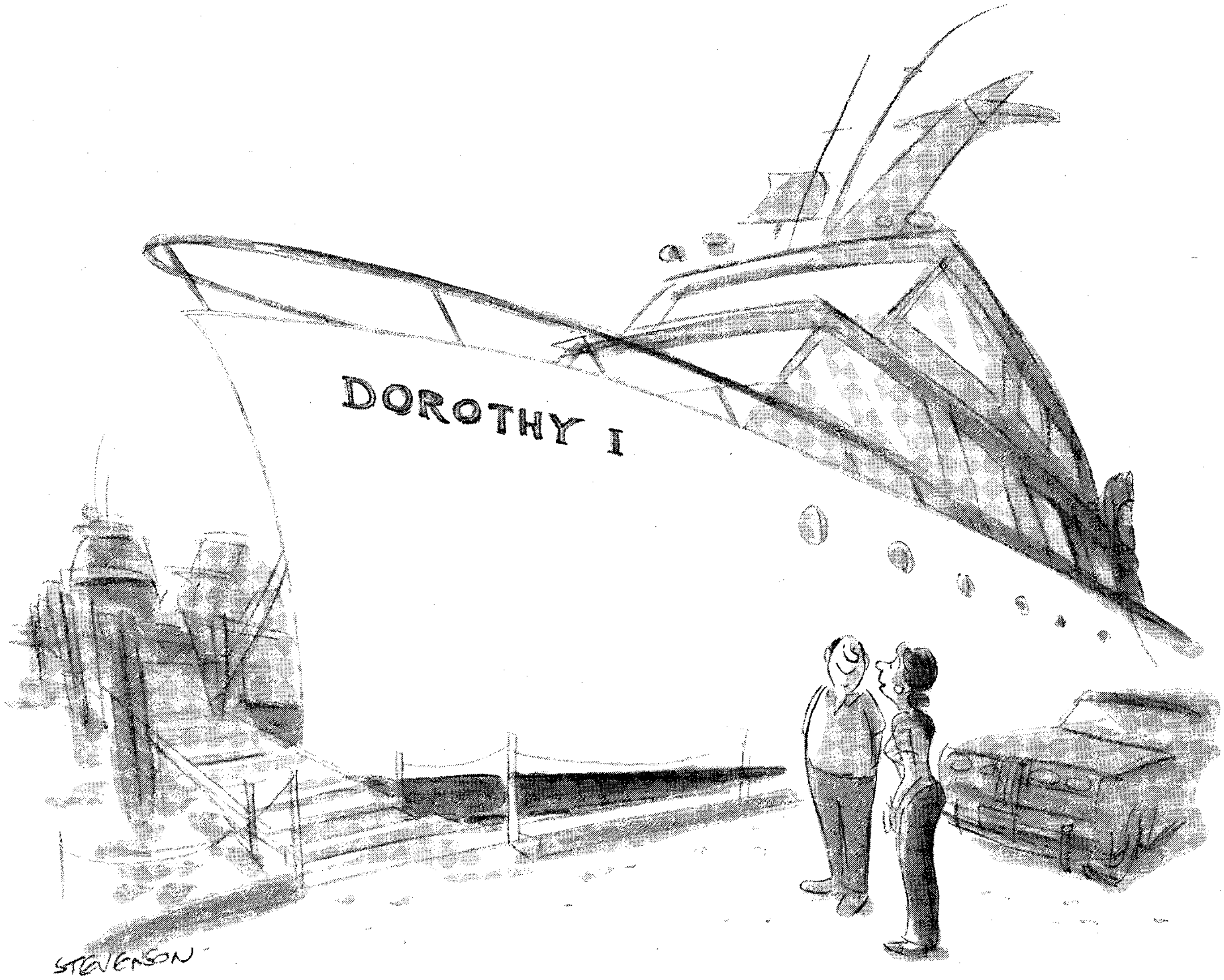
A REPORTER AT LARGE

BOYLE HEIGHTS AND BEYOND

THE United Neighborhoods Organization, based in East Los Angeles, held its first convention on October 14, 1979. More than five thousand five hundred delegates met to elect officers and to set an agenda for the coming year. The first priority on the agenda adopted was: "UNO leaders demand a meeting with the Community Committee, otherwise known as the Committee of 25. . . . UNO knows that there is a power bloc in Los Angeles which regulates the activities of politicians, and which sets the agenda for this city's future. . . . That power bloc, known as the Committee of 25, must start including East L.A. as part of its agenda."

UNO, a coalition of nineteen Roman Catholic parishes and one Episcopal parish, got the meeting with the committee—an informal group of bankers, corporate and utility-company executives, lawyers, and merchants. On December 11, 1979, the UNO leaders were guided through the hallways of the offices of the Los Angeles Area Chamber of Commerce to a large conference room. Just before they entered the room, they passed a four-by-five-foot aerial photograph of Los Angeles—from the Los Angeles River west to the Pacific Ocean. "That photograph is a symbol of why we're here," Father Pedro Villarroya, a Vincentian priest, the pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary of Talpa Church, and the executive vice-president of UNO, said to the Community Committee. "There are a million people east of the river. You think that Los Angeles ends at the Los Angeles River—that the river is the border of another world. You cut us out of your picture. But we are there. We are human beings. We are part of Los Angeles. We are part of America."

Actually, no one is sure how many people there are in that world east of the river, a part of the United States where generations have lived without speaking a word of English. East Los Angeles is a Spanish-speaking city, a Mexican-American and Mexican city, stretching twenty miles or more east of the river and perhaps fifteen miles along it, across the political boundaries of the City of Los Angeles and places named and unnamed—the six square miles of Los Angeles County that is the only territory officially named East Los Angeles, the cities of Montebello, Pico Rivera, El Monte, and many more. But, whatever the governmental jurisdictions, it's all just "East Los Angeles" to most people; it's the place



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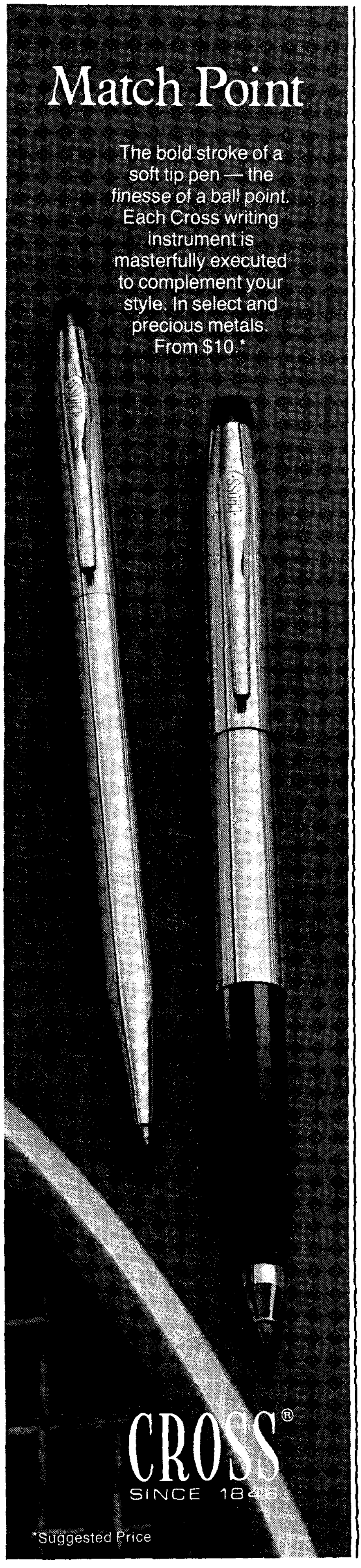
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where the Mexicans live, a place where the borders keep expanding, in the way that the boundaries of what is called "Harlem" expand to include all the Manhattan neighborhoods north of Central Park where blacks live. Right now what is called "East L.A." is an area as large as all of New York City. "Ninety per cent of the people who live and work within shouting distance of East L.A. have never been there," said Frank Del Olmo, a Los Angeles *Times* editorial writer, who in 1970 was one of the first Mexican-Americans to be hired as a reporter by that newspaper. "Take the editors of the L.A. *Times*, for instance."

For that matter, no one is sure how many people of Mexican origin there are in Los Angeles County. Many of them, of course, are illegal aliens. No one is even sure what to call them. "Hispanic" is one word favored by government—the category includes small numbers of residents from places like Puerto Rico, Colombia, and Nicaragua—and the latest official estimate of the Hispanic population is more than two million, or close to thirty per cent of the total population of Los Angeles County. "Chicano," a word of uncertain origin (it may be a corruption of "Mexicano"), is interchangeable with "Mexican-American" in the Los Angeles *Times* stylebook, but some Mexican-Americans believe it has lower-class or militant connotations, which they reject. As for "Mexicans," it implies to some that they are not really Americans. "The Constitution does not say that if you have a brown face you must carry some type of card to prove that you are an American citizen," Gloria Chavez, a housewife, who is the president of the United Neighborhoods Organization, and who was born in Texas herself, said to me when I asked her about raids that the Immigration and Naturalization Service had made into East Los Angeles. "If *you* were stopped, do you think they'd ask you for a green card to prove you were in the United States legally? No! You're an American citizen. So am I!"

However many Mexican-Americans and Mexicans there are in Los Angeles, legally or illegally, for most of them the world does begin east of the Los Angeles River. Often, that beginning is in a place called Boyle Heights. The area is named for the first Anglo-American to build himself a house east of the river—in 1858, on a mesa overlooking what was originally El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los

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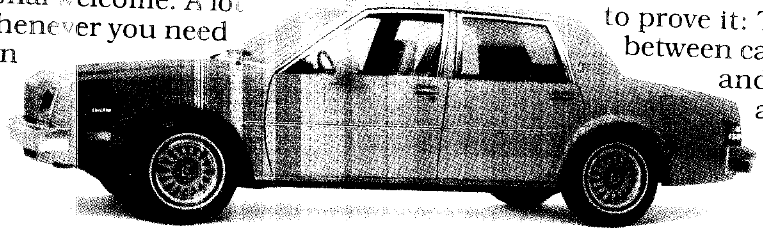

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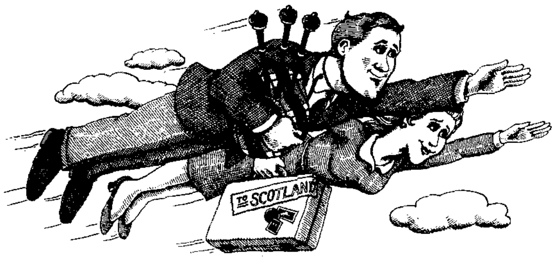

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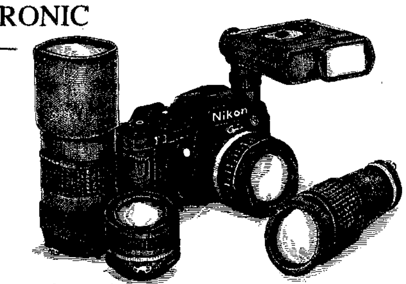

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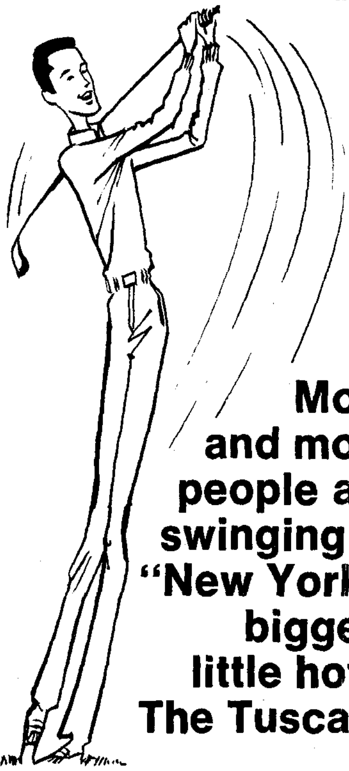
Angeles and is now downtown Los Angeles. Until then, the place, inhabited first by the San Gabrielino Indians and then by Spanish and Mexican settlers, was known as Paredón Blanco—White Bluff. By the eighteen-eighties, Boyle Heights was a rather exclusive residential area, the home of three or four hundred businessmen—the men who owned the shops and small factories across the river. In the nineteen-twenties and thirties, the Mexicans and the Mexican-Americans living in the adobe slums, called "cholo courts," around the Plaza area of downtown Los Angeles—Jacob Riis, in 1906, said that the courts were as bad as New York tenements—began to be forced eastward by downtown expansion. At the same time, poor Easterners and Midwesterners began moving westward for work and the good California life. "We packed everything we had into a Model A Ford and left Cleveland one cold November day in 1932," said Marvin Brody, who is now an international representative for the United Auto Workers on the West Coast. "We knew there was a Jewish colony in Los Angeles. It was in Boyle Heights; there was *mispoche*—family. We rented a two-bedroom flat for five dollars a month, and you could pick baskets of oranges off the ground. That's where I saw my first Chicanos. I couldn't believe it. Fruitful, breasty girls. That macho peasant culture. I had my first fights in the alleys there—the boys were clannish beyond belief, always ready to fight outsiders."

The immigrants from the East were an exotic mixture: Jews, Italians, Armenians, Molokani—a Russian Protestant group that still survives in the Heights. Japanese came, too, in large numbers, only to be forcibly removed to detention camps during the Second World War. In 1955, Boyle Heights was polyglot enough to be described as a "U.N. in Microcosm" by a national magazine, *Frontier:*

> Two miles east of City Hall, across the river, lies Boyle Heights, Los Angeles' most colorful neighborhood, and a vivid slice of America. In this multi-ethnic area, amazing progress in human relations has been made. . . . Within its approximately 6.5 square miles . . . there are Mexican, Jewish, Chinese, and Japanese restaurants; Russian and Turkish steam baths, one of which is operated by an Irish woman; Spanish and Japanese movies. . . . Eighty-five thousand people live here, about half of whom are of Mexican extraction. [It is] the initial Los Angeles point of settlement for many persons from other lands and cities, and through it have passed thou-



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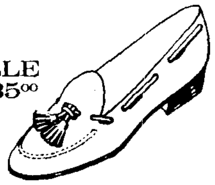

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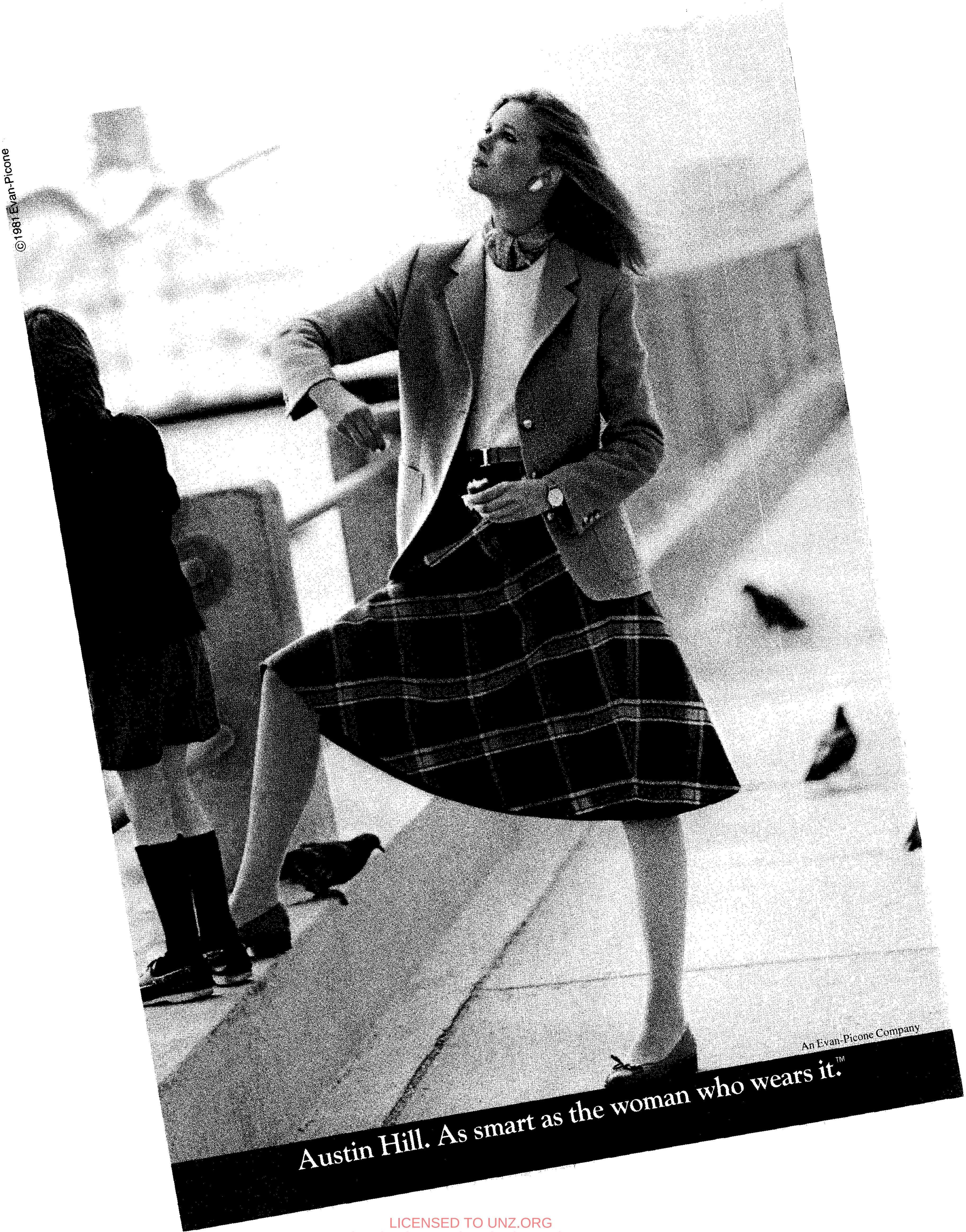
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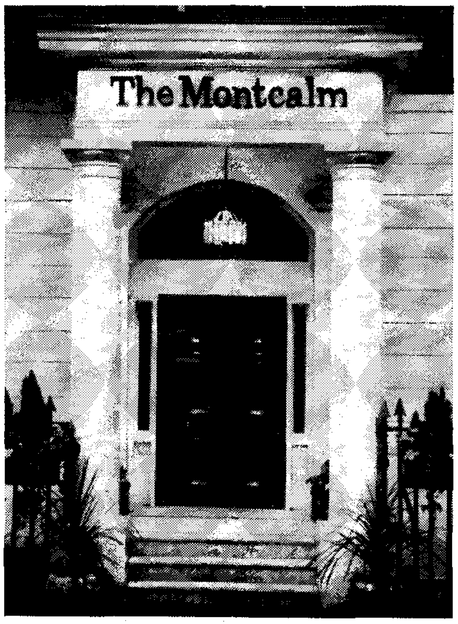
sands of families now living in more modern and expensive areas.

But even then only one group was still moving in—the Mexicans. The population had become transient, as it still is, with Mexican-Americans trying to save enough money to get out—to move farther east, to Montebello or Monterey Park, or out into the tract homes of the San Fernando Valley.

One of the main streets of Boyle Heights is Brooklyn Avenue, and, as much as any part of Los Angeles can be, the Heights is somewhat reminiscent of the Brooklyn two thousand five hundred miles to the east. The population is still about eighty-five thousand, and that many people in six and a half square miles makes the density two times the Los Angeles average. The streets are cracked and bumpy, lined with small stores, one- and two-story houses, and low apartment buildings. On the commercial streets, Spanish signs are painted over Jewish names or Hebrew characters, which sometimes show through. There are people on the streets—a rare thing in Los Angeles—and they are there all hours of the day and night, shopping, walking, talking, lounging, flirting, fighting.

The frame and stucco houses on the streets off Brooklyn Avenue are painted lighter colors than they would be in the Brooklyn to the east. They are tan, white, pink, light green—pastels. Dirty pastels, usually badly needing a new coat of paint, if only to cover the graffiti that run through Boyle Heights like dirty fingerprints. It is an old place: three-quarters of the buildings were constructed before 1939. It is a poor place: the median income of Hispanic families in Boyle Heights—$8,291 in 1978—is forty-five per cent of that of white families nationally, and the families in Boyle Heights are larger than most. Some of the houses are shacks built into the sides of dusty hills, with corrugated-tin roofs and plastic windows. There are old cars everywhere—rolling on the streets, standing in scrubby side yards. Many streets have no sidewalks. Old tires, sinks, toilets, and refrigerators stand against buildings. The windows of schools are sometimes broken, sometimes boarded up. There are gates and grates in front of the dirty windows of stores. Buckets stand ready for the rain inside the Belvedere branch of the Los Angeles County Public Library—not far, it is said, from the house where Anthony Quinn, the actor, was raised. There are dogs everywhere—barking in



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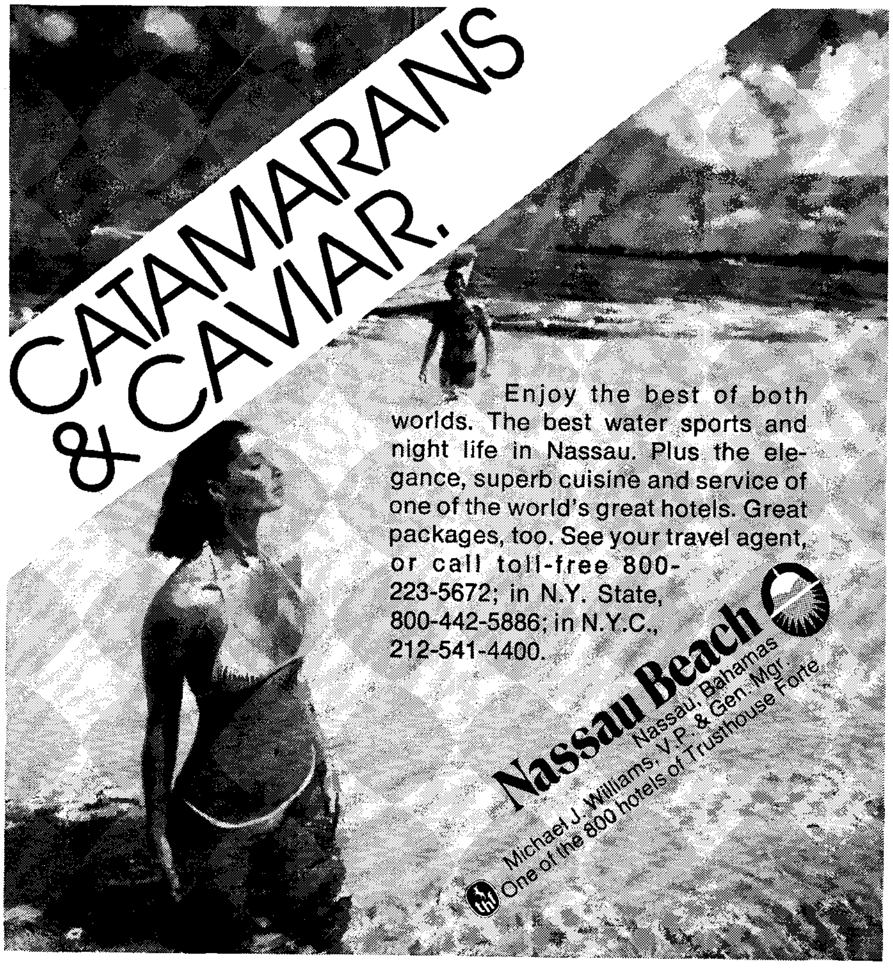
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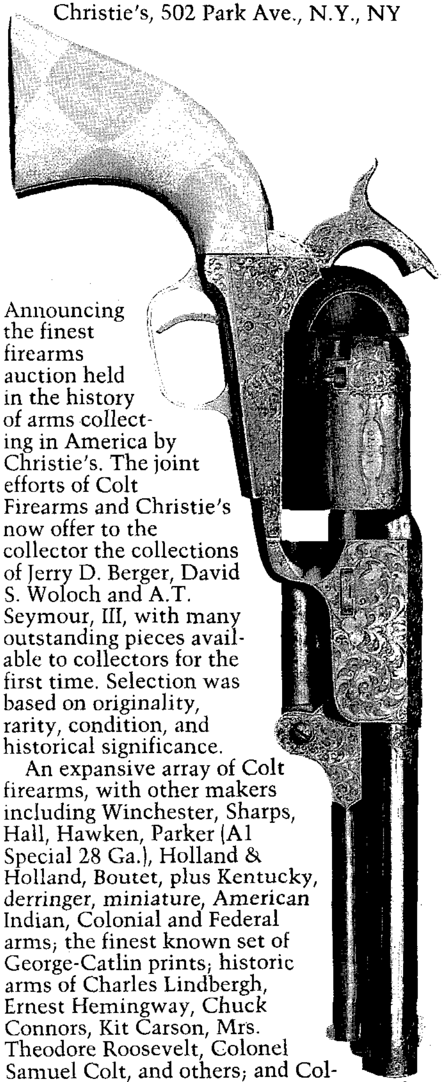

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locked houses, chained in small yards, dodging cars.

A mural on the side of a building on Indiana Street, the eastern boundary of Boyle Heights and of the City of Los Angeles, shows a slight, dark-haired girl kneeling in front of a grave and holding her face in her hands. Under the painting are the words:

> Home Boy Killing Home Boy
> From Another Barrio. For
> What? For a Barrio Name
> on A Corner Pole. Gang
> War is Not Going to do it.
> What We Need
> is Unity.

The barrio, Boyle Heights, is an American place—a very American place. McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken, Exxon and Mobil, Budweiser and Coors, Sears, Roebuck are all there among the little *mercados* and taco windows. When I spent time there, in the spring of 1980, I spoke to Andy Aguilar, an associate director of the Children's Television Workshop, who grew up in Boyle Heights in the forties. He used Douglas Watt's 1979 review, in the *News*, of the play "Zoot Suit"—which was based partly on raids by soldiers and sailors into Boyle Heights to beat up Mexican-Americans during the Second World War—as an example of misconceptions about barrio life. Watt had criticized the play when it opened in New York because the background music was Glenn Miller and Harry James. The music and dancing, Watt said, was "not . . . endemic to the Mexican-American community."

"What the hell did he think we listened to? Mariachis?" Aguilar said angrily. "We were American kids. A lot of us went overseas and died to that music. Two of my uncles served. I went to Roy Rogers movies on Saturdays with my friends. Of course, I went to Mexican movies on Sundays with my grandmother. And I saw my father—he was a janitor—humiliated again and again because he was a Mexican. In 1949, we were driving back from Mexicali, where my grandfather lived, and we tried to go into a restaurant in Westmorland, California. There was a sign at the door: 'No Dogs or Mexicans Allowed.' "

Aguilar has lived with the same contradictions and conflicts that most Mexican-Americans face. The Mexican side of the cultural conflict is continually nourished and renewed because the two countries abut below Southern California and below Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. One has

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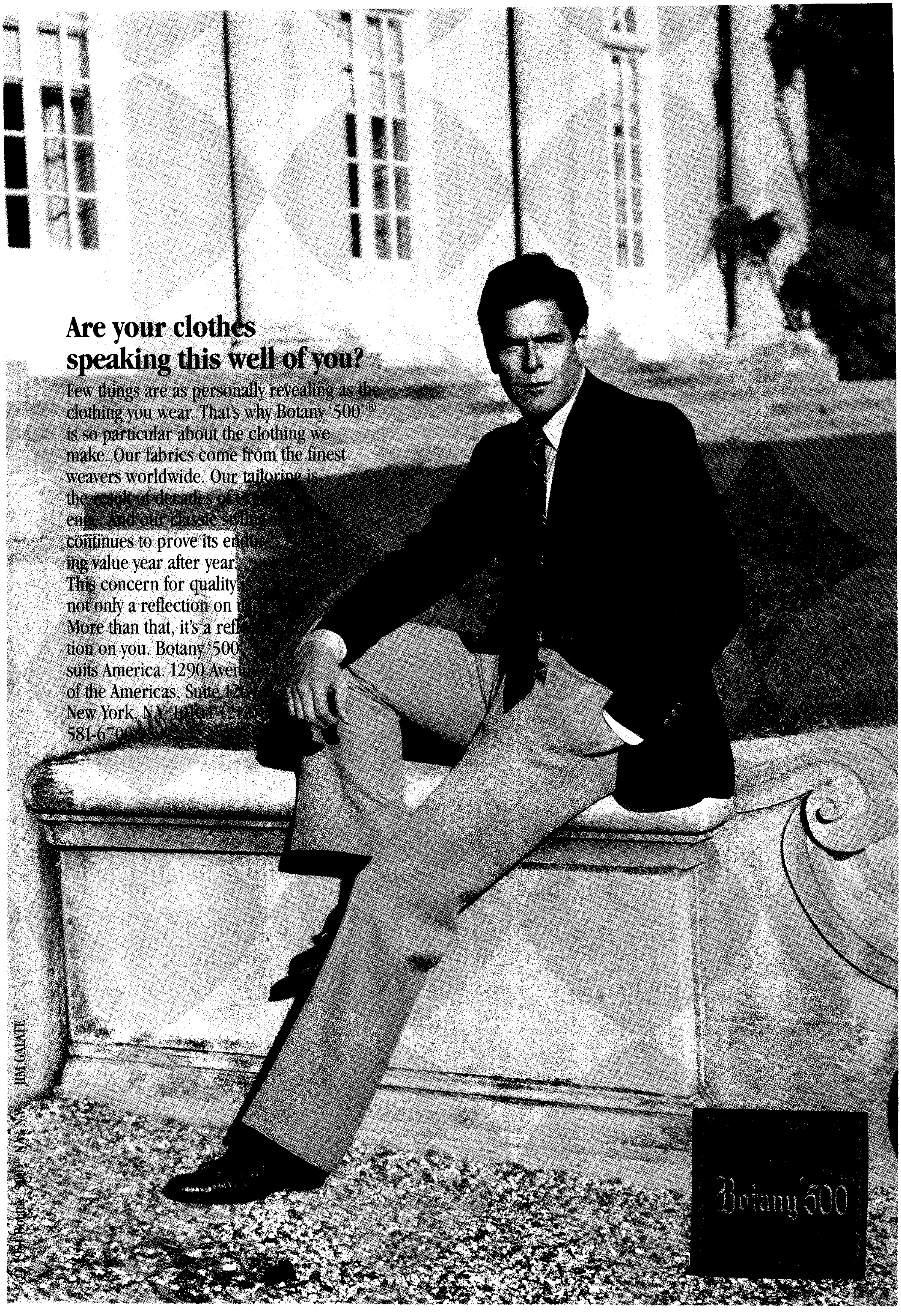

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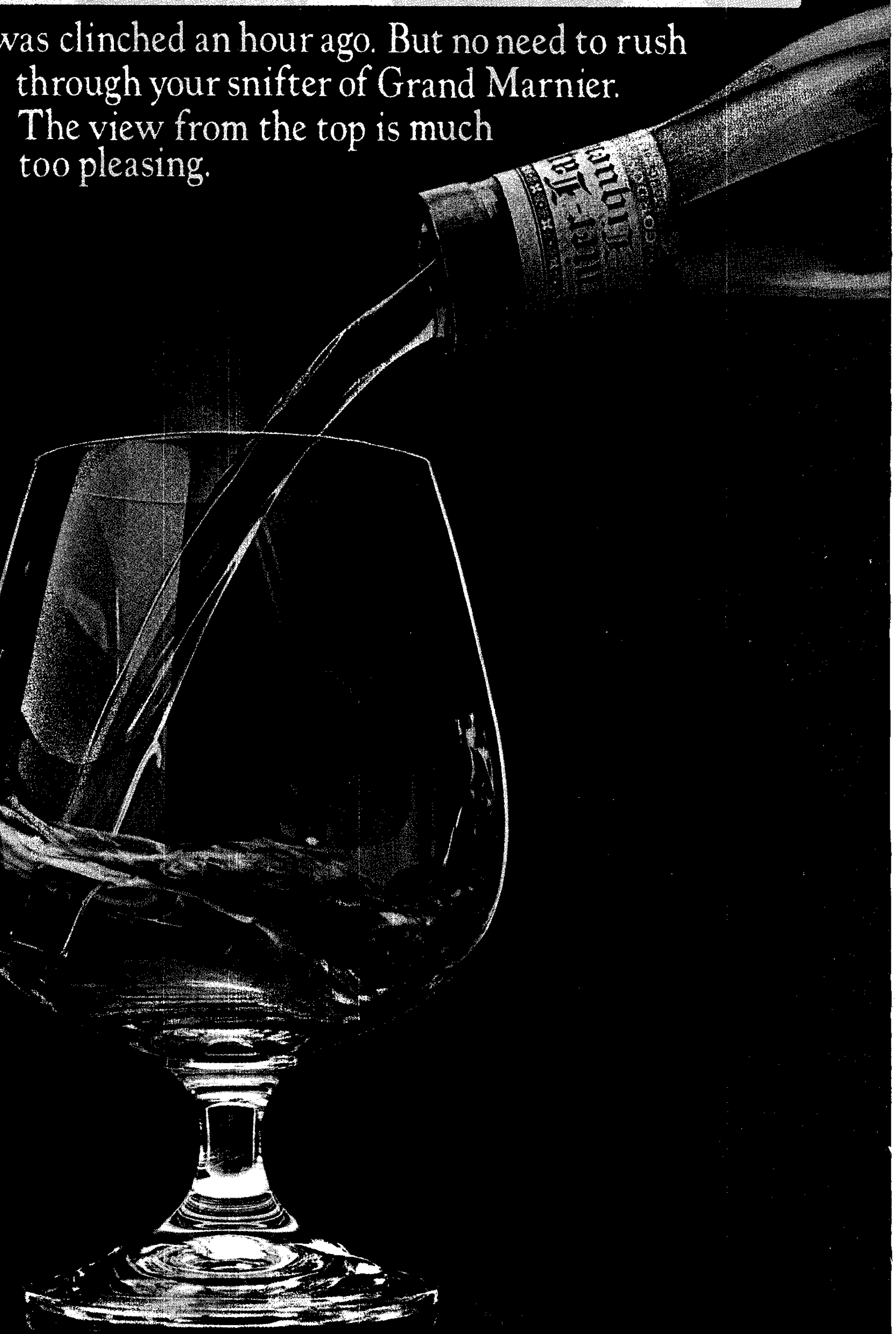

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof. Carillon Importers, Ltd., New York, New York 10111 © 1981 Carillon Importers, Ltd to imagine what Italian-Americans in New York might have been like fifty years ago if Italy were where New Jersey is. Still, the Americanization of Mexican families is not very different from that of other immigrant groups. "The first generation are Mexican peasants," Frank Del Olmo told me. "They take any menial work—physical labor, mining, farm work. They get to places like Boyle Heights and always think they'll be going back home. The second generation are blue-collar workers, and if they're lucky they make it big enough to move farther out, to Montebello or Whittier. The third generation are a mixture of blue-collar and the beginnings of a professional class. Some become entrepreneurs, but not many. There's a saying around here: 'A Chicano businessman is one Mexican selling a taco to another Mexican.' " That generational pattern was repeated to me wherever I went in East Los Angeles. But in East Los Angeles there is always a new first generation. Every day, dozens, even hundreds, of Mexicans—no one knows how many—appear in the barrio. Illegal but real, sliding under the American overlay and beginning the cycle and the contradictions and the conflicts again.

MORE than eight hundred thousand Mexicans (and eighty-five thousand men, women, and children from other Latin-American countries) were arrested last year after illegally crossing the border—nineteen hundred and forty-six miles of it—between Mexico and the United States. Many of those eight hundred thousand, of course, were the same people: people who had been arrested earlier and were arrested again and again—presumably until they made it. And anyone can eventually make it, because there are never more than three hundred American border patrolmen along that line on a map. As near as anyone can tell, between eight hundred thousand and three million Mexicans live illegally in the United States; the figures are based on the best available data—estimates from a 1980 study by the Mexican Department of Labor and from a 1978 study done for the M.I.T. Center for International Studies.

"We don't care whether people are legal or illegal," said Gloria Chavez. "I don't care, and not many people in East Los Angeles do. We're all the same—people struggling to hold on to a little home, or to get one. Who cares

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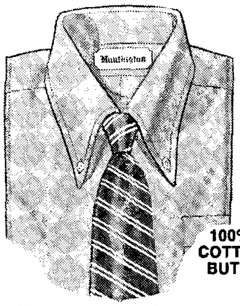

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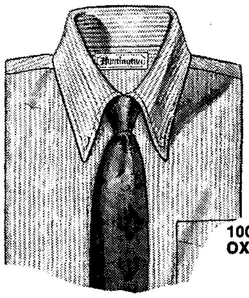

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whether one of us has papers?" Officially, the government does. Until two years ago, Immigration and Naturalization Service vans would, on occasion, roll into East Los Angeles at 5 A.M., and agents would round up a few dozen Mexicans for deportation. It was not a popular exercise among either the residents of East Los Angeles or the agents.

"You can't help but think you're arresting the wrong people," one agent told the Los Angeles *Times* during a raid late in 1979. "They're not the lawbreaker types. They're some of the best people you'll meet—hardworking, loyal to their families. Sometimes you think, 'Why don't we arrest the bums that don't work and just steal?' But these people have violated the immigration law, and we have to arrest them."

"It all gives you the feeling that you don't really belong here," said Del Olmo, who is a third-generation Mexican-American. "You're always ready to prove you're a citizen, that you're an American, that you belong. You make sure to carry the symbols with you just in case—a draft card, an American Express card."

Félix Gutiérrez, an associate professor at the University of Southern California School of Journalism and a Stanford Ph.D., whose father's family has been in Southern California since 1812, said that his mother carries her naturalization documents with her whenever she travels and that his father-in-law, before he died, carried photographs of his sons in Second World War Army uniforms whenever he had to deal with government agencies—just in case.

"We know where the undocumented workers are—they're sleeping on the couches in our living rooms," said Luis R. Torres, a young Chicano filmmaker. "Most everyone—and I mean doctors in Montebello and the guy washing dishes in a restaurant—has an uncle from Guadalajara on the couch. They're family, and they're just trying to feed their families back home."

Since 1976, the legal immigration quota for Mexico has been the same as that for all other countries—twenty thousand people a year, not including, however, spouses, parents, and children of U.S. citizens. Changes in the law that year—restrictive changes—meant that Mexican citizens who were here legally themselves, with permanent-resident status, were no longer able to bring their spouses to the

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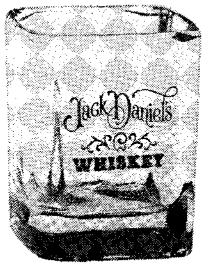

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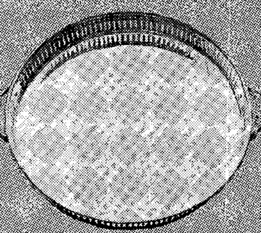

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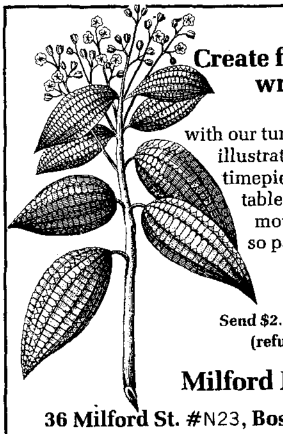

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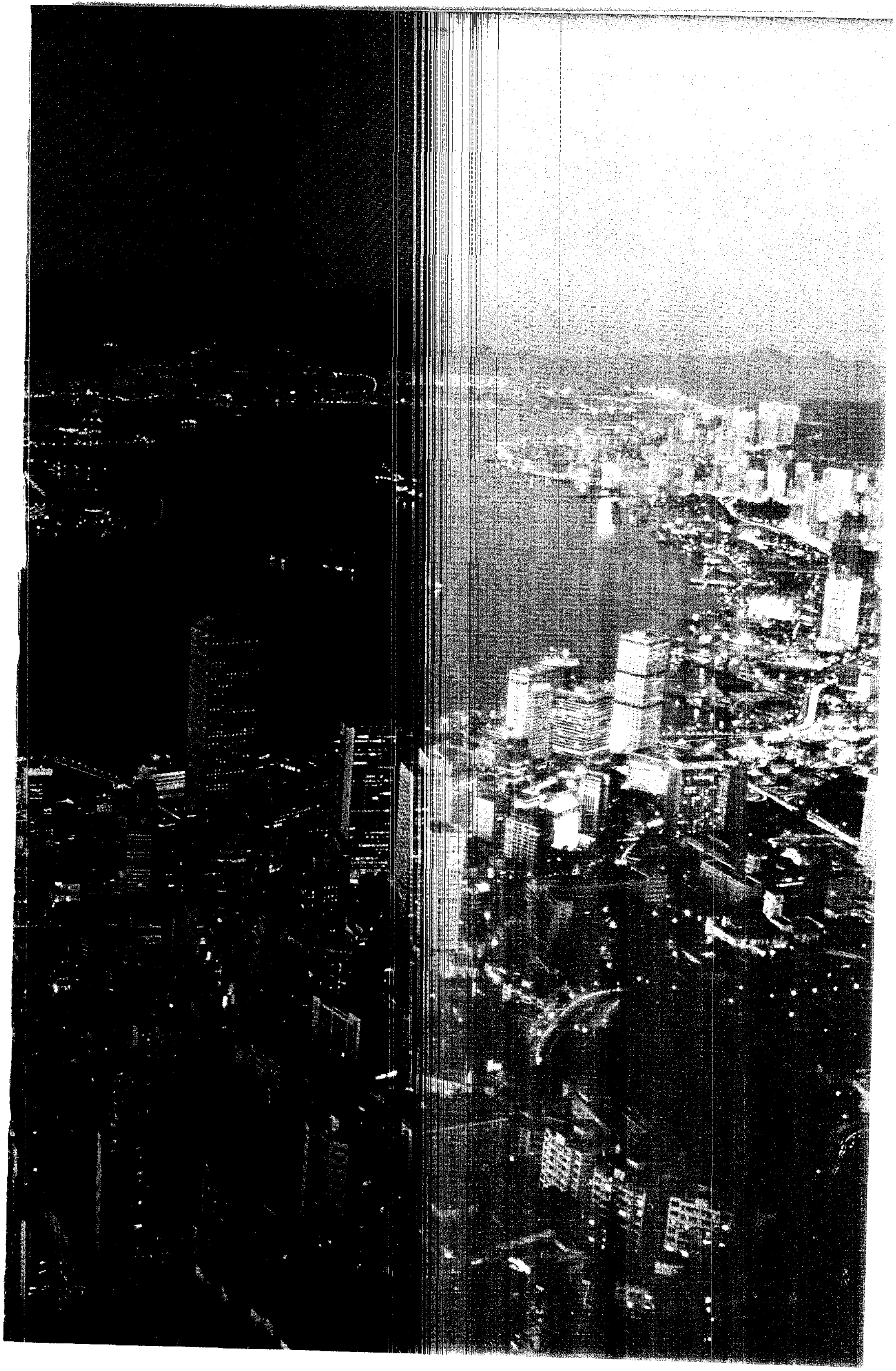

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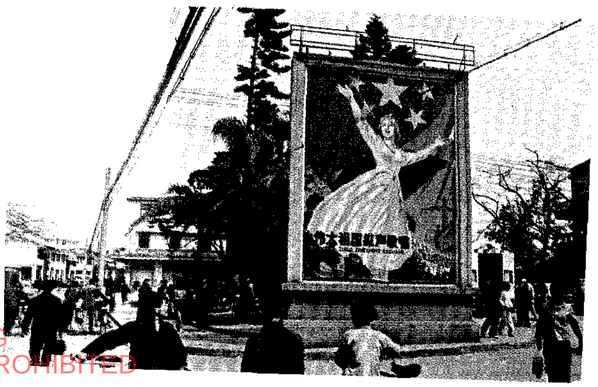

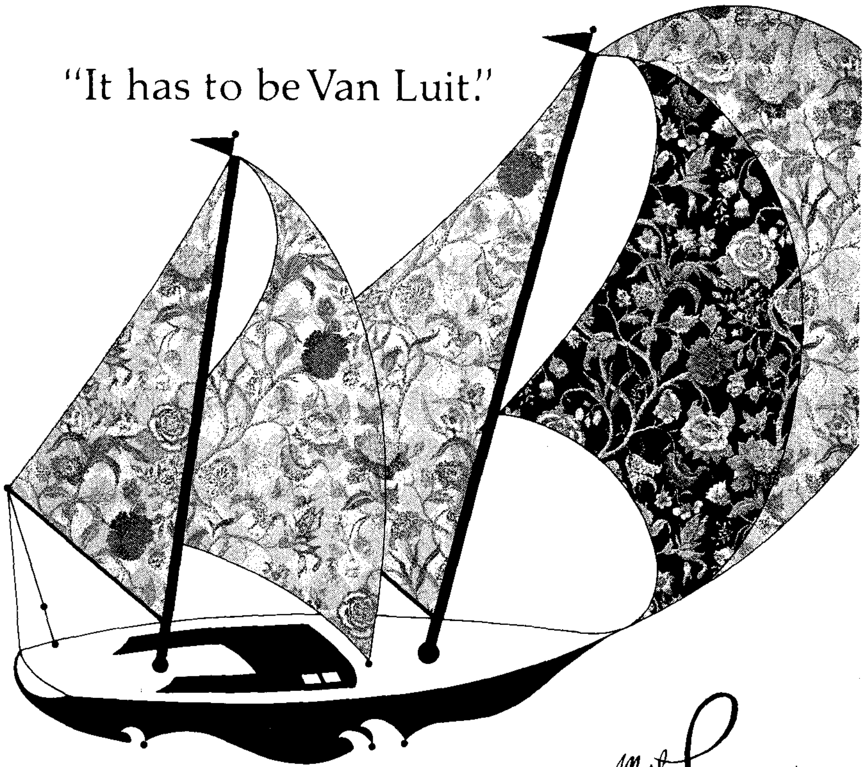
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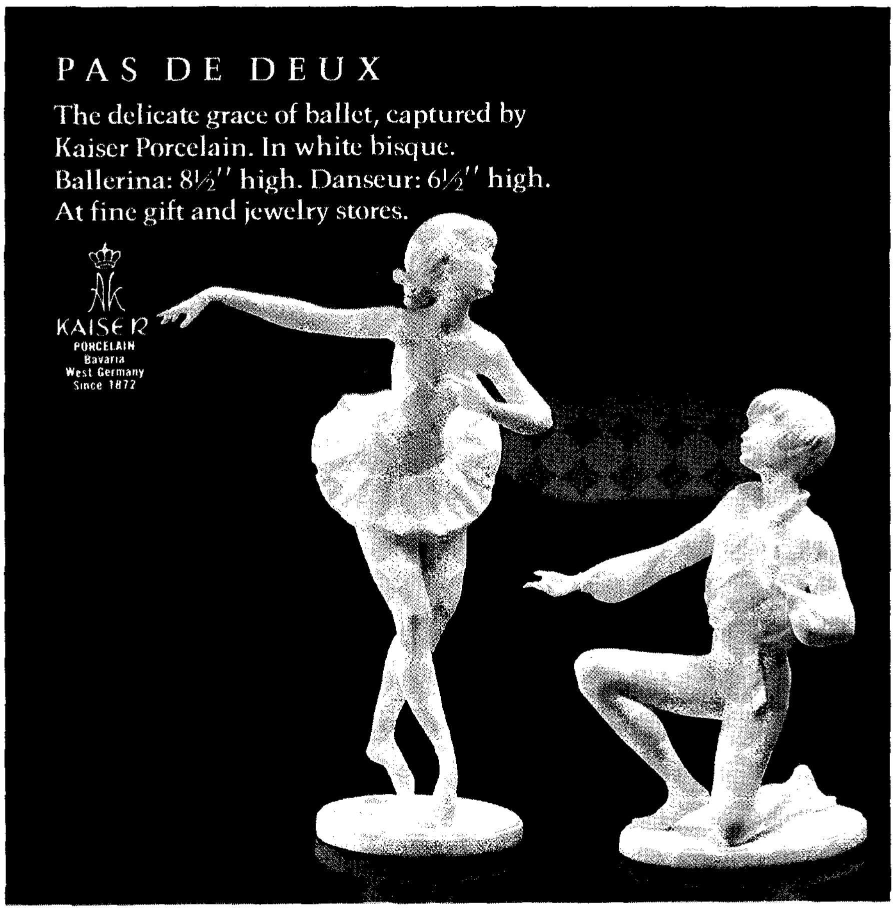
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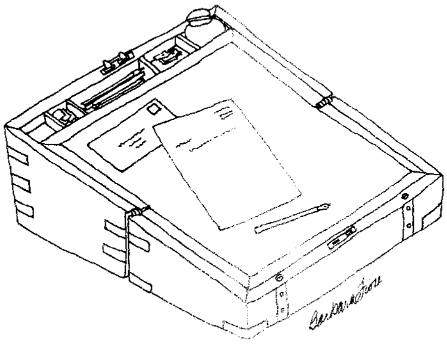
United States legally, and that men and women without papers were deported to Mexico, while their children, who were citizens, because they happened to have been born in the United States, were allowed to stay. For Mexicans already here legally—resident aliens with the precious green card, or with work permits—there can be a wait of up to seven years before visa numbers become available for their wives, husbands, or children.

The laws and restrictions are a joke, making border patrolmen perhaps the most frustrated of American public employees. Unemployment and underemployment is around fifty per cent in Mexico, and the country has a birth rate more than three times that of the United States. Its population, now about seventy million, is expected to double in the next twenty-eight years. Political stability in Mexico probably depends on the safety valve of illegal immigration, and on the estimated forty to a hundred dollars a month that each working illegal alien sends to relatives down south—and the immigrants need work to survive. So they keep coming, and more and more people think that that's just fine. The argument against this immigration has always been that illegal aliens were taking jobs from Americans or were collecting American welfare and other benefits they neither paid for nor deserved. But ever since the Southern Pacific Company began recruiting Mexicans to build railroads across the Southwestern deserts, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there has been substantial evidence that the illegals have been doing jobs that citizens were unwilling or unable to do. Now there are studies showing that they actually benefit the American economy—that they pay taxes but are afraid or unwilling to accept the benefits offered to American citizens. In Orange County, south of Los Angeles, a study commissioned by the County Board of Supervisors and published in 1978 estimated that undocumented immigrants there paid between eighty-three million and a hundred and forty-five million dollars in income, sales, and Social Security taxes and that their major cost to the county was just two million six hundred thousand dollars in medical services. Farther south, in San Diego County, along the border, a study ordered by the Board of Supervisors in May, 1980, estimated that there were between twenty-five thousand and forty-eight thousand illegal aliens living in the county and holding between thirteen thousand and twenty-five thousand jobs. In a one-year period, 1978-79, only ninety-nine illegals received welfare; their payments totalled fifty-two thousand dollars. The illegal immigrants cost the taxpayers more than that, of course. The major costs, according to Community Research Associates, the firm that did the study, were for hospital care (between two million and eight million dollars), and for education (between eleven million and twenty-one million dollars, for as many as eleven thousand children). Also, there may have been a rise of one-half of one per cent in the local unemployment rate. At the same time, the report stated, those illegal residents spent between fifty-three million and a hundred and four million dollars in the county, and paid between about ten million and nineteen million dollars in sales and employment taxes. In addition, employers paid between nine and a half million and nineteen and a half million dollars in taxes resulting from the illegals' jobs. So, in the worst case—if there were thirty-four thousand adults and eleven thousand children illegally in San Diego County—those immigrants cost taxpayers twenty-nine million dollars and caused a slight increase in unemployment among Americans, while paying the government almost thirty-nine million dollars in taxes and spending another hundred and four million dollars in the county.

Those numbers provide a clue to why there does not seem to be much of a constituency for political or legal action to halt illegal immigration—not in Southern California, at least. Where else can you get a live-in housekeeper for as little as two hundred and fifty dollars a month? For action to legalize the status of the Mexicans living illegally in the United States, there is a constituency, however—Mexican-American politicians. "The issue is: Who gets on the citizenship track?" said Art Torres, a thirty-four-year-old member of the



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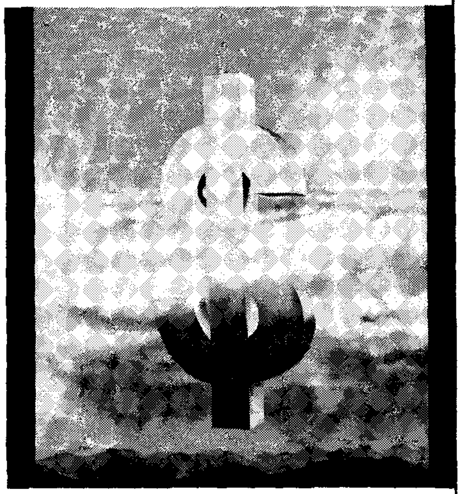

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The fact is, though, that the Mexican-Americans who already have the right to vote use the franchise about as ineffectively as any group in American history. Something like a million voters with Spanish surnames are registered in California—about half the number believed to be eligible. As for the power that the million wield, one Democratic politician in Los Angeles told me, "All you have to do to win the Chicano vote is to say a couple of nice words about Cesar Chavez and the farm workers, say you support bilingual education, go to the Mexican-independence-day parade and the Cinco de Mayo festival, and say 'undocumented workers' instead of 'illegal aliens.' "

"We began with little confidence in politicians, and they had little to do with us," said Father Villarroya, of UNO. "We blessed a park or something, and they came around to have a picture taken shaking hands with us. We tried to organize ordinary people around the church and the family. That is why we tried to go directly to businessmen who have power, like the Committee of Twenty-five. The politicians? We did not go to them. Every time there were gang killings, they gave us a new program. But it did nothing. The money was supposed to go to poor people, but it never got to them."

There weren't really very many Mexican-American politicians to go to. One member of Congress (Representative Edward Roybal) and two state assemblymen (Torres and Rich-

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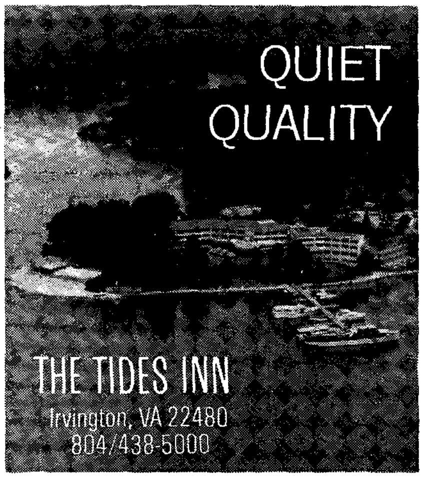

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ard Alatorre) were the only Mexican-American officials elected above the municipal level when UNO was organized. (Five more Mexican-American state legislators were elected in 1980, and this could be an omen for the future of California politics.) There is no Mexican-American on the Los Angeles City Council. There is no Mexican-American on the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. The supervisor who represents East Los Angeles on the powerful County Board is named Edmund Edelman. The Oficina del Concejal on Brooklyn Avenue in Boyle Heights lists the name Arthur Snyder. In 1979, six Mexican-Americans announced their candidacies to oppose Councilman Snyder. None of them were able to collect enough voter signatures to qualify for the ballot, and the Anglo councilman was reëlected to a fourth term without opposition.

WHATEVER the actual numbers, Los Angeles, as has often been noted, has more inhabitants of Mexican descent than any other city except Mexico City itself. In writing of his own country's national character, Octavio Paz, the Mexican poet and essayist, chose to begin in Los Angeles, because he believed that Mexican-Americans demonstrated certain extremes of Mexican behavior. In "The Labyrinth of Solitude," published shortly after the Second World War, he commented on Los Angeles's "vaguely Mexican atmosphere," and continued:

> This Mexicanism—delight in decorations, carelessness and pomp, negligence, passion and reserve—floats in the air. I say "floats" because it never mixes or unites with the other world, the North American world based on precision and efficiency. . . .
>
> Something of the same sort characterizes the Mexicans you see in the streets. They have lived in the city for many years, wearing the same clothes and speaking the same language as the other inhabitants, and they feel ashamed of their origin; yet no one would mistake them for authentic North Americans. . . . What distinguishes them, I think, is their furtive, restless air: they act like persons who are wearing disguises, who are afraid of a stranger's look because it could strip them and leave them stark naked. . . .
>
> This spiritual condition, or lack of a spirit, has given birth to a type known as the *pachuco*. The *pachucos* are youths, for the most part of Mexican origin, who form gangs in Southern cities; they can be identified by their language and behavior as well as by the clothing they affect. . . . Their attitude reveals an obstinate, almost fanatical will-to-be, but this will affirms nothing specific except their determina-

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> tion—it is an ambiguous one, as we will see—not to be like those around them. The *pachuco* does not want to become a Mexican again; at the same time he does not want to blend into the life of North America. His whole being is sheer negative impulse, a tangle of contradictions, an enigma. . . .
>
> Since the *pachuco* cannot adapt himself to a civilization which, for its part, rejects him, he finds no answer to the hostility surrounding him except this angry affirmation of his personality.

More than thirty years later, those words ring true. The first impression an outsider, a New Yorker, gets in East Los Angeles is this: people do not look at you; usually, they are looking down. The experience is quite different from being among Puerto Ricans in East Harlem or blacks in Harlem. In those places—as in many foreign countries—people do look at you, sometimes with curiosity, sometimes with hostility, knowing that you are on their territory. And the zoot suit of the *pachuco*? It is gone, of course, but there seem to be replacements—particularly the flashy modified cars called low riders. Low riders are what used to be called customized cars, but today the customizing is carried to nonfunctional extremes that do seem to affirm little more than a determination to be different. Older cars—Chevrolets from the late nineteen-thirties, the forties, the fifties, and the sixties appear to be favorites—are chopped, sanded, and glazed into colorful parodies of themselves. Then a hydraulic system is installed to lower the body to within inches of the ground; sparks often fly from metal-to-road contact even at the lowest speeds. Sometimes the hydraulic system can be used to lower and raise the front end quickly, so that a car can bow or hop like a horse—to the accompaniment of music or words from a stereo system controlled by the driver.

There is a magazine—a very successful one—called *Low Rider*. Circulation has gone from three thousand to a hundred and twenty-four thousand in five years—at two dollars a copy. *Low Rider* includes some mixed English and Spanish copy on the activities of car clubs in East Los Angeles and other places, but the real attraction is full-color two-page photographs of lowered cars. "Soft and Sweet" is the headline over five photographs of a copper-colored, gold-speckled little car with a crushed-velvet interior and a steering wheel made of welded-and-chromed chain. The text reads, "Simeon Ginyard put out $50.00 for this 1962 Corvair, Monza-Spider in 1973.

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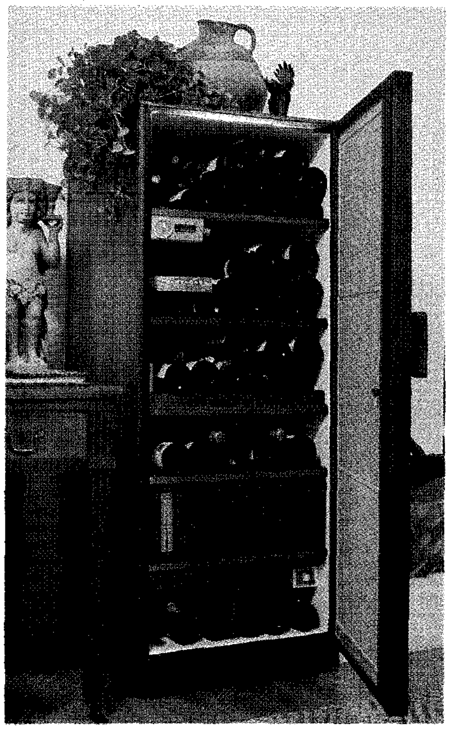

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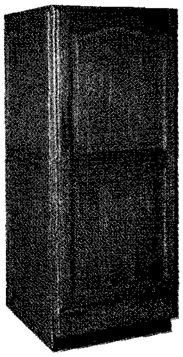

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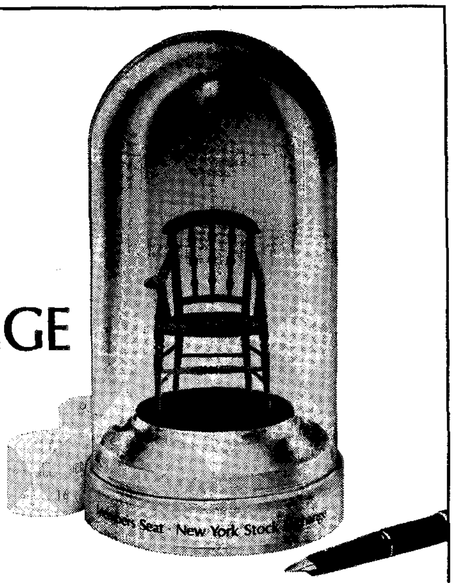
The dream died. On August 31, 1979, the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department posted orange signs at either end of the Whittier Boulevard shopping strip, where low riders gathered on weekend nights: "ROAD CLOSED . . . 9:30 P.M. TO 5:00 A.M. FRI-SAT-SUN." *Low Rider* editorialized, "*Que está pasando?* Why are the *huda* hassling the young citizens of East Los and Montebello? . . . So there it is, *gente*. . . . Cholo, Disco, Lowrider, whatever you call yourself, the *huda* don't see no difference. You're all Mexicans to him."

"The violence," Captain Kenneth Smith, of the Sheriff's Department, said in explanation. "All the shootings, the stabbings on the boulevard. We're not opposed to cruising—if that's all it was, we wouldn't be against it—but we care about the violence. We're going to make sure there's no cruising in all of East L.A." In general, the police have been successful. There is still cruising, but the great days seem to be over. Twenty-five miles away, in San Fernando, the old Chevrolets roll slowly up and down the Mall area of San Fernando Road. Young men and young women occasionally call from car to car, flirting, arranging a meeting. But there is little sound. Cars are sometimes filled with families. The drivers, often men who appear to be in their forties, stare straight ahead. Ev-



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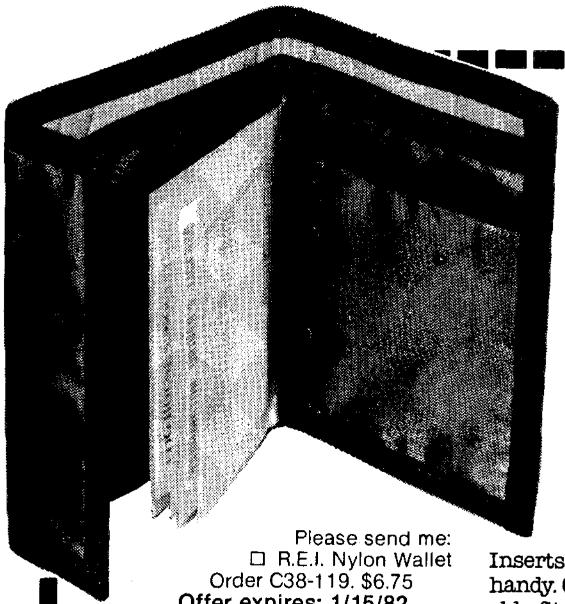

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ery ten minutes or so, a police car pulls into line, joining the cruising.

"There is a difference between car clubs and gangs," Rodríguez said. "They closed down our street and blamed the gangs. But it went both ways; the sheriffs loved to hassle people. Then they could blame the gangs. You can always blame the gangs."

Can you avoid the gangs if you live in East Los Angeles? Sergeant Ben Lovato laughed. We were sitting in his office, a storefront outpost of the Los Angeles Police Department on Brooklyn Avenue in Boyle Heights, in April of 1980. "Come here," he said. "I'll show you something." Outside, next to the front door, someone had spray-painted two letters: "PF." "Primera Flats," he said. "That's one of the gangs. There are twenty gangs operating around here in Boyle Heights. They're usually named by turf—Primera Flats, White Fence, Little East Side, Tercera Flats. They sometimes replace family here—there have been cases where fathers and sons have belonged to the same gang—and gang problems are increasing, because families are getting looser, breaking up. The worst thing is when both parents work—when there's no parental guidance."

Sixty-nine of the city's hundred and twenty-two youth gangs are in the "street gang" category, and are Hispanic, according to the police. (Seventeen are black, the police say, and three are Asian. The four "car club" gangs are Hispanic, and the twenty-nine "motorcycle" gangs include sixteen white gangs, four black, one Hispanic, and eight mixed.) The Police Department and the Sheriff's Department together classified three hundred and ninety-one homicides in Los Angeles County in 1979 as "gang-related;" the highest number of such killings ever recorded outside Los Angeles County was a hundred and fifty, in Cook County, Illinois, in 1967. "It's unprecedented in the history of the country," said Dr. Walter Miller, of the Harvard Law School's Center for Criminal Justice, who has been studying youth gangs nationwide. "Never before has there been so much carnage and slaughter by groups of youths who are not enemies in war. . . . There's no other city experiencing a spread of gang problems on this scale, and yet there's a denial going on here."

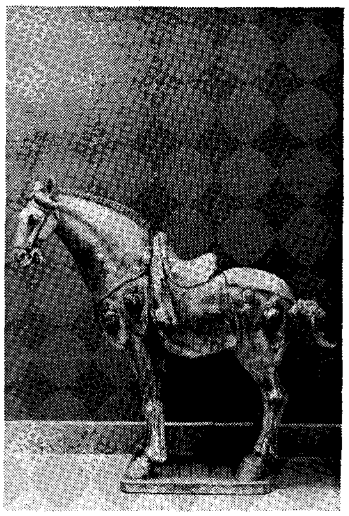
Sergeant Lovato, who was "in gangs" for nine years, didn't deny anything. "They're very intimidating," he said. "You talk to them here, sitting in this office, and their appearance and dress is intimidating to witnesses and victims. They are not afraid of you. They know they can get away with murder. I mean literally get away with murder. The police and the courts cannot protect victims and witnesses. It's almost impossible to get anyone to testify against a gang member; something will happen to people who do—or to their family or their home. So the gang members are not afraid. They take care of things themselves. I think of them as little soldiers. They are bold and they don't give a damn."

The gangs—a subculture within an American subculture—seem to be a permanent part of East Los Angeles. Only the dress changes—from the *pachuco* "drapes" that Octavio Paz saw to the pressed khakis, clean white T-shirts, and Pendleton shirts of today. Some of the gangs, like the Clantons (for Clanton Street), are half a century old. A gang's active membership—mostly boys between fourteen and eighteen—may number fifty, but the extended gang, including "*veteranos*" and both young and older women, can go into the thousands. Still, Lovato and others said that gang association probably touches less than ten per cent of the young people in East Los Angeles, and that only a tenth of that ten per cent are considered "hard-core shooters." By "shooters," they meant those with guns—"*cuetes*," as the cholos call firearms, after a Mexican word for "firecrackers." The spread of the gangs with the spread of the Hispanic population can be traced from Boyle Heights out into the rest of the city. The graffiti of the gangs now extend deep into the San Fernando Valley, into downtown Los Angeles along Temple Street, into places they were not seen fifteen years ago: Highland Park, Eagle Rock—almost every place except the expensive neighborhoods of West Los Angeles.

There is real fear in East Los Angeles—an enforced indoor life. I asked a sixteen-year-old high-school student what one did about the gang in his area. "You stay away from them," he said. How? "You stay in the house. You don't go outside."

An Anglo woman of seventy said much the same thing in a letter to radio station KFWB, which had editorialized against landlords who prohibit children in apartment buildings:

> I am an elderly woman of 70, alone, no family, no friends, the friends I had scat-



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tered from this GOD-FORSAKEN AREA of BOYLE HEIGHTS years ago. My husband became blind, injured by a Mexican teenager. . . . I am picked up by a Senior Citizen car to get to County Hospital clinics. This is the only outdoor life I have. . . . Sometimes I wish I were dead. . . . Let me tell you about what I know from around this neighborhood. I live in the BROOKLYN-SOTO AREA, and have been here for 50 years. I remember when this neighborhood had AMERICAN PEOPLE, Jewish people, Russian people, everyone was neighborly, we never had to LOCK a door, or window, everything was peaceful. Now doors and windows are LOCKED and THEY get in, these are the new people who took over, the MEXICANS. Oh, we did have a few nice Mexican people years ago, but they also MOVED ON, when their OWN people started moving around here. Now we have HOODLUMS, BANDITS, on all sides of us. . . . Calling the police doesn't do much good, especially in the evenings, when most of this goes on. We had 9 boys loitering around the bldg. and when we called the HOLLENBECK Div. they told us, they had no cars to send out!! . . . One Mexican teenager who was employed by an old time merchant told me a year ago, "LADY, you better get away from here. This all belongs to MEXICANS NOW, we own LOS ANGELES, so we don't want any AMERICANOS around here." I feel this is coming . . . and I am scared!! I was robbed 3 times in 1 week. . . . I have no living room set, no lamps, I sit on an old chair, all was taken out when I went to the hospital clinic and they must have seen me being picked up. They all sit in the windows and watch who comes and goes. . . . I see the boys sneaking in and out of apts. across from me. I see children defacing the walls. . . . Sorry, but I was upset when I heard you on the radio this A.M.

"People on the other side of the river don't understand the environment here," said Sergeant Lovato. "Most of the people here are law-abiding solid citizens. But they live with shots at night."

"And it is hard for us to help," said another officer, Sergeant Al Romero. "The last thing people here do is call the police. Mexican-Americans don't want to draw attention to themselves."

The police storefront on Brooklyn Avenue is designed to persuade law-abiding Mexican-Americans to call the police, or just to walk in on them. It's called Operación Estafadores—Operation Swindlers. Sergeant Lovato was, until recently, the officer in charge of a three-man unit operating out of the storefront; Sergeant Romero had been the officer in charge for the preceding six years. Both are Mexican-Americans and are fluent in Spanish. One morning, they told me, they had compared notes with a visiting police *comandante* from Mexico City.

"Mexican police don't understand

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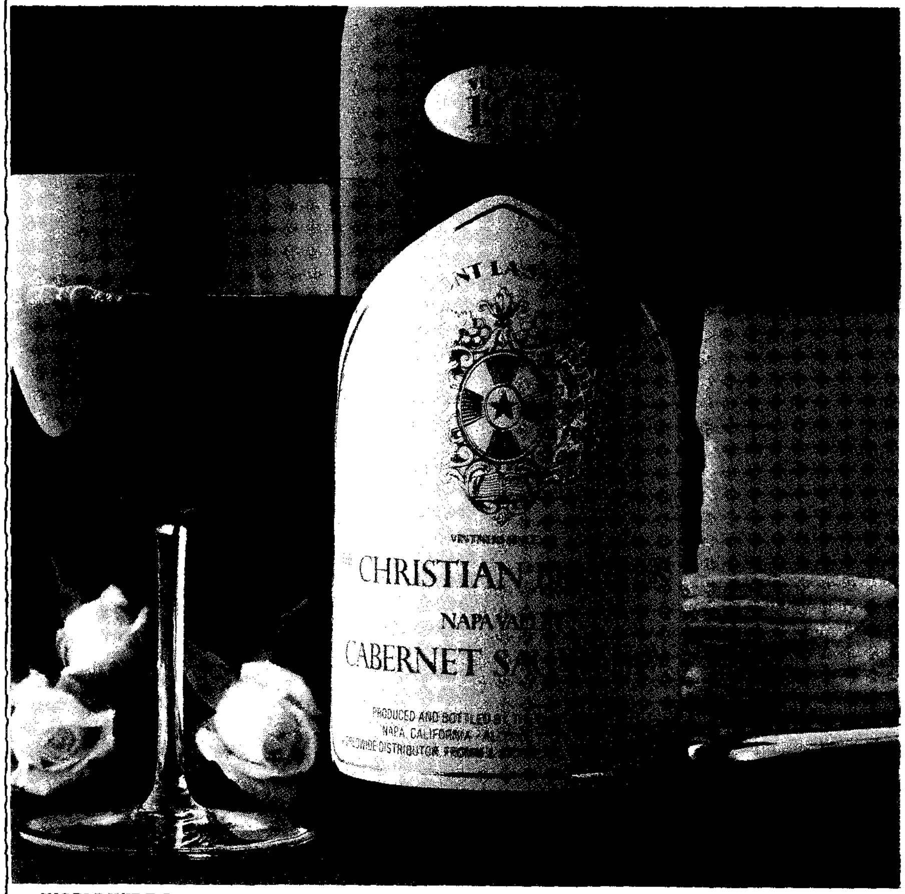

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how we operate," Romero said. "They think we should just arrest and deport any illegal aliens we find. But what we're trying to do is to get them in here to complain. Often, we're trying to keep them in the country, because they've been ripped off by some employer who wants them out of the country so they can't testify against him."

"We don't ask about documents," Lovato said. "The biggest part of our job is trying to convince people here of that."

Operación Estafadores was established, in 1972, because Hispanics, as a group, are probably the victims of more swindles, scams, and ripoffs than any other group in America—and the illegals, for obvious reasons, rarely call a cop.

"We don't care whether people are citizens or not," Romero said. "We have to live with the reality of life here. The federal government can't deport all these people, because there are too many of them—more every day. We're here to help, but we're only scratching the surface—even though this office has had ninety thousand public contacts since it was opened. We see the same scams over and over again. The usual consumer frauds—usury, broken-down merchandise, strong-arm collections. Immigration. Labor." He paused and then said, "Immigration consultants—East Los Angeles is loaded with them. People pay them—fifteen hundred dollars is about usual—for phony papers. Green cards. Marriage certificates. Fraudulent marriages are a big thing here. Thousands of people are married to people they never met, and don't know it. The consultant uses birth-certificate records, or even the phone book, to find a citizen's name and then arranges a marriage between the illegal person and the legal name. Every illegal has paid money at one time or another. They begin with the 'coyote' who brings them across. They just learn to pay and pay. They pay rather than eat.

"They try to pay us," Romero continued. "That's all they understand. They're making eighty dollars a week and they want to pay us five dollars a week. They think we're like attorneys. They try to do the same thing—pay five dollars a week—if the emergency room at the county hospital helps them. They want to pay to show they're grateful. A lot of the complaints we get are about labor. The garment factories hire these people at a dollar-five, a dollar-ten an hour.

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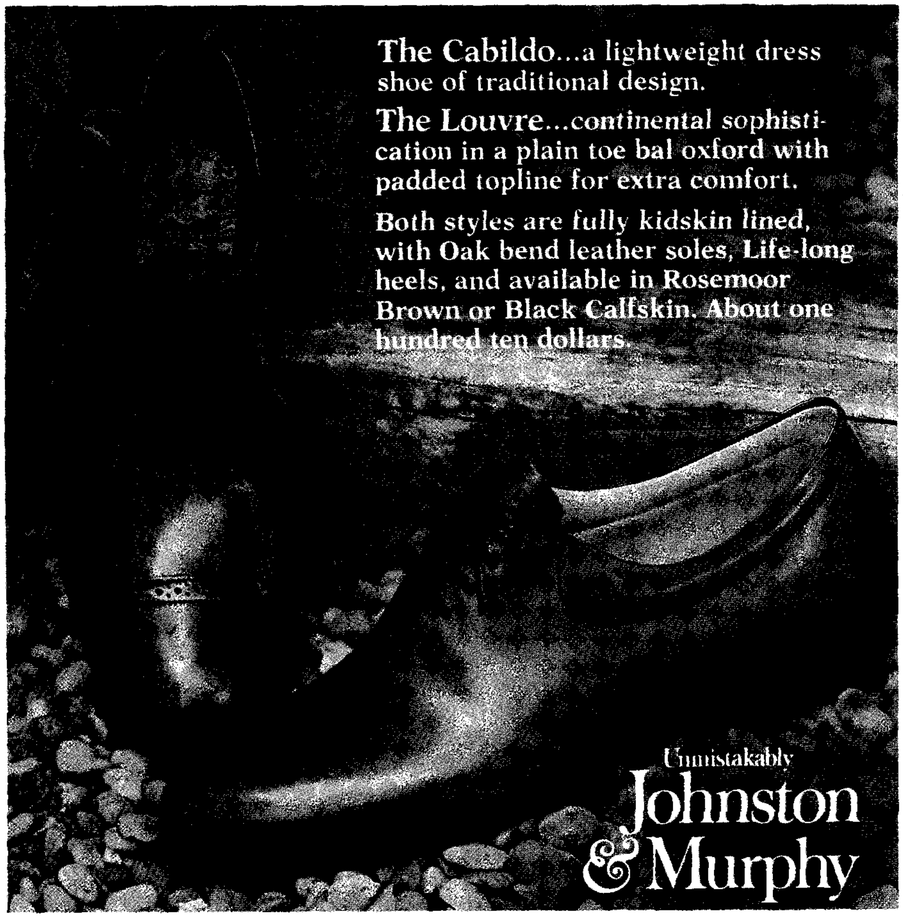

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Twelve to fifteen hours a day. Six days a week. Then the employer keeps saying that the pay—the check—isn't ready. After a couple of weeks, the boss calls the Immigration Service to get the workers out of his shop and out of the country, so he never has to pay them. Every once in a while, the relatives come to us."

"My mother worked in a garment factory," Romero said. "I was home alone most of the time. I sometimes wonder why I didn't go the other way—become a crook instead of a cop. Maybe because she worked so hard for me."

MEXICAN men begin lining up on Sawtelle Boulevard, in West Los Angeles, before seven each weekday morning. Two hundred, three hundred of them stand silently, alone or in small clusters, along the six blocks between Santa Monica Boulevard and Olympic Boulevard. Each carries his lunch in a brown bag. For an hour or so, trucks and cars cruise along Sawtelle, stopping in front of a man or a group to negotiate the price of a day's labor. "Three dollars an hour!" Sometimes more. Six men scramble into a dump truck. Two dozen rush to a battered panel truck filled with pipe; only one gets in. Joggers in satin shorts and U.C.L.A. shirts weave among the silent Mexicans. Pickup trucks from the nurseries along the boulevard stop, and one or two men climb in. It's a symbol of Los Angeles: a pickup truck with a power-mower handle and a Mexican silhouetted against the morning sky. People in Los Angeles have gardeners.

Where are you from?

"East Los Angeles."

Why do you come here?

"For work. I'll do anything."

Why did you come to the United States?

"For work. For the schools for my children."

The most reliable statistics concerning the number of Mexican-Americans and Mexicans in Los Angeles County are contained in the records of the Los Angeles Unified School District. More than five hundred and thirty-eight thousand full-time students attend six hundred and ninety-three district schools in the City of Los Angeles and twenty-seven other communities within Los Angeles County. The district extends fifty-eight and a half miles from north to south and thirty miles from east to west; geographically, it is almost double the size

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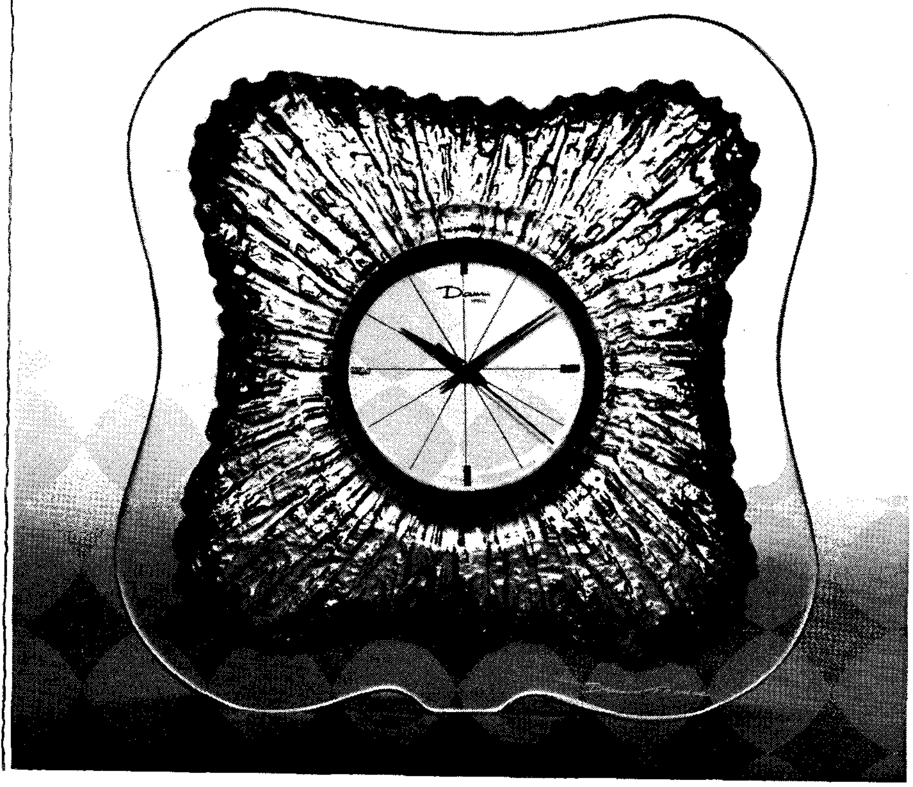

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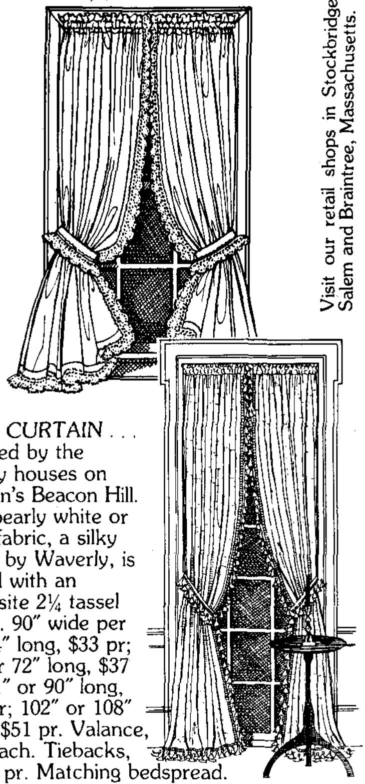

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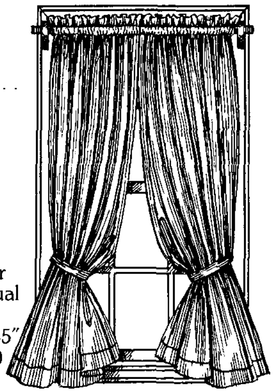

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of the combined school districts of Washington, Detroit, Denver, Boston, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Providence. In 1966, eighteen and six-tenths per cent of the district's students were classified as Hispanic. In the 1979-80 school year, the Hispanic proportion was forty-one and six-tenths per cent. Of the students entering kindergarten last year, sixty and seven-tenths per cent were Hispanic.

Administrative Area 6 of the district includes Boyle Heights and portions of three surrounding communities. The last complete survey of Area 6 students was taken in the fall of 1979. At that time, ninety-one and a half per cent of a total of fifty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-nine students enrolled were classified as Hispanic. Four and a half per cent were "Asian/Pacific Islander;" two per cent were "White, not of Hispanic *origin;" one and eight-tenths per cent* were "Black, not of Hispanic origin." All fifty-three schools in Area 6 are identified as "racially isolated minority schools," which means that they were not included in the mandatory-busing program established by California courts to desegregate the Los Angeles City schools.

"When I was growing up in Boyle Heights, it was truly a multicultural community," said Ruben Zacarias, who until early this year was the deputy administrator for Area 6. "About half my friends were other Mexican-Americans. Half were Jewish, Irish, Russian, Armenian, and, until they were taken away during the war, Japanese." He is fifty-two years old, and was born in East Los Angeles; his grandmother immigrated to California, legally, in 1919, after her husband was killed in the Mexican Revolution. "Physically, nothing has changed much in Boyle Heights," he told me. "My old street, Soto, looks about the same as it always did. But we don't try to deny the ethnic makeup anymore. Mexican murals and things like that were unheard of in the old days." When I visited him, murals and a hand-painted map of Mexico covered the walls outside his office.

"It is in the schools that children of Mexican ancestry learn of America," Beatrice Griffith wrote in "American Me," which was published in 1948 and is probably still the best book on Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles. "American life, American history, her great men, her cities and government. Here they make their dreams—and of-

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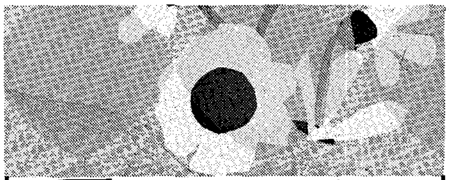

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ten lose them." Speaking Spanish at home and on the streets and trying to speak and learn English in school, the children of East Los Angeles were often held in contempt by the people charged with their education. A school principal is quoted in "American Me" as saying, "If you teach them attitudes and responses and how to be good citizens, how to wash and iron and scrub and bake, that's all you need to do. Why teach them to read and write and spell? Why worry about it . . . they'll only pick beets anyway."

Picking beets is largely a thing of the past for Mexican-Americans—they are an urban people, and only about fifteen per cent of them do agricultural work—but the old attitude toward what they can and should do persists in other forms. When Julian Nava entered Theodore Roosevelt High School in Boyle Heights, in 1942, a counsellor advised him to go into mechanical arts. That's what Mexicans do, she said. Nava and his family decided that was not what he would do. He took a full academic schedule and, after serving in the Navy, went on to East Los Angeles Junior College, got an A.B. from Pomona in 1951, and earned a Ph.D. in history from Harvard. Under President Carter, he served as Ambassador to Mexico.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL was opened in 1923, on an eleven-acre site near the business district of Boyle Heights. It was a Jewish school—about ninety per cent Jewish, depending on who is doing the remembering—with a mixture of other ethnic groups, including Mexican-Americans, Armenians, and Russians. "It was a phenomenal place," said Marvin Brody, the U.A.W. official, who was a member of the class of 1937. "Unbelievably competitive. All these second-generation Jews were competing for grades, degrees, awards, medals—trying to get into U.C.L.A. and make it out of Boyle Heights." But there was a roughness about Roosevelt even then. The school's athletic teams are named the Rough Riders, and the school motto is a quote from Teddy: "Don't Flinch. Don't Foul. Hit the Line Hard." In 1930 and 1931, there was a bit of a free-speech fight at the school—involving suspensions, demonstrations, lawyers, and some battling on the campus. Students with names like Goertzel, Handler, Goldstein, and Schatz were being punished for accusing the school

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newspaper of "anti-working-class" and anti-Soviet attitudes and for refusing to salute the flag. Young Pioneer members began demonstrating; a "vigilance committee" began breaking up demonstrations. In 1968—different times, different people—some Mexican-American students, organizing into groups like the Brown Berets, began a series of "blowouts," first walking out of school and then fighting their way out through policemen called to seal off the campus. The issues were confused but real: teacher racism, a curriculum that ignored any Mexican heritage, dilapidated buildings, no Mexican food in cafeterias. The demonstrators won, essentially. At the time of the blowouts, there were only seventy Mexican-Americans among the twenty-eight thousand five hundred students at U.C.L.A. That changed very quickly, if for no other reason than to create a supply of Hispanic teachers, which was seen as the key to preventing recurrent rioting in barrio schools. In Area 6, half of the almost six thousand employees—including custodial employees and other staff—are now Hispanic.

There have always been Hispanic surnames on the student roster at Roosevelt. In 1943, the roster showed an Alvarez and an Amaya among Abowitz, Allinikov, and Atkins. In 1956, the list went "Abe Hoffman, Winifred Hoskins, Margaret Huerta, Terri Imazu." In 1965, the senior-class vice-presidents were named Joe Kimura and Nadine Tsuma, but there were four Garcias and eight Lopezes in the class. The class of 1979 had eleven Garcias, along with eight students named Gonzalez, six named Gonzales, six named Carrillo and six Gutierrez, and five named Alvarez, five Castro, and five Chavez.

The older buildings of the Roosevelt campus, which has been expanded to nineteen and three-tenths acres, show their years. Windows are broken here and there—in that climate, they don't have to be repaired immediately—and a large trophy case in the lobby of the original administration building was sheathed in plywood when I walked through the school early in 1980. But in the lobby of the main office building, where the teachers sign in each day, there was a small trophy case with a photograph of five happy students waving their forefingers in the air—"We're No. 1"—after winning the city's 1977 chess championship.

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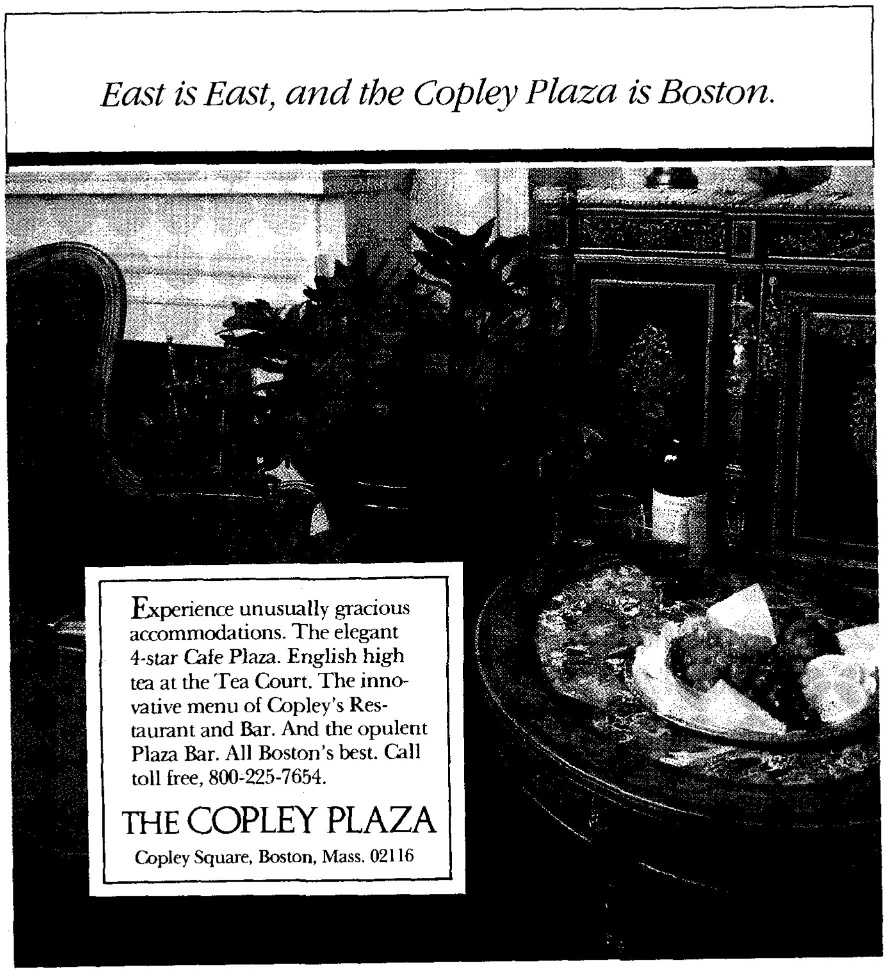
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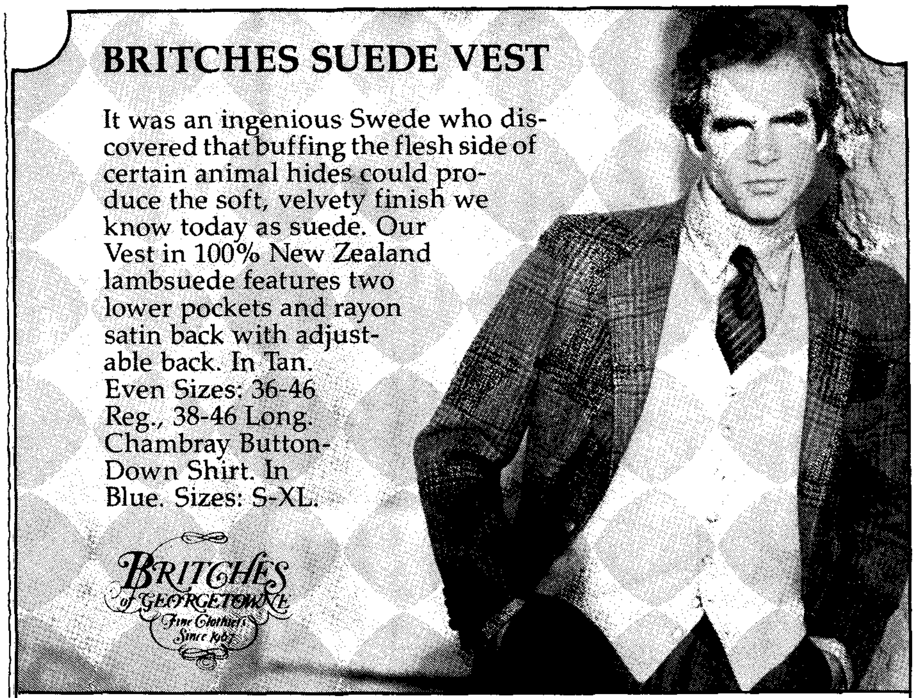
Each year, the school's enrollment fluctuates between thirty-two hundred and thirty-six hundred. The student body is well over ninety per cent Hispanic, with a few Asians, a few blacks, and a handful of descendants of the area's original Russian immigrants. The transiency and dropout rates are high. The school includes just the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades, but only five hundred and sixty-eight out of more than a thousand students who had entered as tenth graders graduated from Roosevelt in the class of 1979. That seems to indicate a dropout rate of close to fifty per cent, but district officials insist that the real figure is closer to thirty per cent; for one thing, they say, many students go back and forth between Mexico and Los Angeles during the school year. Between February and May of 1979, for example, the number of students enrolled in English as a Second Language dropped from six hundred and twenty-three to five hundred and sixty-one.

"We have four hundred and fifty kids coming straight out of Mexico every year," said John W. Reilly, the principal. "But they keep raising their sights. I've given up trying to explain to friends in Playa del Rey, where I live, why I asked for this school. They hear about the gangs and the graffiti, the poverty, the violence. That is all here. The kids belong to gangs; so did their fathers. The police had undercover agents here for three months, and they busted eleven gang kids for drugs. But the students are genuine, and they keep raising their sights. If they like something, they tell you. If they don't, they tell you that."

Both school officials and the police estimate that the number of active gang members in Roosevelt at any time is between fifty and a hundred. "We know who they are," Reilly said. "But the gangs are turf-oriented—by streets—and the schools are usually considered neutral territory." Schools like Roosevelt—where the biggest gang is White Fence—also have a relatively easy method of keeping gang members under control: if a student breaks the rules, he runs the risk of being transferred to a school populated by rival gang members. "The risk of being alone is just too great, it's too dangerous," said an assistant principal.

No one seems to have the vaguest idea how many of the students are American citizens or are in the United States legally. "Public school means that—it's public," Ruben Zacarias



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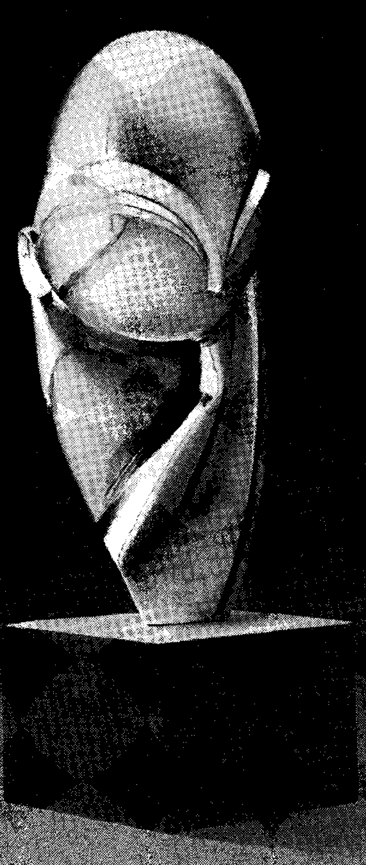

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said. "Any child can attend. That's why we're here. All we require is health documents and proof of age. We could check other things, but we opt not to. We call them undocumented taxpayers—the people here work, and they work hard. They take very little back. We're making money on them. I think it's tougher now than when I grew up here. There's dope. And there are guns. The gangs beat each other up in those days, but they didn't kill each other and they didn't bother other people. That's changed; today there are a few words and then a gun. But, remember, those things—the bad things—are all you hear about. There are wonderful things happening here, too."

THE College Corner of Roosevelt High School is a converted classroom, decorated with pennants from universities and colleges around the country, and dominated by a smiling bear of a man named Antonio Solorzano, Jr. Everything about Tony Solorzano is big—his smile, his dark cloud of curly hair, the T-shirt that stretches across his chest and stomach. He has more than two hundred T-shirts, each from a different college. He is thirty-three and has two master's degrees, one in education from California State University, in Los Angeles, the other in counselling from California Lutheran College, but his style with students seems to owe more to what he learned listening to and watching his football coaches.

"O.K., O.K.," he booms during a talk explaining college-admission procedures, pacing energetically in front of twenty-two eleventh graders slumped on couches and chairs that were donated to The Corner by local merchants. "Now, S.A.T.: Scholastic Aptitude Test. You may not even know what it is. Right? But by the time you take it you're all going to be ready. Some of you say you're not going to take it. 'I'm going to fail, I don't want to fail.' Well, you don't pass or fail this test." He draws a bell curve on the blackboard, explaining that the marks on college-entrance examinations range from two hundred to eight hundred, that most students score in the middle four hundreds, and that they are going to do that, too. "Right? The achievement tests. Most of you speak Spanish, right? If you take the Spanish Achievement Test and score higher than four hundred and fifty, you might get credit for two years of high-school Spanish, whether you took it or

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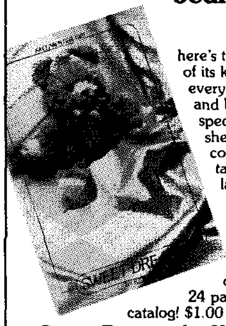

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In June of 1979, three hundred and fifty-two of the five hundred and sixty-eight students who graduated from Roosevelt—sixty-two per cent—went on to higher education, to four-year or two-year colleges and universities. "In 1966, about ten per cent of the students here went on," Solorzano told me. "That's when Carmen started The College Corner."

Carmen is Mrs. Carmen Terrazas, who was an assistant principal of Roosevelt until June. She is forty-eight years old and grew up in the neighborhood north of Boyle Heights known as Dogtown, where the city's dog pound was situated in those days (and still is). Her father worked in a foundry on the street where they lived; the Macias family were the first Mexican-Americans to move onto the street in Lincoln Heights in the forties. "My father was sitting on the porch the first night reading his paper," she said. "Two Anglos came by with a petition to keep Mexicans out of the neighborhood. My father put down his paper and said, 'It's too late, my friends. We're already here.' " With a Catholic education—the trademark of much of the Mexican-American middle class—Mrs. Terrazas came to Roosevelt as an art and English teacher in 1956. Ten years later, she was asked to work part time as a college adviser, and she soon demanded that the position be made full time. Next, she began building The College Corner. The principal went to local businessmen for the furniture, and asked the woodshop teachers to build racks along three walls for college catalogues. "I had to break through the idea that it was impossible for a student here to go on to college," Mrs. Terrazas said. "We brainwash them. We tell them over and over again, 'It's there. It's available. You can get it.' We physically help them fill out the forms—there's often a language problem. But I found out that the funding was there—state

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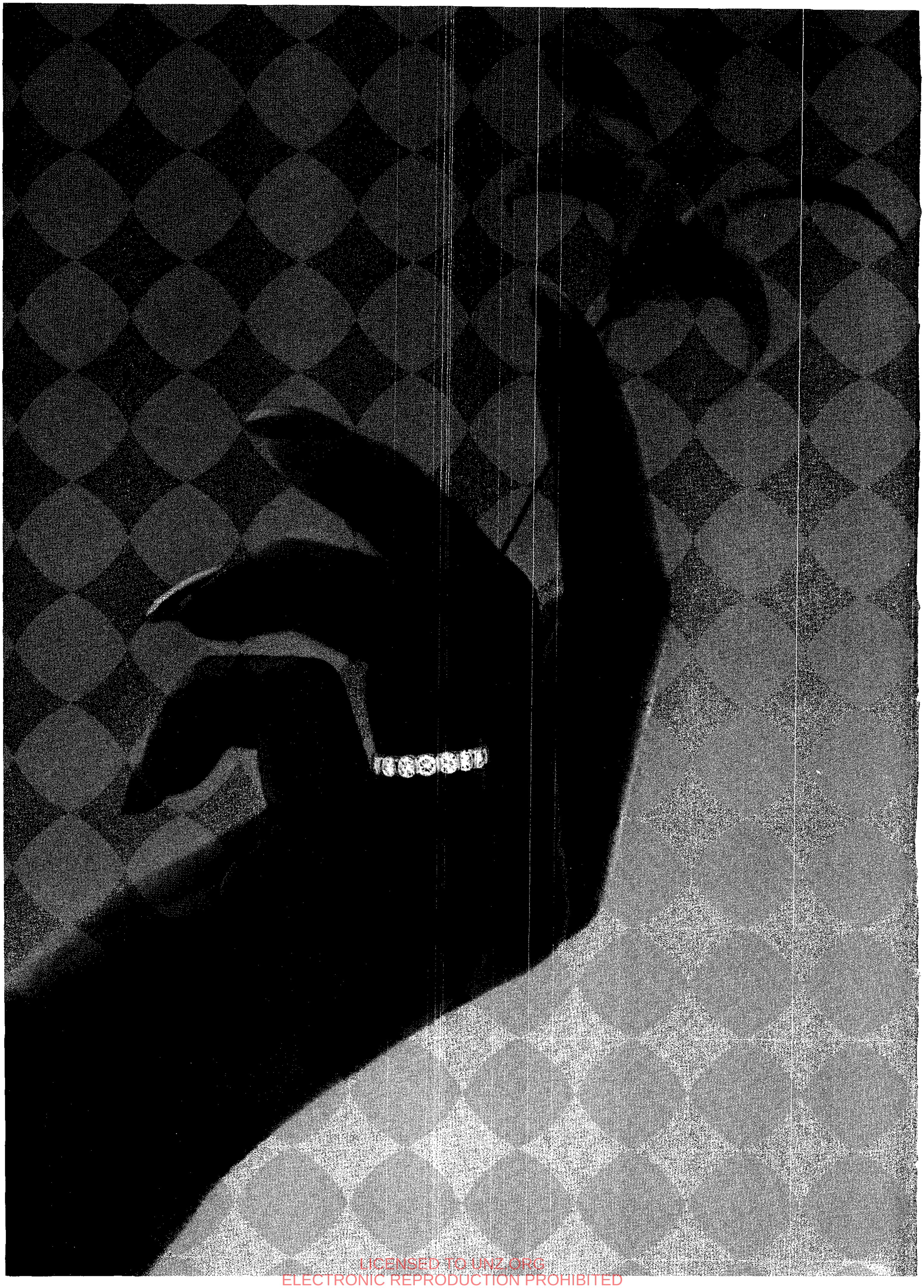

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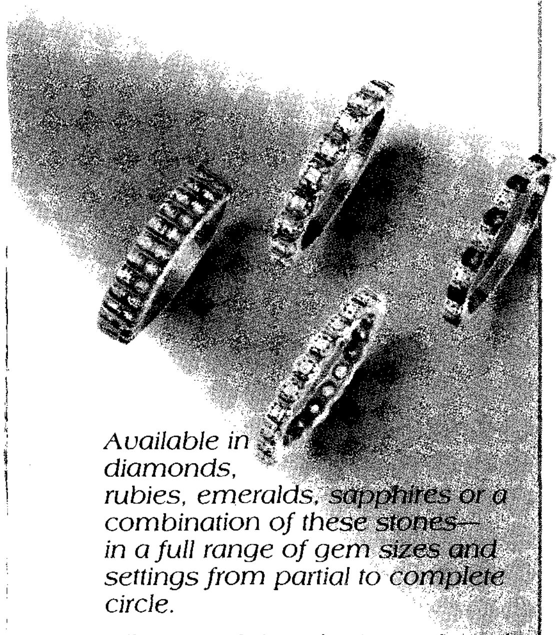

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funding, federal funding. Colleges had to get minority students to get federal funding. They needed what I had—minority students, in bunches. In the beginning, there were Mexicans, blacks, Chinese, and Japanese in this school. Not a week went by when college recruiters weren't here. One year, we got seven students accepted into Stanford and, another year, six accepted into Yale. That was something, because here 'going away' means leaving East Los Angeles. Going to U.C.L.A. is 'going away.' "

"You have to keep reinforcing them," Solorzano said. "They visit some place like Yale, where no one has ever heard of Chicanos—they think we're some kind of Italian—and kids are talking about going to Bermuda for the weekend. I tell my kids, 'Believe me, you have a lot of life experiences they don't have. They've never been to the barrio for a weekend—that's a life experience.' We're fighting all the time. The students want to get a job and help their families—'I can't waste four years,' they say. 'We need money now.' And they do. We've got one kid who's supporting his whole family—five people—with a CETA, Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, job. He works as a janitor's assistant at an elementary school. Three hundred and ten dollars a month. That's how people live here, and they're too proud to ask for help. Hundreds of students refuse to apply for the federal lunch programs. They don't want to fill out government papers, or they won't say they're poor. And there's more of a problem with girls. Their parents don't want them away from home. The fathers don't want college boys around, either. 'Hey, get someone who can change a light bulb, who can fix the plumbing.' "

Solorzano finishes his talk to the eleventh graders with a detailed recital of state and federal grant programs available to students. Three of his teaching assistants—recent Roosevelt graduates attending local universities—then explain how they handle their finances. All three are on scholarships; all three work. But they have come back to work at Roosevelt, and, like many alumni, they have brothers and sisters at the school.

SOCORRO ESPINO, a 1979 graduate, came back during her first Christmas vacation from Brown University, because she wanted to show Solorzano something. Her mother had not want-

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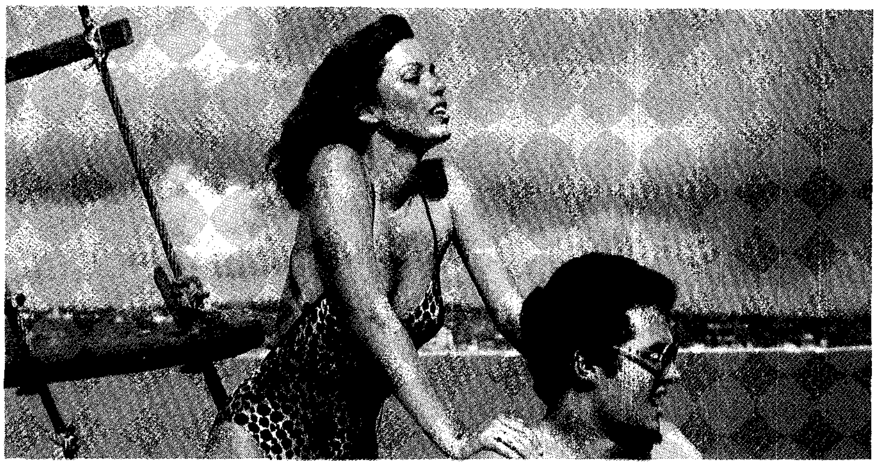

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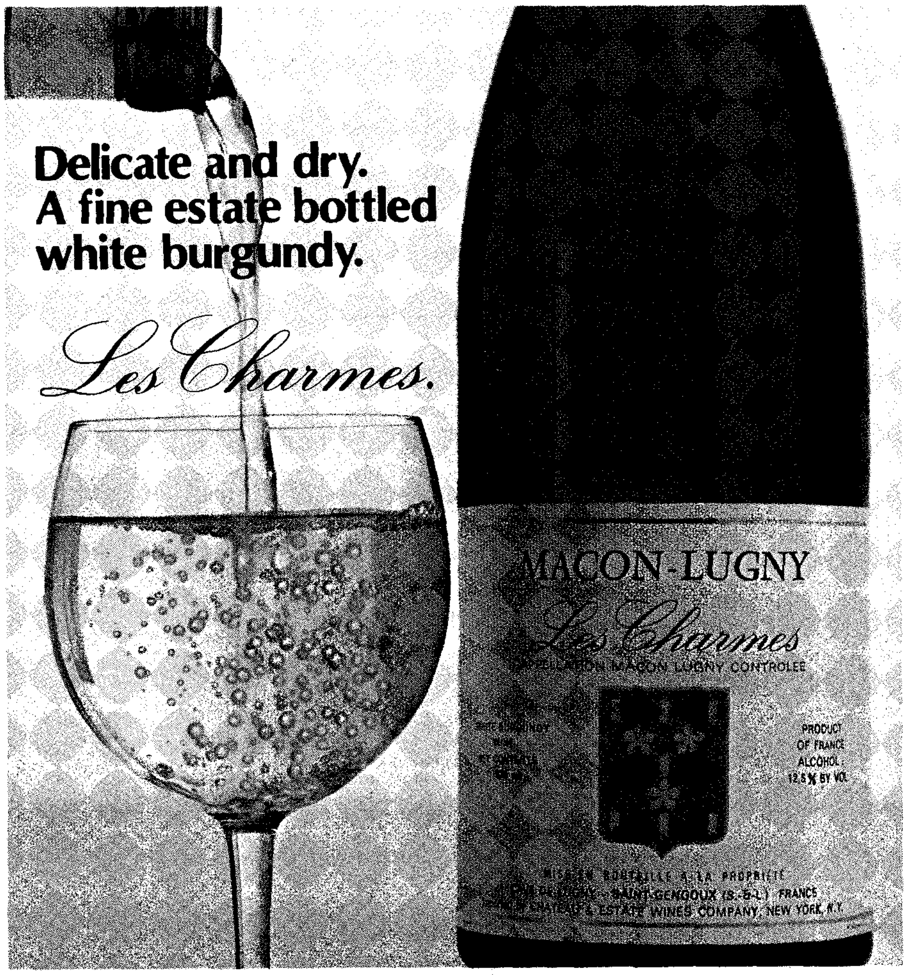

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ed her to accept a scholarship from Brown, and she had been more than a little frightened herself. That was nothing new for her, because the Espinos had been illegal immigrants; they had overstayed a tourist visa in 1970.

"Those were terrible times," she said. "My mother was always frightened. . . . Every time I saw a police car, I would run." In 1974, the family had gone back to Monterrey, Mexico, to try to become documented aliens. They carried all their belongings, in case they were not allowed back into the United States. "It was a starving day," she recalled. "Only my parents could go in the office [of the American consul]. I stayed outside with my brother and sister. They were crying and hungry. My mother finally came out, and she was bathed with tears. She said, 'We made it.' We all cried. It cost a lot of money to do all that, though. We ate watery soup for a whole month when we got back."

Before she left for Brown, she said, "If I *don't like it, or I feel uneasy,* I'll come home. But I have the opportunity, and I have to go. I have to try it. I know it will be hard, but it's going to make me more valuable as a person. You know what I'll be able to say? 'Hey, look at me now. I'm legal and I'm in college.' "

She found that she liked college. She had come back to show Solorzano the list of the members of the class of 1983 at Brown. She pointed to her name: Socorro Espino. She pointed to another name: John F. Kennedy, Jr.

Enrique Valenzuela was a Roosevelt student who found out where U.C.L.A. was from his football coach. He found out from Carmen Terrazas that his name wasn't Henry. "I was in the eleventh grade—that would be 1969—and I began to hear that people were taking some kind of test," he said. "It was the S.A.T., and Carmen Terrazas was just beginning to push people to take it. I didn't know what it was, and someone said, 'Go see Mrs. Terrazas.' I told her I was Henry Valenzuela, and she looked up my records—I was about a C student, sometimes B—and she said, 'Your name is Enrique.' I never knew that. When my parents came from Mexico, I was two years old. My second-grade teacher said Henry was easier—that's what they did, change your name to the nearest English name—and my parents told me that I should do whatever the school told me to do. That the school was right. My parents are very strict, and they put constant pressure on all of us kids to do our best. But they couldn't speak English, so they did not always know what was going on. They would really get upset if my marks dropped. There would be a family council, and Mom and Dad would say, 'We are going into the school, and you tell us what the teachers are saying.' I would sit there translating for both sides. I was in the ninth grade before I heard the word 'college,' and I asked a counsellor what it meant. He told me, and I said, 'Is that what you do after high school?' I didn't know. Mom and Dad weren't sure about this system. Mrs. Terrazas and the people at Roosevelt helped me straighten things out. She mentioned U.C.L.A. to me as a possibility, and I eventually graduated from there. Not bad for a kid who learned English by watching cartoons on television."

Now, at twenty-seven, Valenzuela is a legislative aide to Senator Alan Cranston, handling immigration, the census, labor, and judiciary matters. He lives in Washington. "It's a little different there," he said. "They don't know what a Hispanic is. They think I'm Armenian."

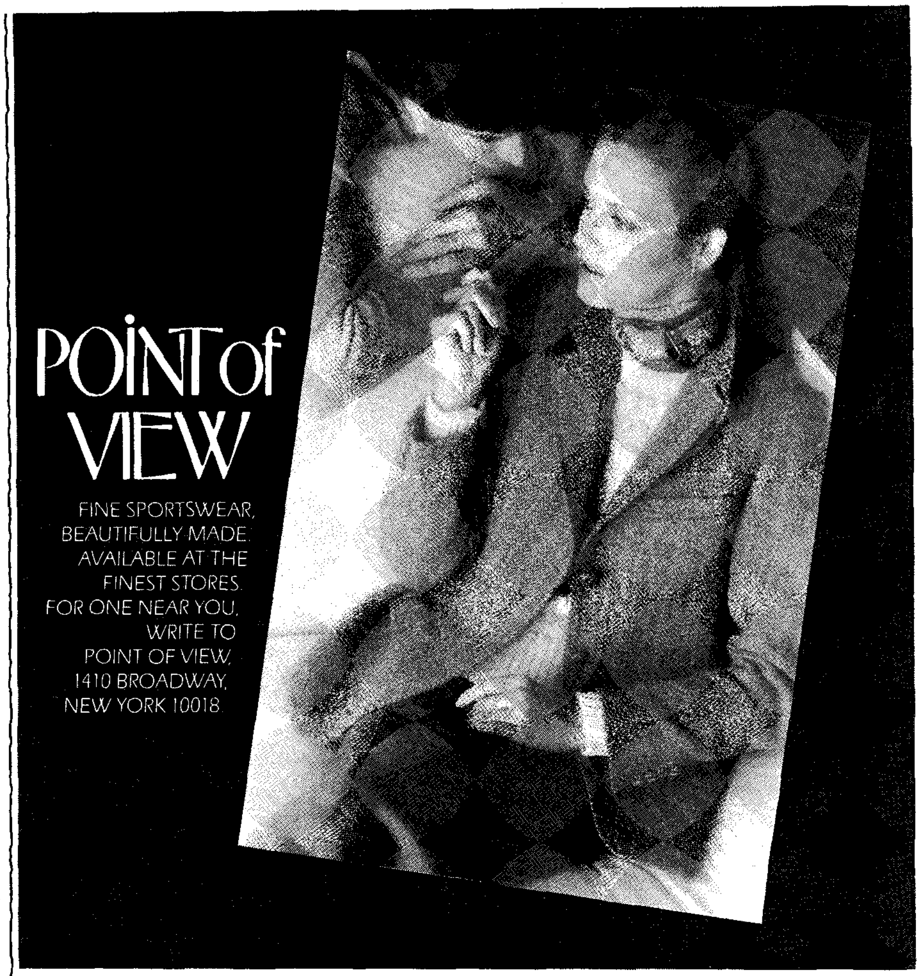
Valenzuela has eight brothers and sisters, all but one of whom still lived at home with their parents when I visited them, in the spring of 1980. Home is an apartment in a public-housing project called Ramona Gardens. It is one of the toughest places in East Los Angeles—and that means that it is one of the toughest places anywhere. "It's a messed-up place to live," said Elsa Valenzuela, who was then a seventeen-year-old senior at Roosevelt. "I'm embarrassed to say we live there."

"I don't want to be sensational and make the place sound like the Wild West," said Estevan Valenzuela, who was twenty-three. "But there is a shooting here almost every week, and often two or three times a week. We could hear the gunshots while we studied." Estevan graduated from Harvard in 1979 and works as an economist for a management consulting firm that specializes in land-use economics.

I asked him why he still lived at home.

"I think I should for a while," he said. "I want to tell my brothers things. Tell them to take trigonometry. Tell them what's important. Alma can't do that."

Alma Valenzuela was twenty-five



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years old, a U.C.L.A. graduate who was teaching second grade in an East Los Angeles school. Like Enrique, she was born in Mexico. Then came Estevan, who was born after his parents had settled in Los Angeles. María, twenty-two, was a senior at U.C.L.A. and worked in the circulation department of the Los Angeles *Times*. Javier, twenty, was a junior at Boston College and worked in a Boston shoe store. César, nineteen, was a student at East Los Angeles College and worked at Sears, Roebuck. Elsa was about to enroll at the College of Notre Dame, in Belmont, California. Gabriel, sixteen, was a tenth grader at Roosevelt; he said he planned to be an architect and hoped to go to college in the East. George, fourteen, was the student-body president at Belvedere Junior High School.

Enrique and Santa Valenzuela, their parents, were both forty-nine years old, and came from Hermosillo, in the Mexican state of Sonora. They crossed the border from Sonora to Arizona on October 18, 1955. They were legal—he was born in Arizona and was taken to Hermosillo as an infant. Like many Mexican immigrants, before and since, they had relatives in the United States—Enrique's brother-in-law worked at a Los Angeles glass company—and eight days after they arrived Enrique had a job. He still has that job—operating a bevelling machine at the Tyre Brothers Glass Company. For a decade, the Valenzuelas moved from house to house in and around Boyle Heights—usually because landlords pushed them out as more children kept coming. They were accepted for public housing in 1965.

Ramona Gardens is a sprawling complex of two-story cement-block buildings hemmed in by factories and the freeways that began slicing up East Los Angeles in the nineteen-forties. Except for the colors, which are pastel pink and green, and an occasional mural, the project looks like an army base. The place is alive at all hours. Music—Latin and rock—seems to come from every direction, and clusters of young men are gathered around young women or old cars. Bottles, cars, and paper litter quadrangles of patchy grass. The Valenzuelas' apartment is on the project's perimeter, across Indiana Street from the loading docks of a Darigold plant.

The Valenzuelas, mother and father, are both short and solid, like

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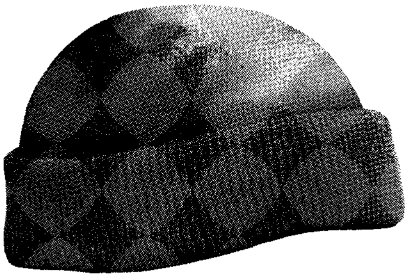

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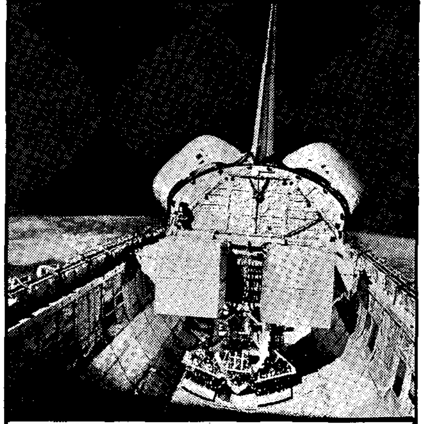

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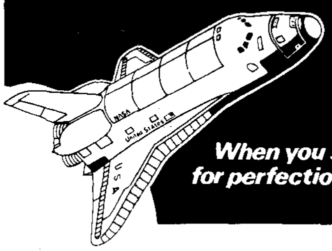

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Mexican Indians, which is what they are; his father was a full-blooded Yaqui. The living room of the apartment is eight feet by twelve, with a tile floor and institutional-green walls, and it is furnished with two facing couches, a chair, a color television set, and a coffee table decorated with decals from Roosevelt High School, Harvard, U.C.L.A., Boston College, California State University, and East Los Angeles College. Three of the walls—there is a crucifix on the fourth—are almost completely covered by shelves of trophies, awards, plaques, certificates, gavels won by the children: more than eighty pieces. There are dozens of graduation pictures and a photograph of young Enrique talking with President Carter.

"I came here for work," Mr. Valenzuela said. He spoke in Spanish, and Estevan translated. "In the United States, I knew you could buy shoes and pants and a shirt, and eat, all with the pay for one day's work. There was no discrimination in work, because here all the hard labor is done by Mexicans. But I had difficulty with the language. Every day, I'd feel that I couldn't defend myself in English. I did not want that for my children. School was what was important. My wife and I went only to the sixth grade in Mexico. That was not enough." He pointed to the ceiling, and said, "In this house, the church is *Número Uno*. And Roosevelt High School is Number One." He said the last two words in English.

"The church is important," his wife said. "It is very, very important. The children must believe. The children must know the rules. Later, they can decide for themselves what to believe."

"Our parents are really strict," said Elsa, the seventeen-year-old. "I still can't go out with guys after dark. It's dumb."

"It's good," said Gabriel, her sixteen-year-old brother.

"They wanted us to go further," Elsa said. "But they didn't know anything about college or what it was. And it was different for the girls. My parents were against it when Alma wanted to go to U.C.L.A. They said it was so far away."

"It's not the same for girls," Mrs. Valenzuela said. "A mother wants her women closer to home."

"They were not happy when I wanted to go away to Harvard," Estevan said. "I showed them Massachusetts on a map. At Roosevelt,

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they had shown it to me on another map. Then I told them that it was the school John F. Kennedy had gone to. My father changed, and said, 'Great.' "

"I knew nothing about college," Mr. Valenzuela said. "I didn't think it was possible that my son— I didn't think it was real. But then I went East when Estevan graduated, and I saw that it wasn't a dream. I was in Boston. I saw it. A lot of pizza, no tacos."

The trip East was a family affair. Mr. and Mrs. Valenzuela, María, Alma, and Elsa went—the children had to pay their own way—stopping in Washington to pick up Enrique, meeting Javier in Boston, and then, on the way back, visiting New York for a day. An invitation to Estevan's graduation from Harvard was taped to the desk where teachers at Roosevelt sign in each day. Mr. and Mrs. Valenzuela wrote that they wanted to invite every teacher, "to thank you for what you did for Estevan."

"This is the land of opportunity," Mr. Valenzuela said. "If you work. That is why Mexicans want to come here."

I asked him how he felt about the Mexicans who came here illegally.

"I am not against them. I don't see them as being different from us. There should be more opportunities for Mexicans here."

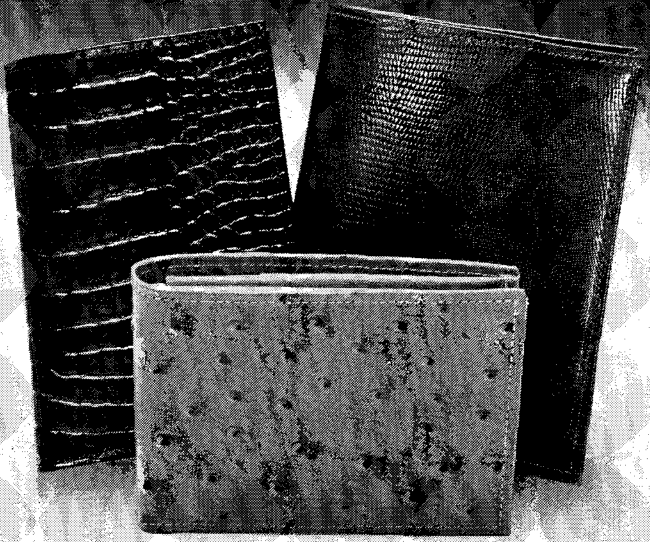
"There's a lot of kinship," Estevan said. "We all have relatives here illegally. And I've never seen anything that convinced me illegal aliens are costing the United States anything. They are contributing to the country and not receiving any government benefits."

Estevan continued, "We are Americans. We have American middle-class values. There was no culture shock for me in going to Harvard. The culture shock comes when I go to Mexico as an American businessman. As long as I speak English, that is how I'm treated—as an American businessman. Someone important. As soon as I speak Spanish, everything changes. Even in restaurants in Mexico City, I'm looked down on. To them, Mexican-Americans are the peasantry. And we are all products of the Mexican peasantry."

I asked Estevan's father if the family were discriminated against here as Mexican-Americans.

His mother answered, "The Valenzuelas do not allow themselves to be discriminated against."

—RICHARD REEVES



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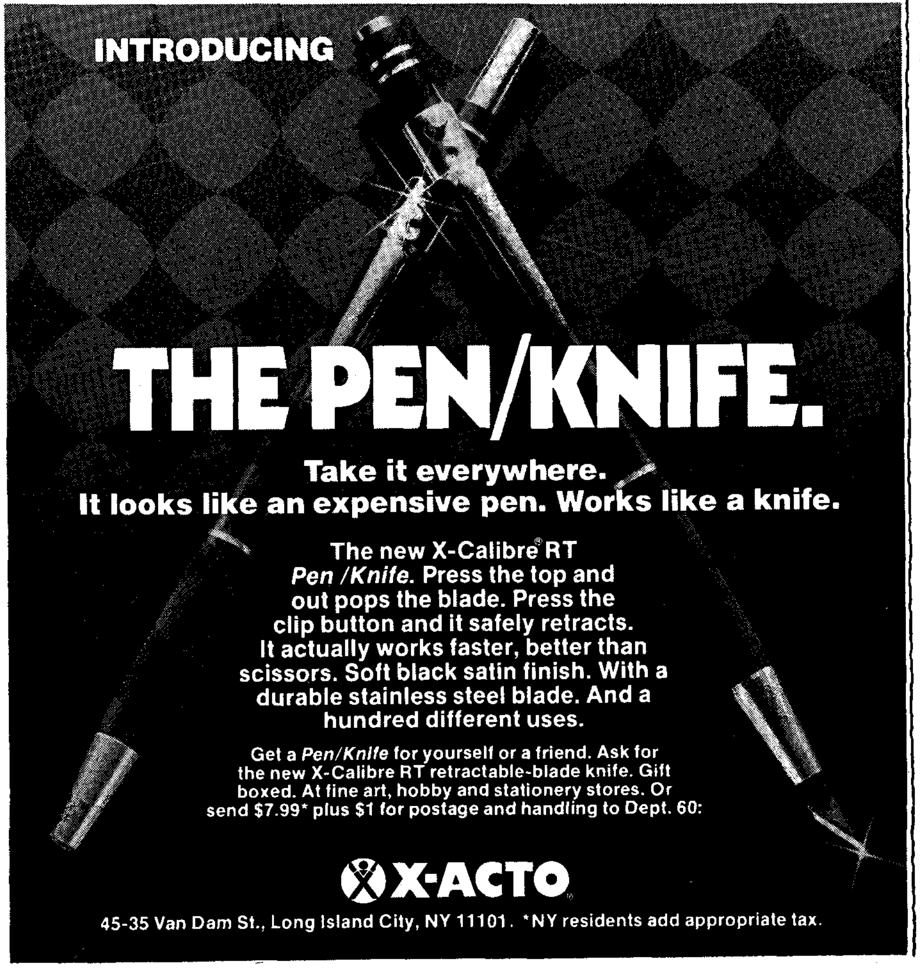

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The tidal flats stretched far and awkward,
Leaving the battered, barnacle-covered
Pilings of the pier naked, knee-deep in mud.
Music from a restaurant ebbed away from us,
Then rushed to where we stood, growing louder,
More substantial, like a champagne glass
Filling up. A wedding party, a reunion,
Something family—but nothing to do with us.

The lighthouse, the sky unravelling into reds,
The mussel-picked jetty rocks—it was a shock
How all of it interlocked,
Then broke apart for no reason we could say.
Where the clammers had spaded and trowelled
Declared itself distinct
From the golden wash of marsh grass,
And the gulls' blank cries, tugged behind
The fishing boat like unsold balloons,
Made a landscape—skyscape, rather—of their own.

The boat veered toward the fingernail
Of sand as if to beach, but abruptly
Righted and chugged toward the pier.
The nets dripped and shone. A sudden rose-flush
Through the clouds dyed the flats deep
Purple and the beacon lit up, an emerald
Finger stroking the arching wake,
An arrow of foam.
We picked our way back
As the tide, coming in, began to
Surround the reedy hummocks. Shellfish
Squirted jets of water at us,
A miniature water garden. This time
We walked right by the party—
Tuxedos, ties, women dressed in chiffon,
All of them comfortably, distantly talking
Behind the broad clean window. A woman
Smiled at us, a man in a silk vest
Turned his back, also smiling.

By this time we had to hurry, the flats
Were receding beneath the tide—ribbons
Of water crisscrossing through
The jetty knotted into a river,
The lighthouse light thickened to an arm
Energetically parrying with the shadows.

We stopped, utterly taken by the sweep,
Not romantically taken, not seeing it as us
Or in any way like us, but as we'd seen the party,
From a distance, behind glass, glad to be
Only looking in, free to pass. The town,
Windows flushing, was quiet, a perfect
Quiet, somehow warm and vacant,
Like a bird that is asleep. The cold
Glazed our faces, a cold we didn't mind.
The music blurred, dwindled, disappeared,
Utterly unasked for, yet wholly given,
A gift utterly used up. Already the flats
Were warping in moonlight. We turned
Our backs to the view, we walked along.

—Tom Sleigh

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JAZZ

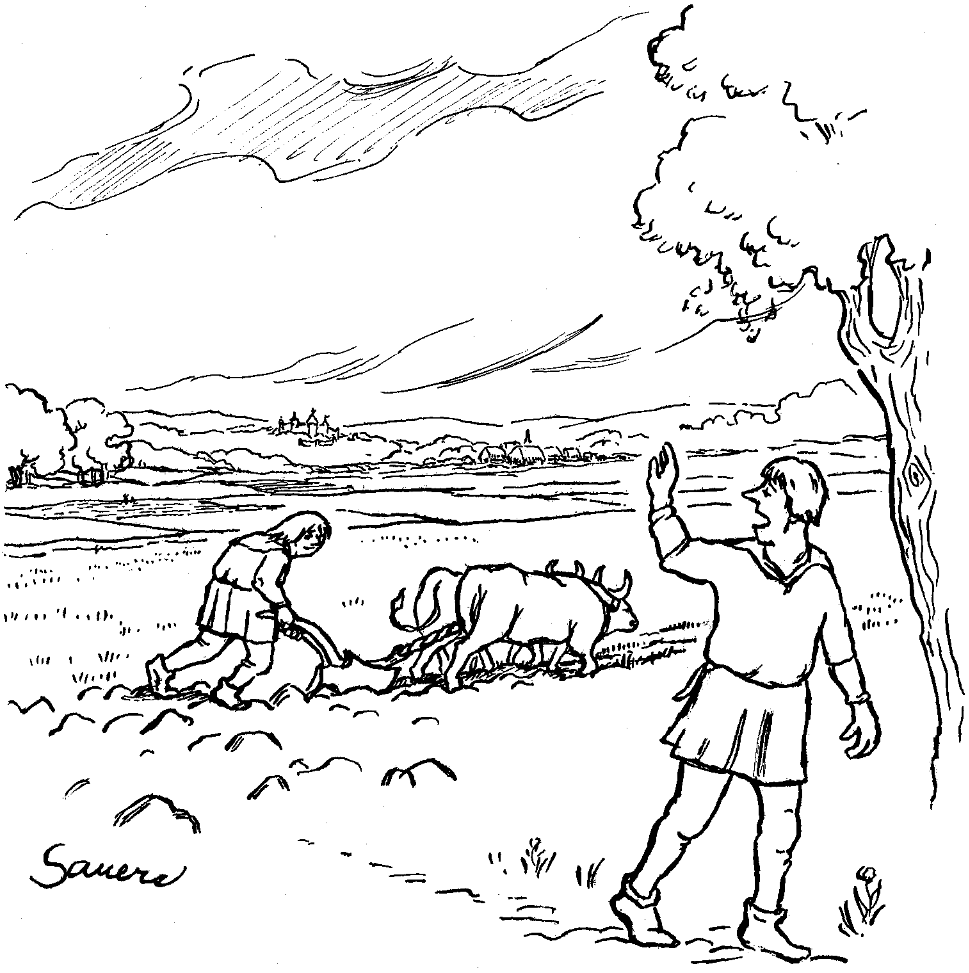
Le Grand Bechet

THE three greatest New Orleans musicians—Jelly Roll Morton (1885-1941), Sidney Bechet (1897-1959), and Louis Armstrong (1900-71)—shared sizable musical gifts and little else. Morton, a pioneer pianist, arranger, and bandleader, was a con man, a pimp, and a braggart of genius. He lived a nomadic life, and never failed to tell the world what it owed him. Despite his braggadocio, Morton took up less space than he deserved, and he was, except for a few lush periods, a commercial failure. Morton was a Creole, and so was Bechet. A clarinettist and the first jazz soprano saxophonist, Bechet spent many years in France, where he was accorded kingly treatment. He had refused managerial help throughout his American career, and had gone abroad for good when the players of his generation were just returning to favor. He was three men: a courtly, soft-spoken uncle figure; a shrewd, intelligent observer; and a temperamental tyrant who dominated every musical situation. Armstrong, a supernal and utterly original improviser, made his music his quest. All else—his four wives, his worldwide reputation, the fortune he amassed—was superfluous. His creative springs dwindled, but his incalculable influence formed a lyrical reservoir still in use. Of the three men, Bechet was the most powerful. His musical voice—a magisterial shout that never wavered for forty years—was the twentieth-century counterpart of Walt Whitman's. The great irony of his life was that this wild, outsize poetic voice, largely disregarded in its own country, was seized upon by the brittle, inward, chauvinist French.

Bechet was born the youngest of seven children. His father, Omar, was a cornettist and a shoemaker, and his mother, Josephine, was an octoroon who loved to dance. When he was six, he was playing the clarinet and taking lessons from the New Orleans master George Baquet, and soon afterward he went to work in his brother Leonard's band. When he was sixteen or seventeen, he and Clarence Williams (the pianist and composer) rode the rods into Texas. Bechet got into a fight with a white man, and fled to Galveston, where another brother lived. At twenty, he joined the Bruce & Bruce Stock Company, and ended up in Chicago. He had played with everyone of consequence in New Orleans (Bunk Johnson, Buddy Petit, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong), and in Chicago he played with Lil Hardin and Roy Palmer, and then with the dazzling cornettist Freddie Keppard—another iconoclast, whom he admired enormously. He was heard by the bandleader Will Marion Cook, who had a large, Paul Whiteman-type ensemble, and Cook hired him as a soloist (Bechet could not read music, and never fully learned) and took him to England. It was June of 1919, and Bechet was a sensation. Ernest Ansermet, a thirty-five-year-old Swiss who had conducted the première of Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat," went repeatedly to hear the band. He also talked with Bechet, and in due course wrote a review in the Swiss *Revue Romande*. Here is part of the last, prescient paragraph:

> There is in the Southern Syncopated Orchestra an extraordinary clarinet virtuoso who is, so it seems, the first of his race to have composed perfectly formed blues on the clarinet. I've heard two of them which he had elaborated at great length [and] they are equally admirable for their richness of invention, force of accent, and daring in novelty and the unexpected. Already, they gave the idea of a style, and their form was gripping, abrupt, harsh, with a brusque and pitiless ending like that of Bach's second "Brandenburg Concerto." I wish to set down the name of this artist of genius; as for myself, I shall never forget it—it is Sidney Bechet.... What a moving thing it is to meet this very black, fat boy with white teeth and that narrow forehead, who is very glad one likes what he does, but who can say nothing of his art, save that he follows his "own way"... His "own way" is perhaps the highway the whole world will swing along tomorrow.

Cook disbanded, and Bechet stayed on with a drummer named Benny Peyton. Then Bechet got into hot water over an English prostitute and was deported, despite his having bewitched the Royal Family at a command performance at Buckingham Palace. Back in America, he went into a show called "How Come?," with



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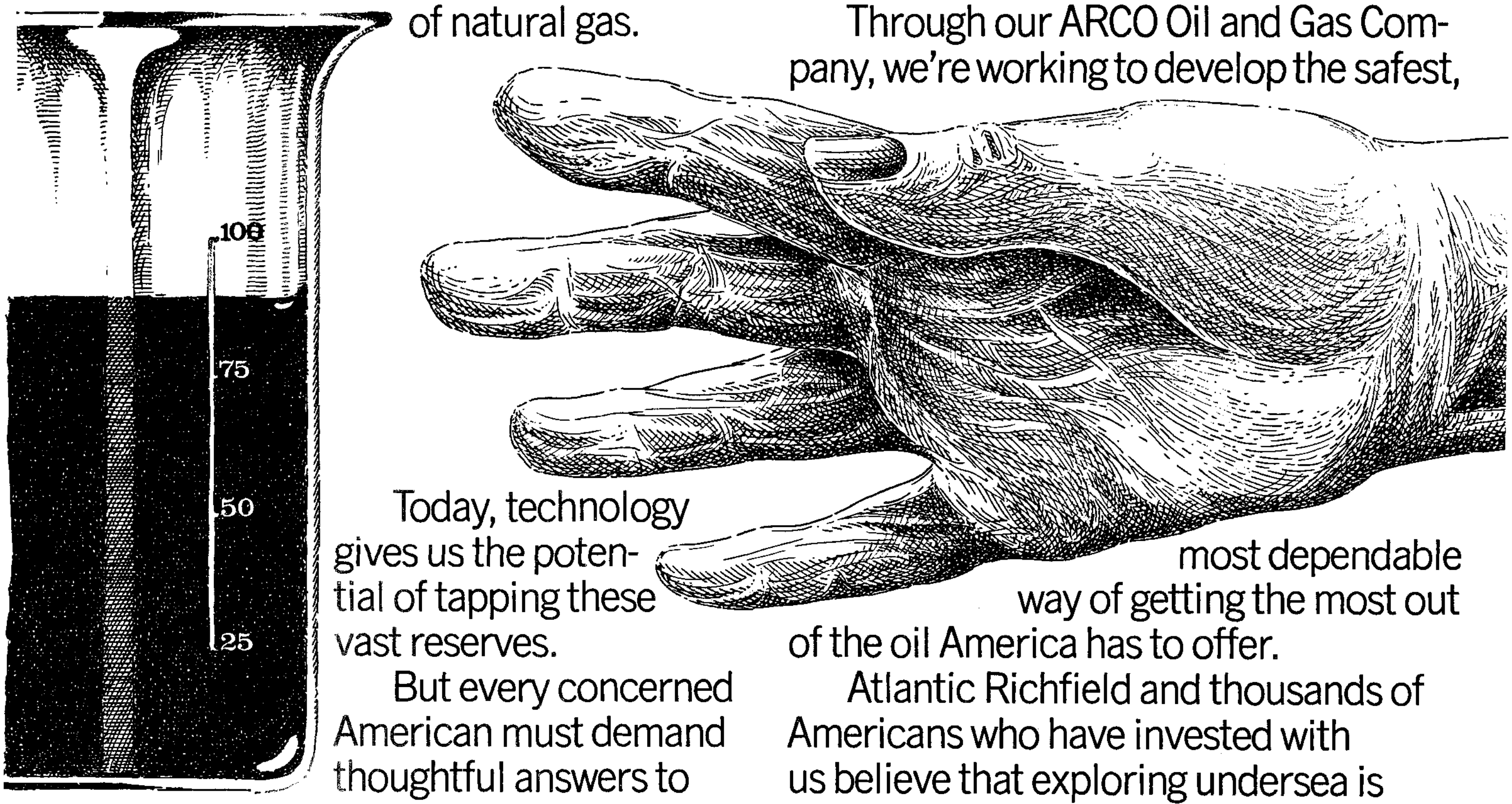

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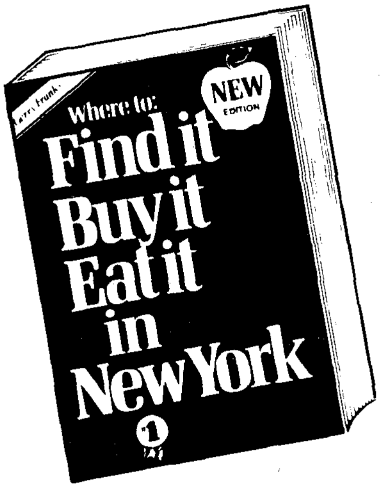

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Bessie Smith. Bechet liked Bessie Smith. This is how he described her in "Treat It Gentle," his autobiography: "She could be plenty tough . . . She always drank plenty and she could hold it, but sometimes, after she'd been drinking a while, she'd get like there was no pleasing her. There were times you had to know just how to handle her right." He played with James P. Johnson at the Kentucky Club, and around 1924 joined the fledgling Duke Ellington band. Ellington never got over Bechet's great lyrical bent. He wrote of him in "Music Is My Mistress":

> Often, when Bechet was blowing, he would say, "I'm going to call Goola this time!" Goola was his dog, a big German shepherd. Goola wasn't always there, but he was calling him anyway with a kind of throaty growl.
>
> *Call* was very important in that kind of music. Today, the music has grown up and become quite scholastic, but this was *au naturel*, close to the primitive, where people send messages in what they play, calling somebody, or making facts and emotions known. Painting a picture, or having a story to go with what you were going to play, was of vital importance in those days. The audience didn't know anything about it, but the cats in the band did.

Bechet slipped away from Ellington, and opened a place of his own, the Club Basha. Then, never still long, he returned to Europe, with Claude Hopkins and Josephine Baker, for a show called "Revue Nègre." Bechet put down his European roots during the twenties. He toured Russia, and roamed Western Europe. But he got into another fracas, in 1928. One morning around eight, he and the American banjoist Little Mike McKendrick had a gun battle outside a Montmartre bar. Bechet grazed McKendrick, hit the pianist Glover Compton in the leg, and wounded a Frenchwoman on her way to work. He went to jail for eleven months. When he got out, he worked at the Wild West Bar in Berlin and then went back to New York. In 1932, he joined Duke Ellington again, and tutored Johnny Hodges on the soprano saxophone, thus indirectly and permanently altering the Ellington band. Bechet put together the first of his New Orleans Feetwarmers bands and took it into the Savoy Ballroom, in Harlem. The group, which included the trumpeter Tommy Ladnier and the pianist Hank Duncan, made six numbers for Victor, which are among the most joyous and swinging of all jazz records. Bechet had met Ladnier in Russia, and the two men spent

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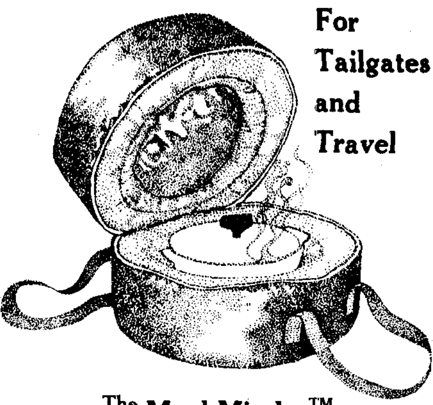

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much time together in the thirties. When the Depression closed in, they quit the music and started a sort of basement store in Harlem, called the Southern Tailor Shop. The pianist Willie the Lion Smith remembered it in "Music on My Mind":

> I'd ask Sidney where he was living.
>
> He would reply, "I'm at 129th Street and St. Nicholas. I'm the proprietor of the Southern Tailor Shop."
>
> That would gas me. I couldn't figure out what a good jazz clarinet player was doing playing "tailor."
>
> So I said, "How many suits you got in there?"
>
> "Oh," he said, "I've got up to about twenty; but we don't make them, just press 'em."
>
> Then I asked, "Who's we?"
>
> He replied, "Tommy and myself."
>
> Well, I knew Tommy Ladnier from Chicago days. He was a good trumpet player. I found out later that Sidney would press and repair the suits, while Ladnier specialized in shining shoes. . . .
>
> Bechet mentioned they had some good sessions in the back of the shop. So one night I agreed to come around to see what was happening.
>
> But first, I wanted some information. "How much you charge to press a suit?"
>
> He replied, "Oh, the regular fee."
>
> You see I figured if nothing was going on I could at least get my suit pressed. Then I wanted to know, "What do we sleep on?"
>
> He then said, "I've got a couple of cots in the back. But usually there's a bunch of musicianers playing back there."
>
> "You ain't gonna press any clothes tonight then," I said.
>
> "No, man. I cooked up a batch of red beans and rice to add to a lot of cold fried chicken. We'll have us a party."

When the drummer Zutty Singleton arrived in New York from Chicago in 1937, he moved into the building Bechet and Ladnier shared quarters in. Singleton once said, "They called their place the House of Meditation, and they had a picture of Beethoven on the wall. One day, Ladnier said to Bechet, 'You know something, Bash? You the dead image of Beethoven,' and that pleased Bechet. Bechet and Ladnier would stand in front of this big old mirror they had and watch themselves while they practiced. They listened to classical music, and they talked a lot about their travels—when Bechet wasn't talking about the Rosicrucians. He was a hell of a cat. He could be mean. He could be sweet. He could be in between." Ladnier died on June 4, 1939, and a few days later Bechet went into the Blue Note recording studio and set down "Blues for Tommy" and "Pounding Heart Blues," with Frankie Newton, J. C. Higginbotham, Meade Lux Lewis, Teddy Bunn, Johnny Williams, and

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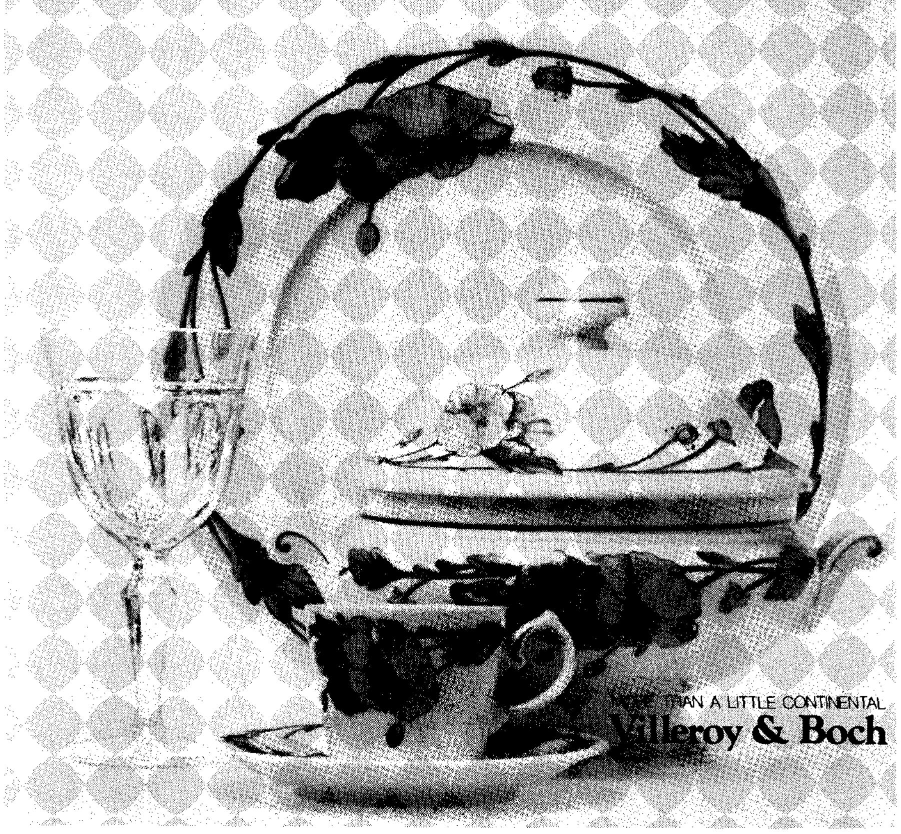

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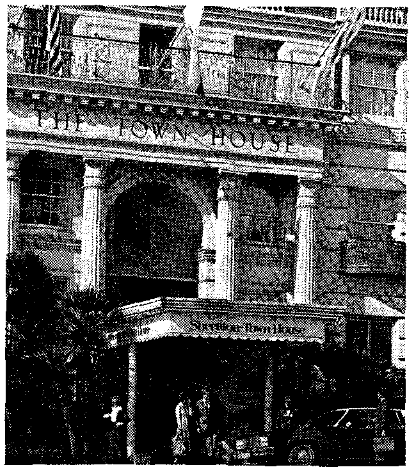
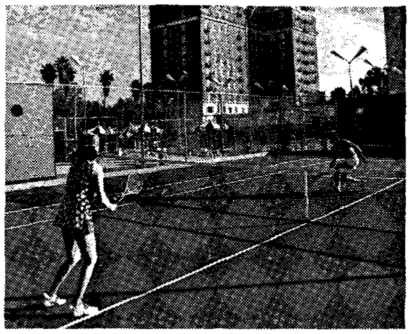
Sid Catlett. "Pounding Heart Blues," with its intense, sorrowing ensembles and Bechet's rooting, angry clarinet solo, is boundless.

JAZZ concerts were beginning to take hold by 1940, and that year Bechet gave one in Washington, D.C. It was organized by the recording executive Nesuhi Ertegun. "Not long after I came to the United States, I decided to give a jazz concert built around Sidney Bechet," Ertegun said recently. "My father was the Turkish Ambassador, and I lived at the Embassy in Washington, so I decided to give it in Washington. I had in mind a concert with a mixed band and a mixed audience, but Washington was still a Southern racist town, and no concert hall would touch such an affair. Finally, the Jewish Community Center, which had a four-hundred-seat auditorium, agreed. In addition to Bechet, I wanted Sidney De Paris on trumpet, Vic Dickenson on trombone, Art Hodes on piano, Wellman Braud on bass, and Manzie Johnson on drums. The alternating group would be Meade Lux Lewis and the blues shouter Joe Turner. I found Bechet at the Mimmo Club, in Harlem. He was backing a slick show, with a chorus line and singers and all that, and the band was in tuxedos. It all looked very prosperous. But the truth was that Bechet, who was already a hero in France, wasn't doing at all well here. The next day, he invited me to his apartment for a drink and something to eat. After we sat down, his wife came in and said to Bechet, 'Who's that? What does he want?' Bechet introduced me and said he'd brought me home for a bite. She said, 'You know there's no food in this house. Now, go on, get out and find your own food!' We went to a bar and had a drink and worked out the details of the concert. When the band arrived in Washington, they came to the Embassy, and we had an elegant lunch. I knew Bechet loved red beans and rice, so we had red beans and rice, and he was astonished. He wanted to know if we had a Creole cook, and I said no, a Turkish cook, and that beans and rice was a common dish in Turkey, too. Bechet couldn't believe it, and he said we must be copying the Creoles, and a very pleasant argument went on for some time about the roots of red beans and rice. The musicians were relaxed and in a good mood, and the concert, which was in the afternoon, was a tremendous success musically.





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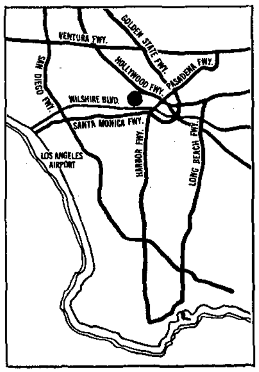

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"From then on, Sidney and I were very friendly. He was deceptive. With his white hair and round face, he looked much older than he was. He also had this genial, sweet Creole politeness and a beautiful, harmonious way of talking. In many ways, he seemed like a typical Uncle Tom. But once you got to know him—once you had broken the mirror and got inside and found the true Bechet—you discovered he wasn't that way at all. He couldn't stand fakery or hypocrisy, and he was a tough and involved human being. He was far more intelligent than people took him for, and he knew what was going on everywhere. I never heard him play badly, even with bad groups. He was an incredibly rich player. Years later, when I was running a John Coltrane record date, Coltrane told me that Bechet had been an important influence on him."

Like most New Orleans clarinettists, Bechet used the Albert-system clarinet, which has a formal, luxurious, Old World tone. New Orleans clarinet playing tended to be rich and florid. Vibratos were wide, glissandi were favored, and emotions were high and unashamed. Bechet, along with Johnny Dodds, Jimmy Noone, and Barney Bigard, belonged to the second generation of New Orleans clarinettists. (The first included Alphonse Picou, Lorenzo Tio, Jr., Big Eye Louis Nelson, and George Baquet.) Noone and Bigard concentrated on legato attacks, fed and enriched their tones, and perfected showy melodic swoops and arcs. They liked being serene and airborne. Bechet and Dodds were rhythm players. They broke up their phrases ingeniously, used a great many blue notes, and had acidic, almost disagreeable timbres. Bechet used growls, strange bubbling sounds, and wide, swaggering notes. He shook his sounds out. When he took up the soprano saxophone, in the early twenties, he transferred his clarinet playing to this odd and difficult instrument. The soprano saxophone defies being played on pitch, and Bechet and his star pupil, Bob Wilber, are practically its only pitch-perfect practitioners. (The deliberate tonal distortions used by many modern soprano saxophonists make it impossible to tell whether they are in tune.) Bechet developed an enormous tone that incorporated qualities of the trumpet, the oboe, and the horn. The sheer strength of his sound, and his rhythmic drive, allowed him to rule every band he played in. Wise trumpet

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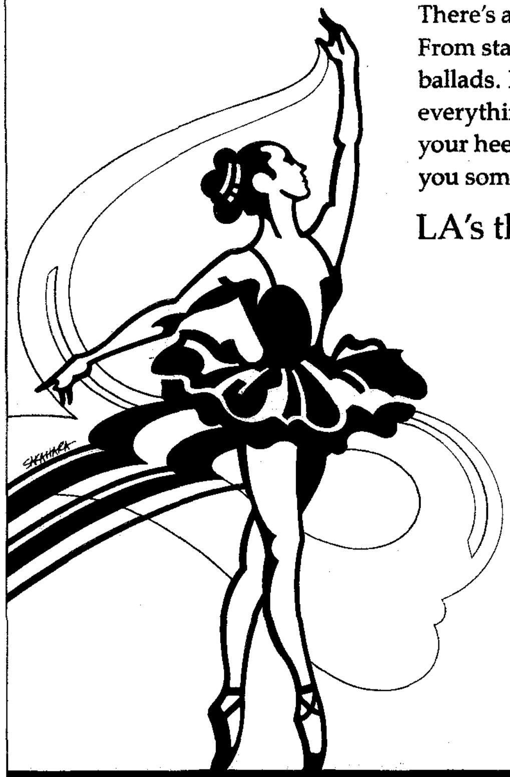

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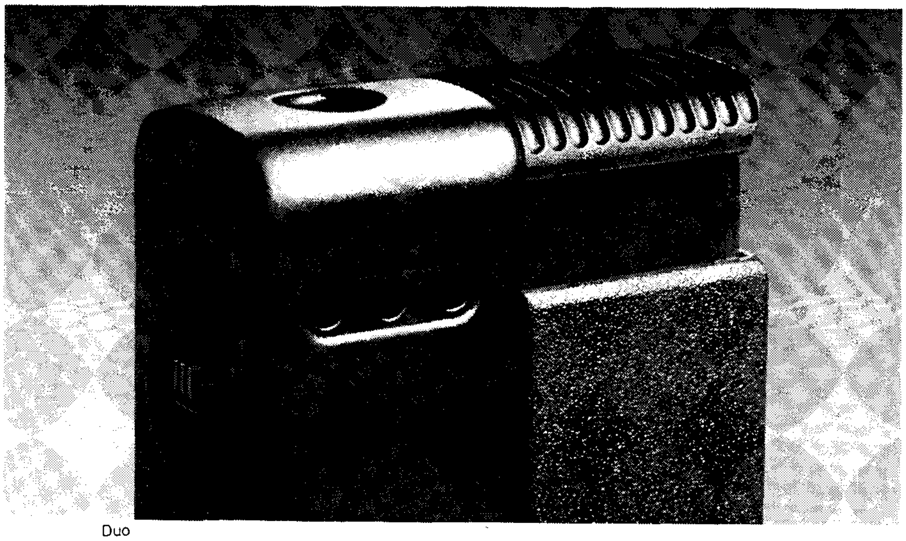

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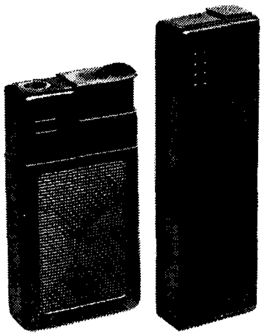

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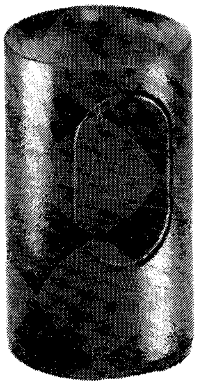

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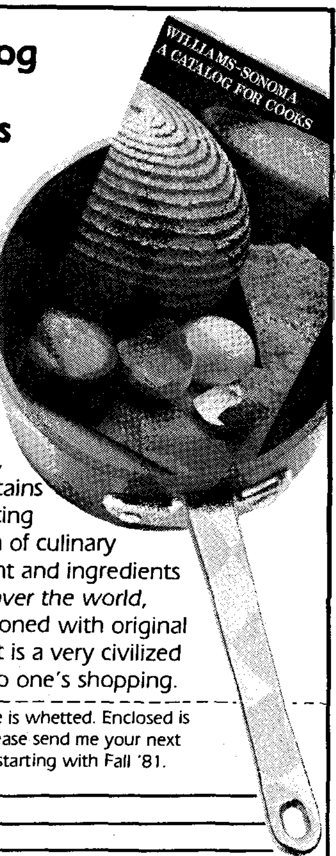

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players stood aside or were blown to smithereens. As an improviser, Bechet used the chords of a song but also followed the melody, which kept reappearing, like sunlight on a forest floor. His melodic lines were pronouncements. They were full of shouts and swoops; they gleamed and exploded. The solos left his listeners with the feeling that they had been in on important things. When he played a slow blues, he exhibited a melancholy—an ancient grieving—hard to match in jazz. And when he played a slow ballad he was honeyed and insinuating and melodramatic. Johnny Hodges grew up in both sides of this divided house.

In 1946, Bechet moved to Brooklyn and opened a sort of music school. The jazz critic Richard Hadlock took some lessons from him, and wrote about them in the San Francisco *Examiner:*

> Sidney would run off a complex series of phrases and leave me alone in his room for a couple of hours to wrestle with what he had played. One lesson could easily take up an entire afternoon, and Sidney favored giving a lesson every day.
>
> "Look, when you emphasize a note, you throw your whole body into it," he would say, cutting a wide arc with his horn as he slashed into a phrase.
>
> "I'm going to give you one note today," he once told me. "See how many ways you can play that note—growl it, smear it, flat it, sharp it, do anything you want to it. That's how you express your feelings in this music. It's like talking.
>
> "Always try to complete your phrases and your ideas . . . There are lots of otherwise good musicians who sound terrible because they start a new idea without finishing the last one."

Bob Wilber has described another facet of Bechet:

> One thing he was very interested in was the concept of interpreting a song. You start out with an exposition of the melody in which you want to bring out the beauty of it. And then you start your variations, but at first they are closely related to the melody. Then, as you go on to another chorus, you get further away—you do something a little less based on the melody but more on the harmony. Sidney was much more harmonically oriented than most of the players of his generation . . . Then at the end, you would come back to the melody and there would be some kind of coda which would bring the thing to a conclusion. . . . The idea of the form was very important to him.

BECHET settled in France in 1951. He had filled the forties with gigs in and around New York and in Chicago. The pianist Dick Wellstood worked with him at Jazz Limited, in Chicago, and at the Bandbox, in New

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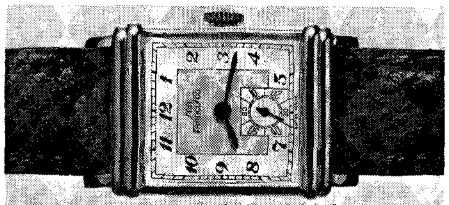

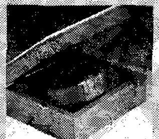

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York. "He was very autocratic and nineteenth-century," Wellstood said not long ago. "It was like working for Bismarck. There was a right way and a wrong way, and if you did it the wrong way it was mutiny. There was a right tempo and right chords, and that was the way you reached the people. He had a gentlemanly and courtly exterior. He spoke softly, using the New Orleans accent of 'poil' and 'erster' for 'pearl' and 'oyster.' But when he was annoyed he'd lash out, and I think he always carried a knife. Once, at Jimmy Ryan's, in New York, his piano player was late, and Bechet asked me—I just happened to be there—to sit in. When the piano player arrived, Sidney bawled him out publicly, and told him, 'I want you to give that boy five dollars.' I think he got increasingly egocentric. At the Bandbox, he sat in a thronelike chair backstage, and people paid court to him. Alfred Lion, of Blue Note records, would bring him champagne and all but kneel at his feet. His sense of humor was strange. One night, in Chicago, he played this game with his trombonist Munn Ware. The horn players were supposed to stand up to solo, but after Sidney had taken his solo and sat down and Munn had stood up Sidney got up again and started playing and Munn sat down. Sidney played several choruses and sat down, and when Munn stood up again to solo Sidney stood up, and on it went. Later, Munn shot him in the back of the head with a water pistol, and I waited for lightning to strike, but Sidney only giggled. The truth is, I *was scared to death of him the whole* time I worked for him."

Bechet's autobiography, done in France with the help of Joan Reid, Desmond Flower, and John Ciardi, was published the year after he died. The first two-thirds of the book is remarkable. It opens with a long, mythlike account of the life and death of his grandfather, a freed slave named

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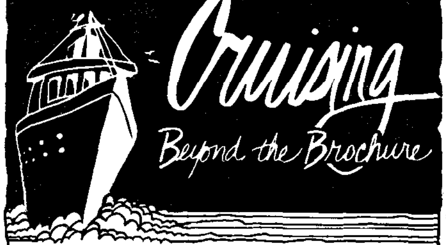

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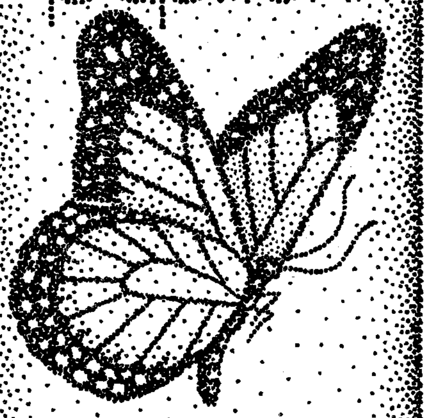

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Omar. Omar becomes obsessed with a young slave girl on a nearby plantation, and one night he takes her to the edge of the bayou and makes love to her. But the girl's owner, also bewitched by her, follows them. He shoots Omar in the arm and takes the girl home. Then he spreads word that Omar has raped his daughter and search parties scour the bayou, where Omar hides. He sees the girl once more, at great peril, and is murdered by a slave seeking the reward. The girl has a baby, who becomes Bechet's father. It does not matter how much improvisation there is in the story. Bechet's language is dense and mysterious and poetical:

> All those trees there, they was standing like skeletons after the hide of the animal has disappeared. There was moonlight on their tops like blossoming, and there was the darkness under them, the light and the darkness somehow part of one thing that was darker than just plain dark, and all so still.

The book is full of folk wisdom:

> So many people go at themselves like they was some book: they look back through themselves, they see this so and so chapter, they remember this one thing or another, but they don't go through the pages one after the other really finding out what they're about and who they are and where they are. They never count their whole story together.

He talks of spirituals and the blues:

> In the spirituals the people clapped their hands—that was their rhythm. In the blues it was further down; they didn't need the clapping, but they remembered it . . . And both of them, the spirituals and the blues, they was a prayer. One was praying to God and the other was praying to what's human. It's like one was saying, "Oh, God, let me go," and the other was saying, "Oh, Mister, let me be."

Bechet's life in France appears to have fulfilled him. He married a German woman he had known in the twenties, and he kept a mistress, by whom he had a son. He made a lot of money, bought a small estate outside Paris, and drove a Salmson coupé at high speeds. In 1957, he recorded a tight, to-the-point collaboration with the prickly modern French pianist Martial Solal. It is one of his best records. The next year, he played beautifully at the Brussels World's Fair. The impresario and pianist George Wein was in the band. "I never encountered the evil side of Bechet," Wein said recently. "Two things that probably caused it were his stomach, which bothered him for years, and trumpet players who tried to grab the lead in bands he was in. I

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think he was kind to musicians who were his inferiors, and hard on musicians who were his equals. I filled in at a Bechet concert at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, in 1948, when James P. Johnson failed to show, and he *made* me feel like I was playing beautifully, even on 'Summertime,' which was his big number, and which I'd never played before. He was a great lyrical force, and he had great personal force. He filled a room when he came into it. I think he could have been as big as Louis Armstrong if he hadn't mistrusted all bookers and managers. There was no reason for Bechet to come back from France after he settled there. He was happy and was worshipped. But he did come back a few times in the early fifties, and on one of his visits he played a gig at Storyville, my club in Boston. His stomach acted up, and we put him in Massachusetts General Hospital. They told him he had to have an operation, and what did he do? He went back to France and had the operation there. He trusted the French more than he did the Americans. Until the very end, that is. I was in France in 1959, and Charles Delaunay told me that Sidney was dying. I called him up at his house outside Paris and asked him what I could do. 'Come and see me,' he said. I'm very bad at such visits, but I went, and Sidney told me he wanted to go home. I told him O.K., we'd try and make arrangements and such, but before anything could be done he was gone."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

●

LILLIAN HELLMAN: A PROFILE

Hollywood cliche of a lame skirt split to the hip . . . green eye shadow and a Nefertiti hairdo. After all, this is the story of a trecherous woman who fascinated Antony not so much by her nightwear as by her conversation and her emotional versatility, airing Monday 20 at 7 pm.—*Visions, a program guide published by Friends for Louisiana Public Broadcasting.*

Hello, *Visions!* Miss Hellman's lawyer is on the line.

●

When he held a press conference last week to withdraw his name from the running for U.S. commissioner of immigration and naturalization, San Diego Police Chief William Kolender was asked if he might now run for mayor.

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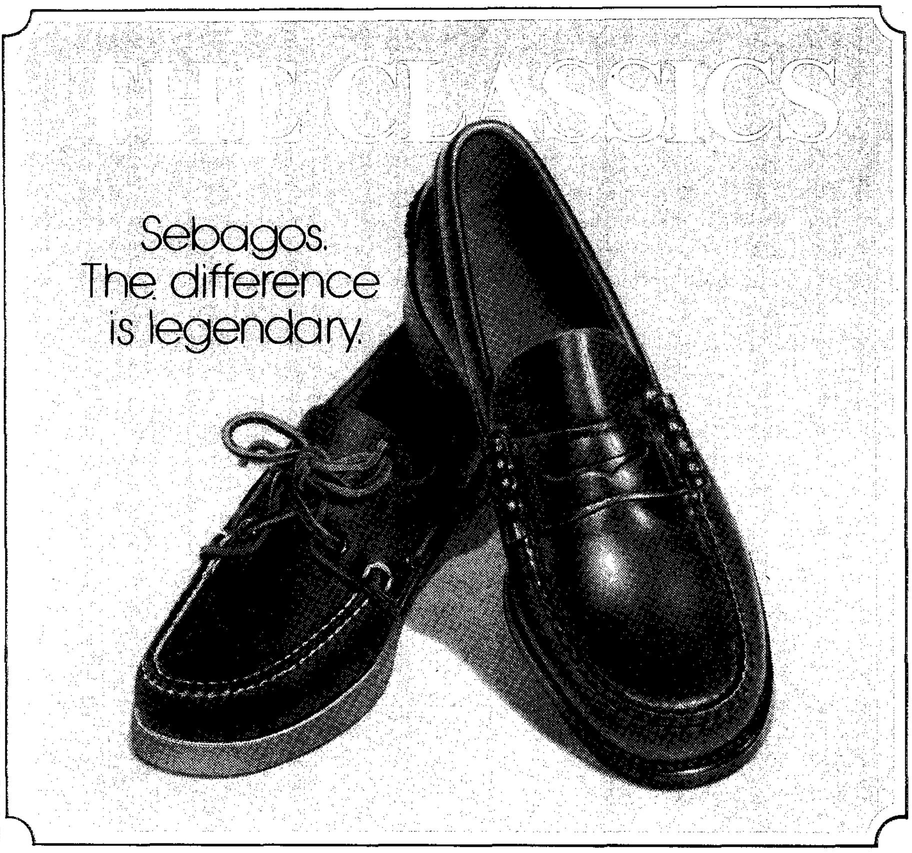

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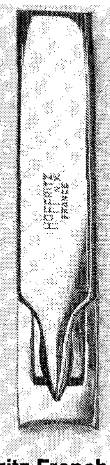

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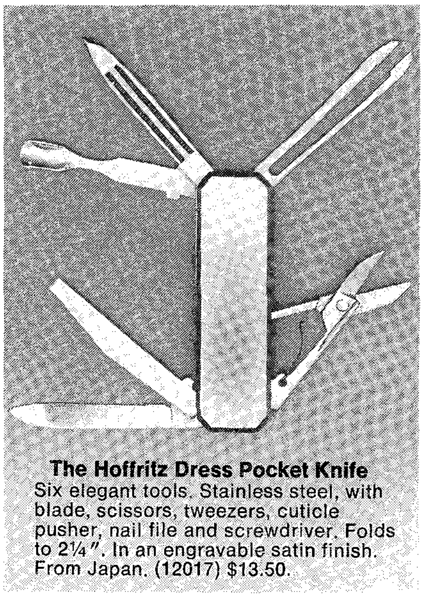

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DANCING

Back Home Again in Emerald City

AT a moment when shows like "Dancin' " and "42nd Street" and "Sophisticated Ladies" are featuring wall-to-wall dance with hardly any book, post-modern dance is giving up some of its conceptual austerity and bringing in story lines—not boy meets girl, but not Oedipus meets Jocasta, either. The new storytelling forms, as employed by Twyla Tharp and Kenneth Rinker and Marta Renzi, have the ambiguity of contemporary song lyrics. And as a parallel to the tap-dance revival on Broadway we have a fair number of post-moderns tapping away in lofts and school gyms. Some of these dancers, like Charles Moulton, abjure music; others are feeling their way toward jazz, trying to devise a new version of the specialty jazz dance of the forties. A few daring choreographers, combining two major trends of the moment, are trying to fashion tap narratives. "Wave," the longest and most ambitious of these attempts, ran for several weeks this summer at the La Mama annex, billed as "A Tap-Dance Melodrama." The characters neither spoke nor sang, but they certainly did dance; in between the waltz clogs, the jazz fugues, and the percussive rumbas, they tapped out their dilemmas and disagreements in the manner of Fred and Ginger in "I'll Be Hard to Handle." Actually, "Wave" itself was pretty hard to handle for the first ten minutes or so. But thanks to the inventiveness of the choreographer, Gail Conrad, what might have been a two-hour study in monomania turned out to be a rounded lyrical experience—a book musical with aspirations, which it largely fulfilled, toward allegory.

The story, conceived by Conrad, was an episodic affair set in comic-strip suburbia. Enter the Maid, pursued by the Lodger. A Mother who is obsessed with shopping expeditions, a Father who has retreated into solitaire, an adolescent Son filled with macho uncertainty are unexpectedly joined by a Long-Lost Daughter, who has run away to sea. The daughter is the herald of change, which in the form of a tidal wave made of painted muslin breaks right into the living room and disrupts everybody's life. The main point of "Wave," though, is that the family's pattern isn't altered by the tides that wash over it from the world outside. The shock is absorbed and the household rituals go on: the maid's exercise ritual, the father's card-game ritual, the mother's shopping ritual. There are various quarrel rituals. An unvarying meal ritual performed with folded napkins makes a perfect theme number. At the end of the show, the characters have changed their routine to the extent of wearing swimming tubes and putting their furniture up on stilts, and the daughter is gone again. At cocktail time, the family celebrates the anniversary of its rescue with a "wave ritual"—the mother flings a drink in her family's faces and everyone assumes a scared pose. Otherwise, life is the same as before. "Wave" is not as bluntly schematic as all this may make it sound. It putters along amiably, even diffident-

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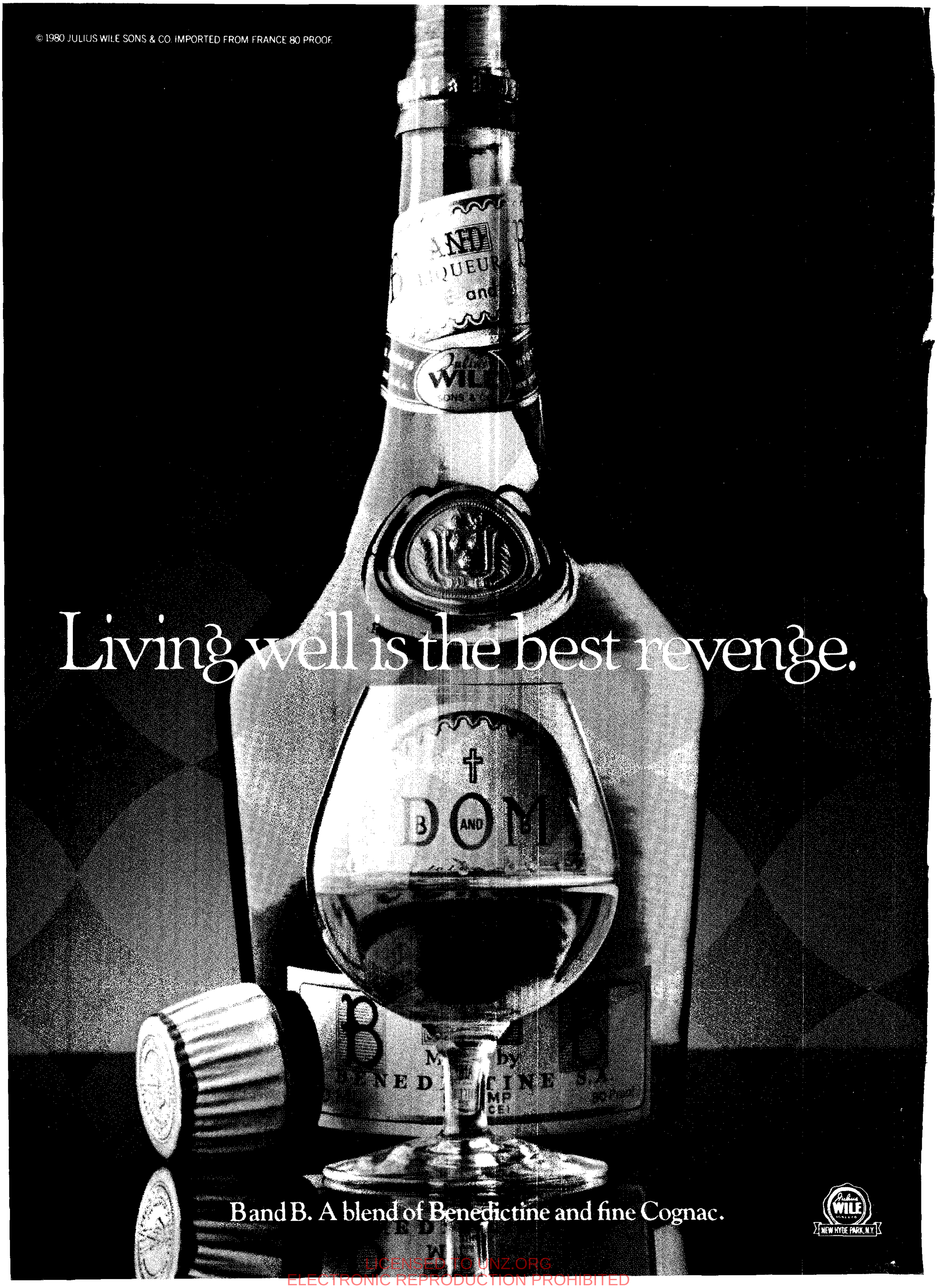
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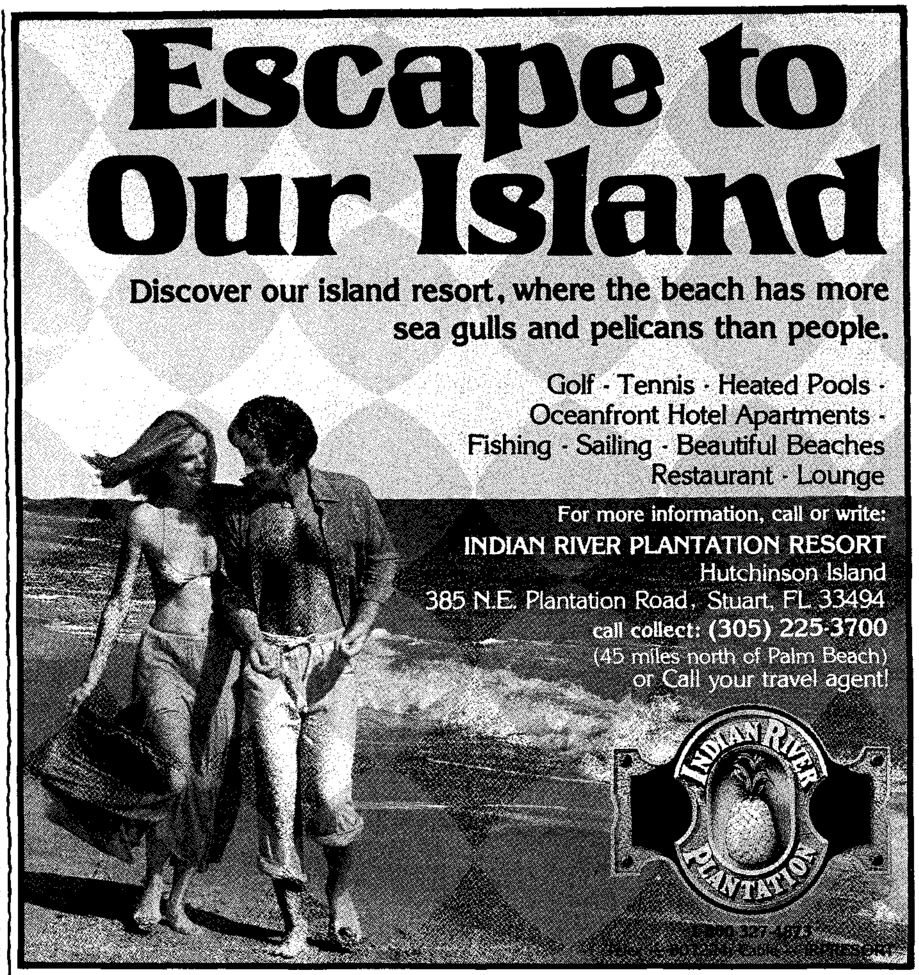
ly. There is no moral pressure in Conrad's view of the family and none in her performance as the daughter. She wears her sailor hat while her mother wants her to wear a flowered cloche, but that's how mothers and daughters are. Conrad's other emblems are a steamer trunk and a huge anchor, dragged along behind, like the weight of experience. From the way these props are manipulated, we can infer the exact degree of tension in her relations with the rest of the family. But Conrad doesn't set herself above the others, and we hardly notice when she takes her leave. Home life in all its repetitious buzz and distraction is the subject of "Wave," and at the end there it stands, shakily intact, innocent and unaccused. The main business is surviving.

As a satire of middle-class values, "Wave" has some of the genial tackiness of Rosalyn Drexler's 1964 play "Home Movies." The clunky symbolism and the cultivatedly amateurish production stem, perhaps, from Conrad's association with various experimental performance groups that got their start in the sixties. The influence of sixties avant-garde theatre, though, isn't as strong as the aura of thirties and forties populism. Maybe the tap dancing just naturally evokes that period; maybe Gail Conrad means to awaken certain slumbering motifs from the heyday of movie musicals and restage them in the perspective of her own generation. The wave is like the tornado in "The Wizard of Oz," but the heroine's direction is reversed, and so are her priorities. It's as if her home had turned into Oz. The prelude to "Wave" introduces the cast in slickers, in the tradition of "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Hollywood Revue of 1929," and the printed program carries spoofing character descriptions like the title cards in silent-film comedies: "The Lodger—A three-time divorcé who prefers other people's homes. . . . The Mother—Former Miss Montana who won her husband in a card game." The word "melodrama" in the show's subtitle cements the link to another era. However, it signifies more than Conrad's reliance on genre situations. Characters in melodrama are not affected by their experiences. In the perspective of "Wave," melodrama is truer to life than drama is. A more contemporary, sixties-derived word for the melodrama inherent in life is "ritual."

Tap dancing is strangely appropriate to the ritual-ridden lives that



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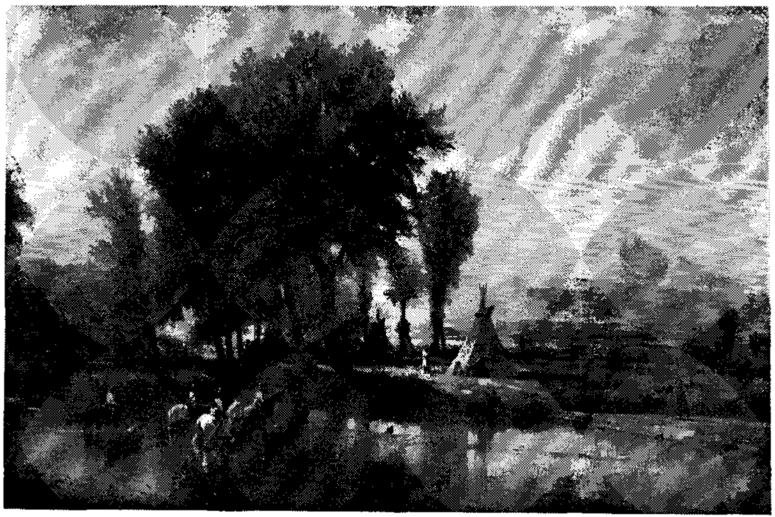

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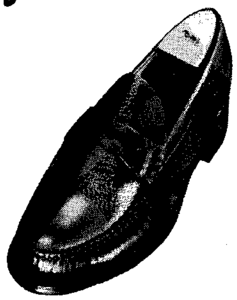

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“Wave” deals with. As we watch the show, the pattern of changeless change begins to lock together at different points in the action, and the dances seem to reinforce the pattern. We soon see that the dances, especially the ensembles, *are* the pattern; they're the essence of routine. (In tap parlance, the words “essence” and “routine” have special meanings.) But before we see a pattern we must see a shape. Gail Conrad's ability to mold dynamic shapes in space sets her apart from all the other young tap choreographers, whose work, like the work of the jazz hoofers of the forties, is emphatically acoustic. Jazz dancing in this tradition is related to jazz drumming. Conrad's field isn't jazz—it's musical comedy, which is to say drama. Like Astaire's, her emphasis is kinetic-acoustic, and her rhythm is based on high-contrast, unpredictable phrase patterns. A dramatic rhythm. And the whole body dances, not just the feet.

Tap dancing makes sharp and abrasive character relationships more fun than, say, modern dance does, but it must work harder to establish dramatic terms that we can believe in. As a dramatic instrument, tap's main enemy is the deadly equilibrium that sets in through the constant beat of the feet on the floor. Conrad offsets this by heightening the plasticity of the figure as it dances. She keeps the arms lively and the thrust of the legs as clearly defined as the action of the feet; she stresses mid-body torsion and a balanced line. All this makes an appealing visual parallel to the sound of the taps; it confirms and extends the acoustical evidence. In movies, tap dancing worked the other way around: the sound underlined what the picture told us. Tap has more impact on the stage, but it still needs a bilateral presence to have a dramatic impact. The positions the body takes as it moves must correspond more than functionally to the rhythm of the feet. Out of this correspondence, there develops a sense of character and situation. In hack choreography, the development is speeded up so that it can be grasped at an elementary level of perception, and it makes the human body into a caricature. In Conrad's choreography, the characterizations come more gradually and last longer. The mother's first dance, a wonderfully ferocious workout to Kurt Weill's “Alabama Song,” doesn't reduce her to one characteristic—ferocity. It characterizes ferocity in terms of Cheryl Wawro,

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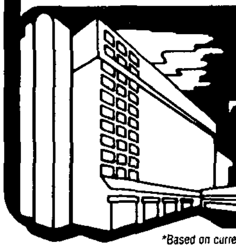

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the dancer. Cheryl Wawro has a large, leonine head, which doesn't quite go with her pinup body; she looks like a blond female warrior. With her flaring and inscrutable facial expressions and her extraordinary qualities of rhythm and attack, she creates a complex character—one whose threatening nature is accepted by everybody but her. She lives for pattern; the set and costume designers (Franco Colavecchia and Naimy Hackett) have matched her print dress to an upholstered chair. With a pancake hat mashed against the side of her head, she marches around carrying her stack of packages or she leads the napkin ritual, a terrorist of the breakfast nook.

Cheryl Wawro, who has also performed as a unicyclist, is physically so imposing that she naturally commands the stage. Another choreographer might have played up the physicality, but Conrad's dances let Wawro breathe; her command *is* natural. I saw Wawro perform again, later in the summer, in a concert given by Andrea Levine, and although Wawro dominated, Levine's uninflected, four-square sequences and hard-driving style didn't bring up her lustre. Levine seems to be living out a fantasy about being a tap-dancer, but Wawro really is one. Gail Conrad is, too, and in "Wave" she should have made as strong an impression, by reason of her technique. But her performance as the errant daughter was withdrawn—generous of spirit but a bit absent of mind. Her large eyes had the listening look that I associate with the pure tap-dancer. Strange to say, Conrad may be a bit too pure to perform in her own shows. The father is described in the program by the single word "Retired," and that about sums up Tony Scopino's performance. Scopino is a smoothly routined dancer whose professionalism comes to seem an expression of the father's disengagement. The noncommittal, easygoing surface is broken twice: once when he reprimands the son for chasing the maid, and again in a duet with Conrad, when he shows a sympathetic twinkle for his daughter. (The head of a household with both a maid and a lodger, he goes around in an undershirt. In spite of their suburban setting, the characters are a "Moon Mullins" jumble of lower-middle-class city types.) To judge from the way she casts her shows, Conrad isn't as interested in good tappers as she is in good dancers—people who can move their bodies. Given this talent,

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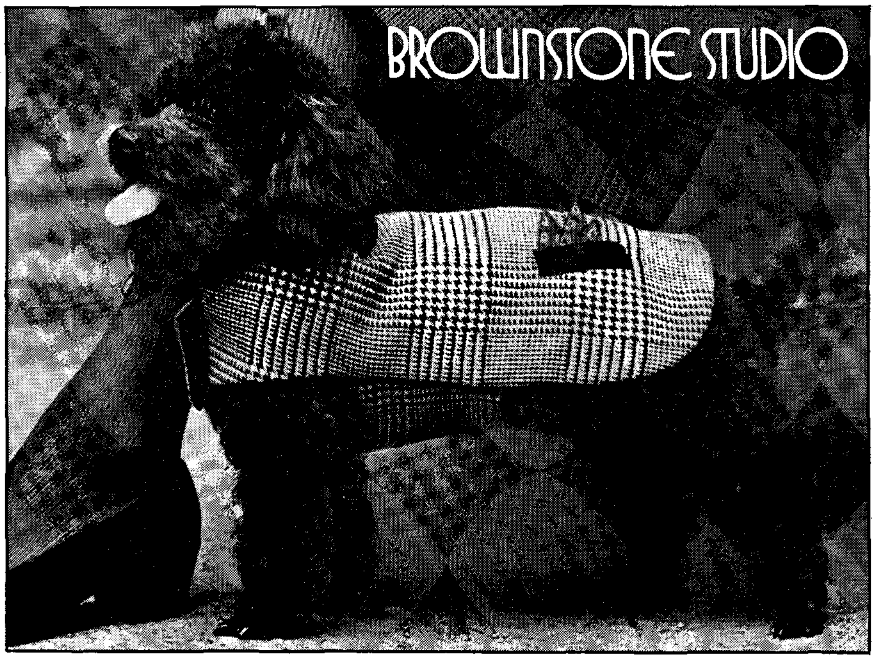

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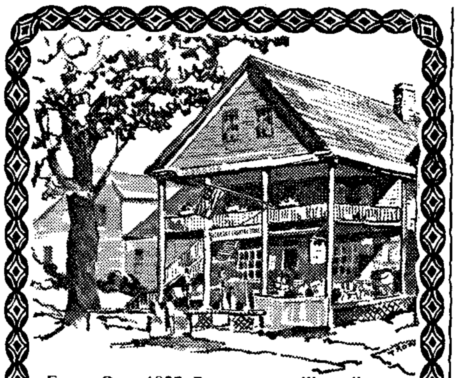

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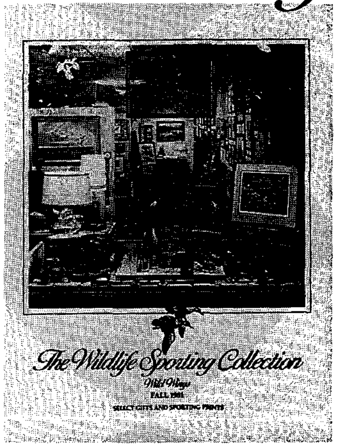
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she seems to be able to turn anyone into a tap-dancer, and to design flattering and definitive choreography. Anthony Peters has a muscular, hockey player's body, but he's already a dancer by any standard. As the teenage son, who dances with taps on his sneakers, he's required to hold back much of his force, which colors his solidity with tentative rebellion and makes him the most endearing character in the show.

Rotund, oily-pated Steven Albert, as the lodger, looks as though he could do more than partner Muriel Favaro, who has too much business as the antic maid and overplays *that.* These two characters hold up the start of the action and then turn out to be marginal, which in a cast of six seems like an indulgence; the show needs to integrate its world. Conrad doesn't always distinguish between crucial and diversionary material, and she mixes so many unmixable elements in so laid-back a style that at times we don't know how to take things. The confusion was reflected in the reviews. Next to the Royal Ballet's "Isadora," "Wave" got the worst notices of the season; it was the tap experiment that failed. "The Alabama Song" was the moment when the show clicked for me, and as a *dance* show, not just a tap show, it went on to become fascinating. But, as with other Conrad productions—there has been one a year since 1978—it was a while before I was seeing the whole pattern I was meant to see. Some of the structural clumsiness may have had to do with the heterogeneous music—a grab bag of classical and pop, big-band swing and Puerto Rican salsa, European folk music, movie soundtracks, and modern jazz. A rapid-clip version of the waltz from "Eugene Onegin" came out a waltz clog and sounded like a hornpipe. Conrad worked wonders with this motley score, and she had it arranged for a small orchestra and played live, which did impose a certain unity, but in spite of her best efforts it sounded provisional. Yet what's a choreographer to do? A commissioned score would have smoothed out the continuity, but what living composer would have provided such a variety of rhythmic cues, such fertile dance terrain as Weill and Tchaikovsky, Nino Rota and Dave Brubeck put together? Then, too, a makeshift score enhances the modest scale and homemade flavor of the show. A lot of avant-garde theatre toys with the pretense of putting on a performance in a

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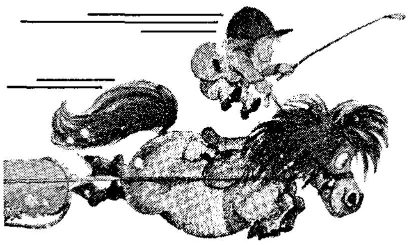

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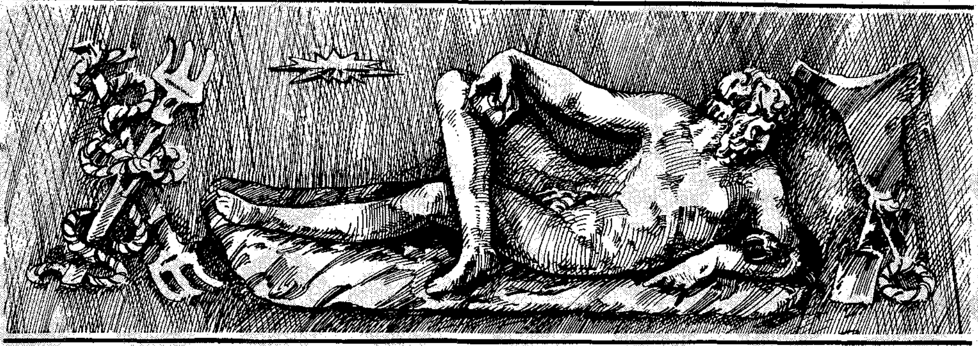

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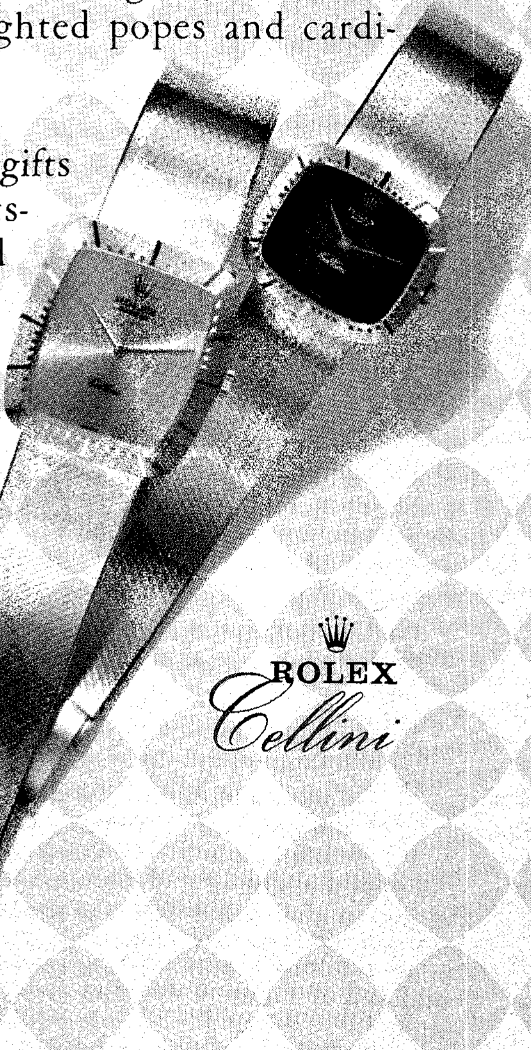

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garage, but Conrad is a born tinkerer who really can whip up a production number out of nothing. For the flood, which forms the climax of "Wave," she divides the stage into lanes with ropes and buoys, and has her troupe of dancers cross and recross in single-file shuffles, gradually advancing all the way downstage, where they are beached. It's a long scene, studded with variations, and it goes on to some two hundred and twenty repeats of a salsa vamp. One feels that if Conrad had ordered up this music it wouldn't have sounded very different.

In this number, which is performed by the extended company—the six principals plus some "suburban boat people"—Conrad heads straight for the doldrums of tap and pulls off a tour de force. Although the flood number is as pure tap as the show ever gets, it still isn't exhibition tap. (And the dancers, who come in all shapes and sizes and with all levels of training, aren't exhibition dancers.) It reminded me of cave drawings or nature studies in primitive art where natural movement is depicted demoniacally as pattern. In a succession of dance shapes, to a pattern of dance sounds, the flood ritual passed through many waters—rapids, whirlpools, channels. Strange to think that a form as prosaic as tap dancing can be touched by primitive magic. —ARLENE CROCE

●

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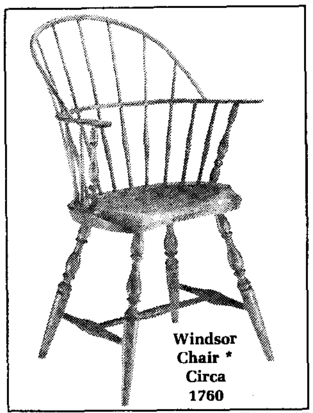
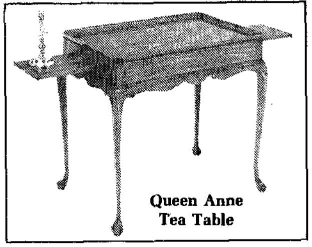
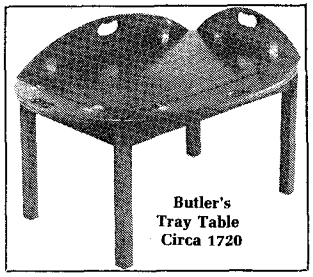
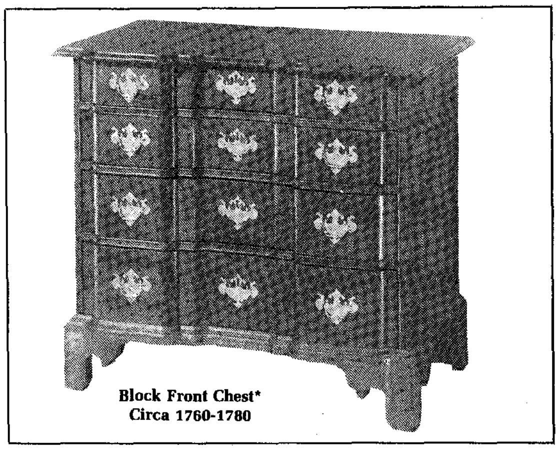

Windsor Chair * Circa 1760


Queen Anne Tea Table


Butler's Tray Table Circa 1720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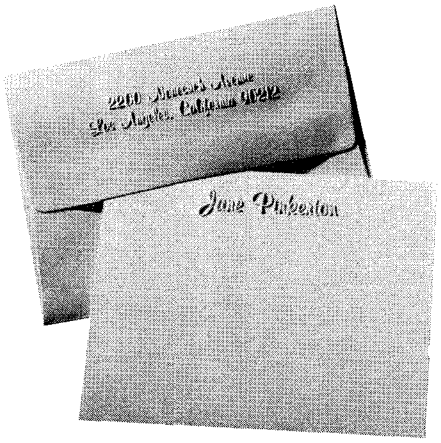
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THE SPORTING SCENE

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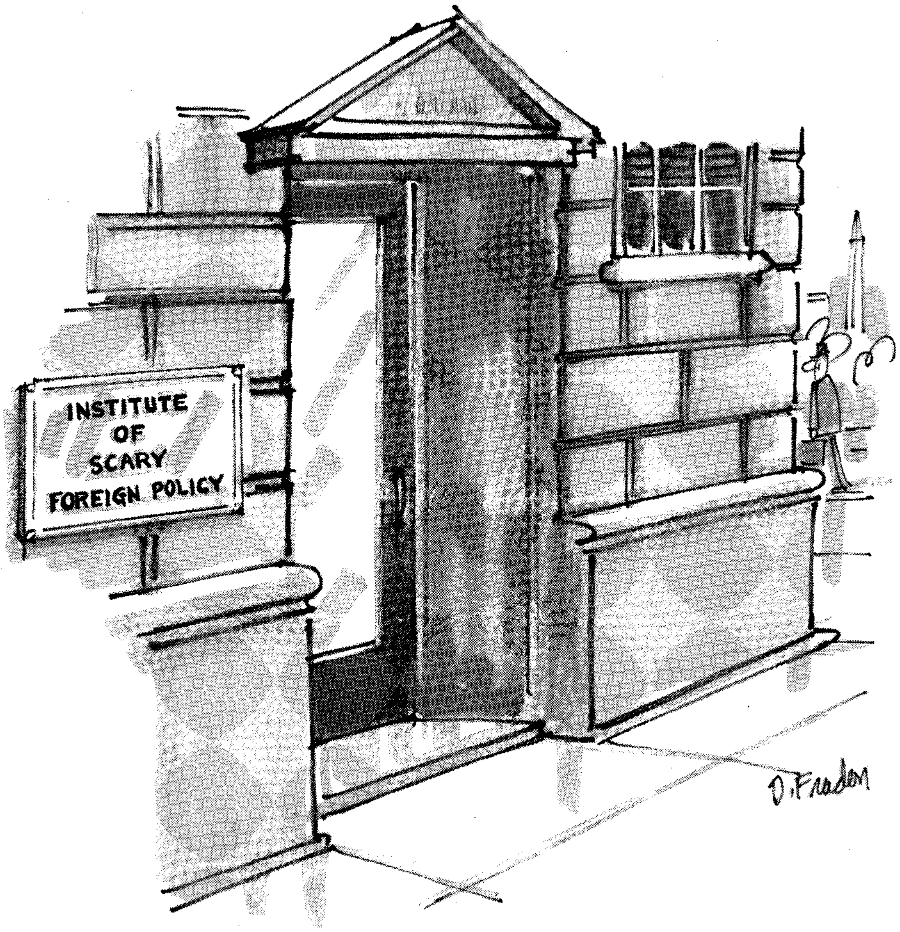
ANY doubt that quality thoroughbreds have become a fashionable investment among people with money to burn was laid to rest this past month at the Fasig-Tipton Company's sixty-first annual Saratoga Yearling Sales, conducted during the New York Racing Association's summer meeting at Saratoga Springs. Fasig-Tipton is to horses what Sotheby Parke Bernet is to antiques—it has annual gross receipts in excess of two hundred million dollars, on which the firm earns a five-per-cent commission—but even John M. S. Finney, its astute president, did not anticipate the riot of conspicuous consumption that occurred in and around Saratoga's "storied elms." In the course of four glittering evening sessions, Finney watched his tuxedo-clad auctioneers sell off two hundred and thirty-eight head of prime racing stock for a total return of thirty-eight million two hundred and twenty thousand dollars—approximately twelve million dollars more than the 1980 total. The average price per yearling skyrocketed to a hundred and sixty thousand dollars—an astonishing fifty-thousand-dollar increase over the average in 1980. At the beginning of the third, and most profitable, session, Finney, who served as master of ceremonies, poked some fun at his freewheeling audience. He announced that the local constabulary had informed him that a group in favor of redistributing American wealth had been granted a permit to hold a peaceful demonstration outside the sales pavilion on the following night. "I thought we'd been trying to redistribute the wealth all week long," said Finney, his glasses slipping down his nose. This provoked a good deal of laughter, which was transformed rather quickly into an awed murmuring when Woody Stephens, a Hall of Fame trainer bidding on behalf of Hickory Tree Farm, in Virginia, shelled out a million dollars for the first yearling to appear in the auction ring that evening—a dark-bay colt by the two-time Arc de Triomphe winner Alleged out of the Sea-Bird mare Gulls Cry. Stephens' pace-setting purchase was topped later in the evening when E. P. Taylor, a prominent Canadian breeder, paid one million two hundred thousand for a chestnut filly by The Minstrel (winner of the 1977 Epsom and Irish Derbies) out of Directoire. Even the jades in the press box seemed to tremble a bit when the filly—now valued at about eleven hundred dollars a pound—was led away, back to a stall, where she would wait for the van that would eventually transport her to her new home, Windfields Farm, Taylor's spread on Maryland's Eastern Shore.



The inflationary spiral in evidence at Saratoga began in the mid-seventies. Until then, the practice of speculating in yearlings had been confined to professionals, and to old-line racing families, like the Phippses and the Whitneys, whose connection to thoroughbreds can be traced back into the antediluvian mists. But the glamour of the sport, along with its significant investment advantages, has gradually attracted more and more "nontraditional interests" to the bidding arena. "Nontraditional interests" is a Fasig-Tipton coinage applied to individuals who have made a sudden fortune and must divest themselves of extra cash or pay it to the government in taxes. For them, as for the Phippses and the Whitneys, race horses represent a tax shelter of no mean proportions. According to the Internal Revenue Service, a yearling may be presumed to have a "useful life" of five years; during that time an owner may annually deduct twenty per cent of the yearling's purchase price, and also any expenses related to racing—food, training costs, veterinary bills, jockey silks, travel, and so on. Real-estate magnates get a similar break when they buy a string of condominiums in Florida, but condominiums have little prestige value compared with the offspring of Hoist the Flag.

There are other possible benefits from investing in race horses. A yearling, as a colt or filly, may perform well on the track and earn a few hundred thousand dollars in purses. A handful of extremely talented colts will develop into candidates for the jackpot known as syndication, which can bring lucky owners millions of dollars in profit. Syndication is the process by which shares in a colt about to be bred (he's called a stallion now) are offered to selected investors—often breeders and other individuals who know the value of quality horseflesh. The shares are usually sold in units of

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forty, and the holder is entitled to use the stallion's services or to sell them to an interested party during the breeding season, which occurs in spring and early summer. Stud fees are considerable—sometimes upward of a hundred thousand dollars per mating—and continue to pour in until the stallion gives up the ghost: ten or fifteen years, perhaps, and some enthusiastic couplers, like Nashua, who is twenty-nine and still interested, seem to go on forever. The market value of brood mares is not so high—a mare delivers only one foal every season, while a stallion can cover as many as sixty mares—but a pretty penny can be turned on a filly who has raced decently and has desirable bloodlines.

All this means gravy for Fasig-Tipton. In 1981, the firm will hold forty-six horse auctions, in seven states and Canada. The Saratoga summer sales are by far the most prestigious and are the most rigidly controlled. Breeders who wish to have their yearlings included must nominate them by the first of March. Fasig-Tipton's experts then grade the pedigrees on a scale of one to ten. Yearlings who pass the initial test are subjected to an exhaustive physical examination and graded again on a one-to-ten scale. They must achieve a minimum combined rating of eight to qualify for Saratoga. Once a yearling has been accepted, its breeder signs a contract with Fasig-Tipton: the breeder agrees to pay a small penalty if the yearling is withdrawn from sale, except for a veterinary reason, and Fasig-Tipton agrees, among other things, not to sell the yearling for less than ten thousand dollars.

In late July, the yearlings are taken by van to Saratoga—they come primarily from Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Florida, and New York—and stabled in barns in the Fasig-Tipton compound, a few acres of land directly across from the race track. The central feature of the compound is the Humphrey S. Finney Sales Pavilion, a cratelike modern structure that evoked howls of architectural indignation from the citizenry when it was built, in 1968. The barns, which fan out behind the pavilion, are soon transfigured into showcases for merchandise. The larger outfits, like Spendthrift and Newstead Farms, commandeer entire shed rows, and decorate them with color-coördinated feed tubs, flowers in pots, and brightly painted signs advertising the choicest items in their lines, while consignors,

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who shepherd the offerings of three or four small breeders through the auction, do their best to compete. It's odd how the usual odors of the backstretch—manure, sweat, liniment—somehow get expunged from the barns and are replaced by a pristine, shopping-mall atmosphere that is partly redeemed by sunshine and foliage. During the day, the yearlings are paraded around like beauty queens for inspection by potential customers and their vets, and for narrow-eyed bloodstock agents, who often work as operatives for overseas investors. Each yearling wears an identifying number on its hip, which signifies its place in the auction scheme; invariably its coat shines with undefiled promise. The grooms who handle the stock have also been buffed to an unconscionable degree, and are as clean beneath the nails as kids going off to college. Some of the grooms are required to dress in a uniform of Lacoste shirt and khakis, which could be read as an act of parody if the clothes hadn't been ordered by the boss. For all the carnival spirit, though, the yearling inspections are absolutely necessary, and are done in deadly earnest. Fasig-Tipton sells every horse "as is;" title passes to the buyer at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer.

THE pattern of the auction proper does not change much from evening to evening. Around dusk, people from town begin to filter into the compound, carrying folding chairs, coolers of beer, and programs that list the yearlings to be sold. They have about them a bubbling expectancy such as crowds ordinarily reserve for Hollywood premières. Admission to the pavilion is by invitation only, so they stake out positions near a circular paddock behind it. A green-and-white striped canopy protects the paddock from the elements. Several closed-circuit-TV sets are mounted on the canopy's support posts; they show pictures from inside the pavilion. There, eight hundred red auditorium seats are arranged in a scallop that faces a horseshoe-shaped auction ring. The ring is bounded by prizefight-like ropes threaded through iron hitching posts. The best seats, close to the ring and the auctioneer's wooden platform, are awarded to Fasig-Tipton's best and oldest customers. Balcony seats go to nontraditional interests and infrequent bidders. Spectators unlikely to bid at all are allowed to stand in the aisle behind the balcony seats and observe

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the proceedings. Among them, the current of gossip runs fast and deep; in their whispering you can hear the voice of Nick Carraway naming the guests who have come to Gatsby's parties. They will tell you that Thomas Mellon Evans, Pleasant Colony's owner, came to the sales in a powder-blue blazer and beige slacks. Mrs. Cloyce Tippett, of Llangollen Farm, came in a raspberry caftan studded with gold sequins. Ogden Mills (Dinny) Phipps came, and so did Mrs. C. V. Whitney, who threw a lavish ball. Helen Alexander, the King Ranch heiress, came. Laz Barrera, the famous trainer, came, and chatted with a patron, Dolly Green, whose father founded Beverly Hills, California. Ravi Tikkoo, the Indian shipping magnate, came, and brought along his associate Peter Howe. And, of course, Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid al-Maktoum, son of the Ruler of Dubai, came, with an entourage of relatives and servants, and bought several fine animals for his racing-and-breeding operation, Aston Upthorpe Stud, in Berkshire, England.

Promptly at eight-thirty, John Finney climbs a few steps to the auctioneer's platform and seats himself next to the auctioneer on a Colonial-style bar chair. He nods politely to the audience, and to six men in black tie stationed at strategic intervals around the room: bid-spotters, whose job it is to translate the audience's ear tugs and nose scratches into bids and then relay them—usually by whooping—to the auctioneer. After Finney's opening remarks, the evening's first yearling is led by its groom down a walkway from the paddock to the pavilion door and turned over to one of two Fasig-Tipton handlers—sallow young men in starched white jackets and loose-fitting trousers that make them look curiously like stewards on an ocean liner bound for the Balkans. The handler leads the yearling through the door and into the auction ring. This is always a bad moment for the yearling—to move from semi-darkness into brilliant artificial light and be confronted by the spectacle of diamonds, shiny bald pates, and designer originals. Some yearlings whinny; others rear or buck. As the yearling begins to quiet, Finney reads its pedigree in orotund, preacherly tones, and then turns the proceedings over to the auctioneer. The bidding starts—unobtrusive fingers tap chins, pull at shoulder straps. The bid-spotters' heads bob up and down; they whoop and cajole. The

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auctioneer carries on a sweet, rhythmical, singsong patter, registering the present bid and asking for more. If things slow down, Finney interrupts to remind the members of the audience that they are about to miss an extraordinary opportunity to own a yearling of such high calibre that it cannot possibly disappoint. The auctioneer then resumes his cadence, wheedling and drawing out the affair until an acceptable conclusion is reached. *Bang!* goes the hammer on a disc of wood, and Hip No. 201, a chestnut colt by Nijinsky II out of Fast Line, is sold to Dolly Green for four hundred thousand dollars. Moments later, a new yearling is in the ring, glancing around in bafflement.

It was in this smooth and effortless fashion that the two hundred and thirty-eight yearlings were married to investors. The only crack in the continuity occurred on the final evening of the sales, when the demonstration that John Finney had jokingly alluded to actually took place. A small group of protesters marched from nearby Congress Park to the front doors of the pavilion. They called themselves RAM—Redistribute America Movement. They were mostly young, except for a black woman in a wheelchair and a middle-aged war veteran on crutches. They gave out mimeographed circulars. Their leaders claimed that the Fasig-Tipton sales would generate more than one million eight hundred thousand dollars in tax writeoffs for the rich people at Saratoga, while federal budget cuts were taking away one million four hundred thousand dollars from the poor people in the area. It was difficult to tell how the figures had been arrived at, but the question underlying them was clear: How can so much money be thrown away on horses when so many human beings are struggling to stay alive? The question went unanswered, as it always does, and the protesters were generally ignored or rebuked. Nobody entering the pavilion seemed the slightest bit embarrassed by their presence. In the morning, their circulars could be found all over the Fasig-Tipton compound—in trash cans, on tables and chairs, fallen everywhere indiscriminately, like leaves.

—BILL BARICH

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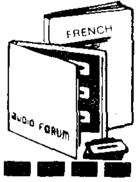


BOOKS

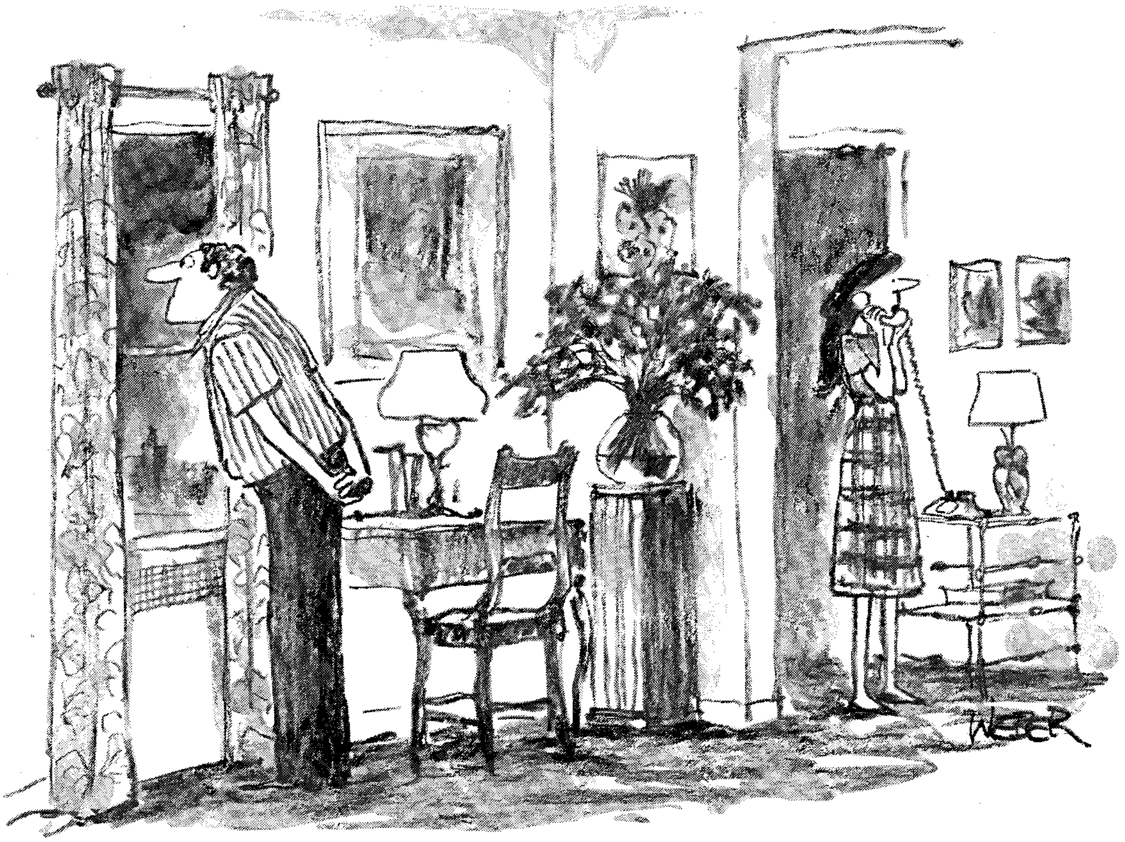
A Candidate for the Future

CERTAIN writers belong not only to the history of literature but to History itself, and Whitman is one of them. He was crucially positioned: The American colonies declared their independence exactly forty-three years before his birth, in 1819, and the Revolution was still a vivid event in the minds of the adults around him. Psychically, his life stretched from the Revolution through the Civil War to the era of the robber barons. Truly an American poet of change, Whitman tends toward the heroic, the mythological. One of the great virtues of Justin Kaplan's "Walt Whitman—A Life" (Simon & Schuster; $15) is its ability to rescue the man from the giant without diminishing his stature. Whitman was several men in one: Brahmin, bohemian, spokesman for a new democratic society, dandy, creator of an original kind of American poetry—a self-educated and self-intoxicated peasant of the ecstatic. Even the photographs in this volume—many of them unfamiliar—reinforce the kaleidoscopic sense of an ever-shifting personality. Mr. Kaplan, letting the various Whitmans speak, allowing for ambiguities, comes to no ringing conclusions.

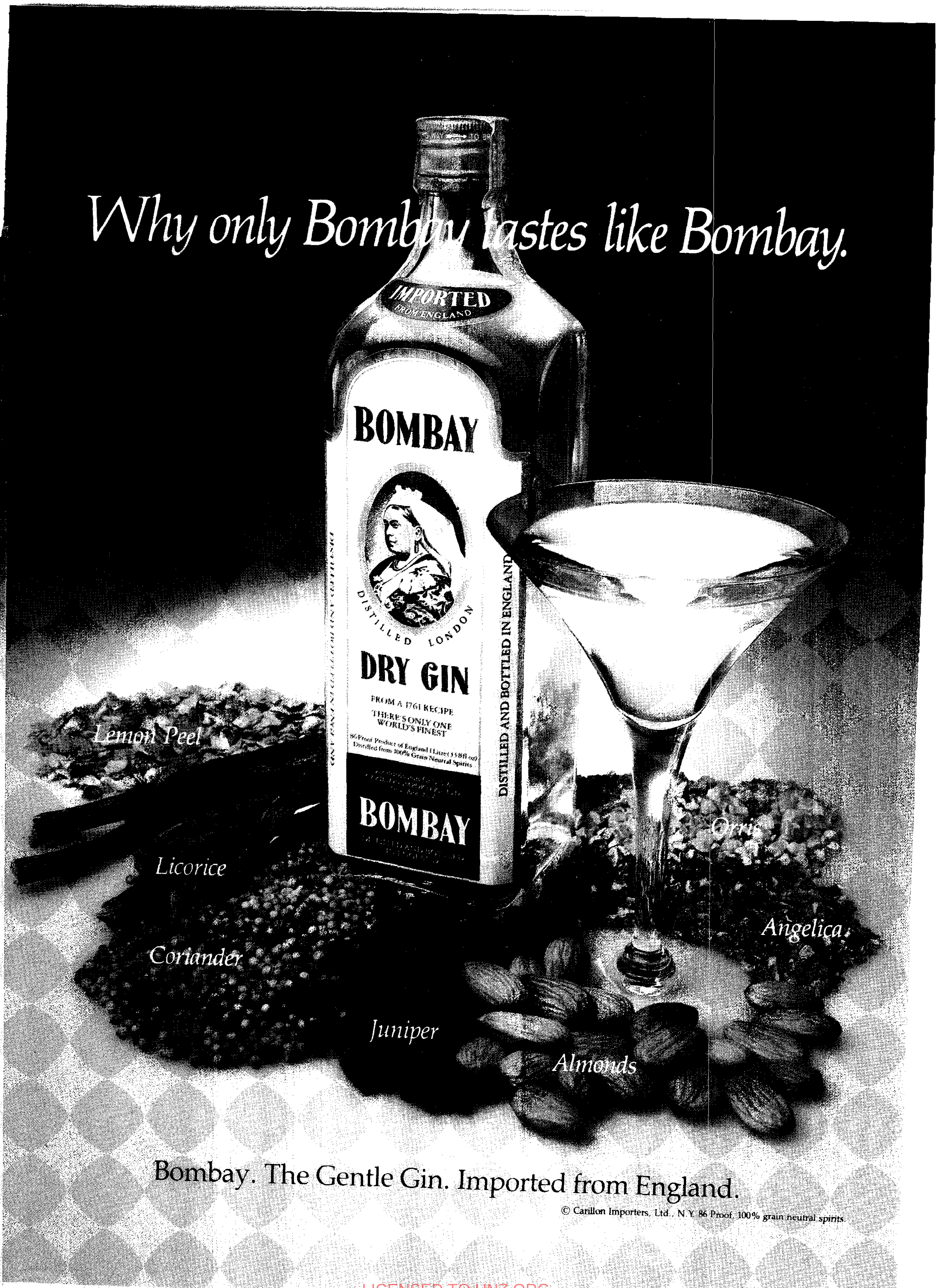
A child of Long Island's "bare unfrequented shore," Whitman became, in time, a printer, newspaperman, teacher, and editor. He was the son of a dour housebuilder of English stock and a Quaker mother of Dutch descent, and his childhood was marred by instability. The record of insanity, intemperance, and failure in the Whitman family makes dismal reading. Living in the country provided no roots; the Whitmans moved from West Hills to Brooklyn and back. At the age of eleven, the poet stayed behind in Brooklyn, as a printer's apprentice, on his own. Mr. Kaplan estimates that by that time "Walt had lived in about a dozen different houses." In Brooklyn and in Manhattan, "the blab of the pave" mingled with the "Howler and scooper of storms, capricious and dainty sea" to become strands in an original verbal amalgam that makes "Song of Myself"—the key poem of "Leaves of Grass"—remarkable.

The first, 1855 edition of that book bore no author's name; an engraved daguerreotype of a gypsylike workman—one of Whitman's guises—adorned the frontispiece. Its poems untitled, the book opened with what is now "Song of Myself." In truth a song of everyone *but* myself—"Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion"—it speaks for a consciousness beyond any individual ego: one made up of many. Whitman's ability to be androgynous and anonymous, his gifts of identification and sympathy are those of a great poet. They developed into an uneasy egotism later in life, as if the many characters of a literary work had filtered into the person who created them. Whitman's notion of himself *as* America, at first the mark of a passive generosity of spirit, grew overbearing, and narrowed into mere ambition. Empathy in the artist was reduced to role-playing in the man; the mythmaker and the self-server became interchangeable.

Whitman's homosexuality complicated his role as an American spokesman, just as his "mysticism" added an eerie note to his social views—those of a freethinker brought up on Quakerism, Carlyle, George Sand, and Margaret Fuller. Divorced from any traditional faith, his spiritual illuminations are closer to the sutras of the Oriental contemplative religions than to the visions of Christian saints. Denial and excoriation—the desert and the hair shirt—were alien to him. Divine irrationality—the kind we associate with Blake, Christopher Smart, and Rimbaud—is nearer the mark. These illuminations had to be accommodated to a nineteenth-century notion of progress. Queen Victoria and Whitman were born in the same year. Mr. Kaplan writes that "sex was a major disorder," and Whitman, the only writer of nineteenth-century America completely at odds with Puritanism, was—in his trust in an



"Stewart is on a tornado watch."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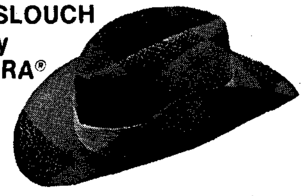

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expansive commercialism, his "pursuit of health as the supreme good"—a true product of the Victorian age. No matter how original his thought, it wove in and out of commonly held beliefs. Phrenology, for instance, was accepted by the science of Whitman's time—Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edgar Allan Poe, and Daniel Webster all believed in it—and so was "animal magnetism." "I sing the body electric" was more a literal than a figurative reference. Life was seen as voltage and wattage. People were little wireless posts at the mercy of internal shocks and outgoing currents. Mr. Kaplan sums it up: "Whitman was a sort of storage battery or accumulator for charged particles of the contemporary."

In "Song of Myself," we hear for the first time Whitman's unique blend of Biblical cadence (particularly the Psalms), primitive chant, and the ongoing catalogue: devices eventually to be at the service of a cosmic universe made up of American particularities—a secular Bible of sorts, full of contradictions and oddities. No other major poem I know sets itself such contrary tasks: to reveal the oneness of things, to praise the freedom of the individual, to celebrate the multitude in song. The over-all title "Leaves of Grass" is brilliantly fitting: the mass individuated in the unique leaf, the leaf one with the general green. The musical side of the poem sprang from Whitman's love of voices. Aroused as a youth by fiery preachers and professional orators, he savored, as his taste matured, the delights of the theatre. Italian opera became a passion. The works and the singers opened up—were exemplars of—a whole hidden emotional life. Opera introduced Whitman to the fusion of sound and action, the projection of emotion through virtuosity. Thematic repetition in Whitman is conscious but has a characteristic sounding board. Many of the poems are best approached as long arias; even when Whitman is trying to transcribe the natural music of bird song, it has the calculated effect of a musical motif entering a score.

In 1848, Whitman, now editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was fired after a political squabble with its owners. Invited to edit the New Orleans *Crescent*, he made with his brother Jeff a two-week journey south and west by train, stagecoach, and steamboat. Whitman's only reference points had been Long Island, Brooklyn, and Manhattan.

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Words had been his only form of travel. New Orleans, with its French and Spanish heritage, was sensuous and fruitful. "By the time he returned to Brooklyn," Mr. Kaplan writes, "he had travelled five thousand miles and seen democratic vistas of city and wilderness, river and lake, mountain and plain." The cosmic intentions of "Leaves of Grass" were accumulating a continental underpinning.

In his notebook, Whitman kept clarifying his thoughts, perfecting his design: "Make no quotations and no references to other writers. Take no illustration whatsoever from the ancients or classics. . . . Make no mention or allusion to them whatever, except as they relate . . . to American character or interests." Again, "[Make] the poems of emotions, as they pass or stay, the poems of freedom, and the exposé of personality—singing in high tones democracy and the New World of it through These States." The words after the dash are the kind of sentiments that put many readers off by their air of fake grandiosity. The grandeur was partly temperamental, partly defensive. Mr. Kaplan says, "There were hints that a less robust spirit had once prevailed, a spirit covert, hesitant, perturbed, lonely, and always unrequited. ('It is I you hold and who holds you,' he addressed his reader, becoming his own book, 'I spring from the pages into your arms.')" Whitman was "cautious" and "artful," and told Edward Carpenter, one of his many English admirers, "I think there are truths which it is necessary to envelop or wrap up."

One of them was obvious—but to some not obvious enough. After the publication of the "Calamus" poems, Whitman found himself in a position for which he had no taste: that of an international advocate of homosexual love. John Addington Symonds was relentless in his pursuit of explications. What Symonds really wanted was for Whitman to declare himself. (There was a side to Whitman which Symonds could never have imagined. Referring to an essay by Symonds called "Democratic Art, with Special Reference to Walt Whitman," Whitman said, "I doubt whether he has gripped 'democratic art' by the nuts, or L[eaves] of G[rass] either.") A whole colony of English homosexuals trooped to Whitman's flag. His brother George could never understand why Oscar Wilde would travel all the way to Camden, hardly a

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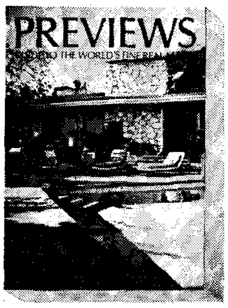

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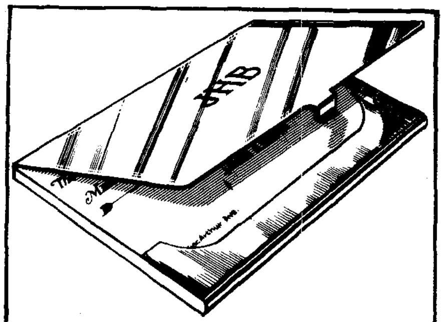
pleasure spot, just to see "Walt." It was in a letter replying to Symonds that Whitman first mentioned his six illegitimate children. A "mulatto mistress" was a later embellishment. This story was taken seriously by scholars for years, even though no one ever came forward to claim the famous name and the possibly lucrative literary rights.

Whitman was attracted to ferry hands, drivers, and mechanics, enjoying their naturalness, their savvy, their lingo. Peter Doyle, a horsecar conductor whom he met in his Washington days, was the most satisfactory companion of his life. But even here he pressed too far:

> Give up absolutely, & for good, from this present hour, this feverish, fluctuating, useless undignified pursuit of 16.4—too long (much too long) persevered in—so humiliating.

In Whitman's notebooks, 16 stands for "P" and 4 for "D"—the cryptography of a child. It becomes clear from Mr. Kaplan's book that Whitman's intense emotional affairs were all with men. Ellen O'Connor, the wife of Whitman's friend and critic William O'Connor, fell madly in love with him, and Anne Gilchrist, an English widow, wrote him passionate letters offering her hand in marriage. Whitman tried to put her off, to no avail. She came over and lived in America with her children for several years, only to return to England, in the end, disappointed. Not quite able to deny any form of idolatry, Whitman welcomed women cautiously, proffering them his person in place of his love. He became a familiar figure in the O'Connor household in Washington and in the Gilchrist ménage in Philadelphia. In fact, he liked nothing better than to "join" an already established domestic circle, adopting and being adopted by one family after another. In these establishments, he was the overgrown prodigal son come home to roost, or that friendly but remote familiar the genius uncle.

"LEAVES OF GRASS" went through nine editions in Whitman's lifetime, its author striving in each successive recasting for the proper arrangement of the poems—readjusting sections and shifting sequences to accommodate additions to an ever-expanding work. It grew from the twelve poems of the 1855 edition to the more than three hundred and eighty poems of the so-called "Deathbed"



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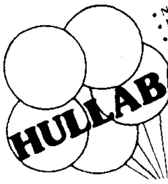

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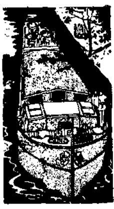

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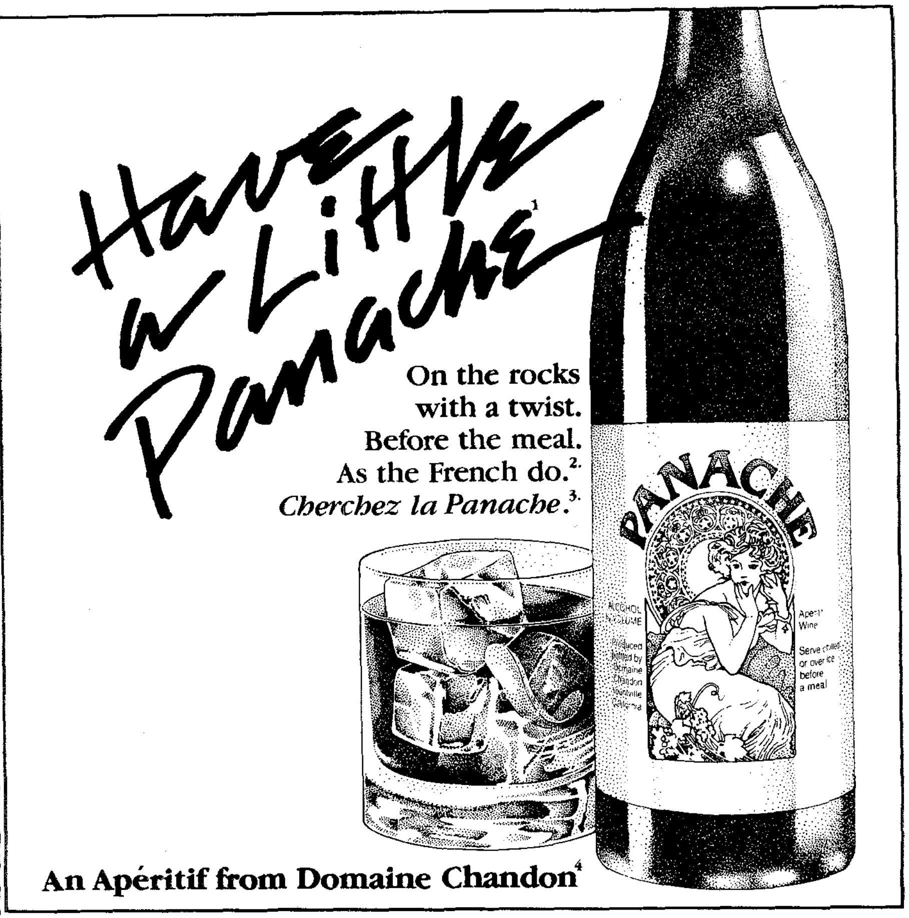
edition, which bears Whitman's imprimatur. Lines and phrases were always being revised and stanzas tightened. As new poems were added, old ones were jettisoned to make room for them. Juvenile outpourings were discarded.

"Leaves of Grass" was full of prescriptions for the future. Emerson's clever description of it as "a singular blend of the Bhagvat Ghita and the New York Herald," meant as a put-down, would today be considered a compliment—but only because "Leaves of Grass" is already in place to show the way. Emerson's comment was a far cry from his first, spontaneous reaction to the poem, emblazoned forever in a famous letter: "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I find incomparable things said incomparably well. . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career"—the most generous unsolicited response of one writer to another in the history of American letters. Without it, the poem, which had few takers, might have been lost forever. Whitman sent the letter to the New York *Tribune* and incorporated it into the second edition of "Leaves of Grass," without permission from Emerson—two acts of insensitivity in Whitman's long career of self-advertisement. A poet, prophet, and public-relations man, he wrote three anonymous reviews of his own book, modestly characterizing it in one as "the most glorious of triumphs, in the known history of literature."

The true miracle of "Leaves of Grass" is that, for all its excesses, its extravagant claims, its endless catalogues, it is, at its very best, a poem of pure feeling—feeling that seeps through phrase after phrase, poem after poem. The transformation of its emotions into words on so vast a scale is astonishing. A long love affair with the future, broken in speech sometimes, eloquent beyond anything one remembers, remarkable in the minting of its language, it is a sad poem, a love poem to some "you" never found, some "you" not only personal, intimate, and sexual but connected with an epic largeness of democratic vistas, as if the poet were in love with Americans not yet born or always yet to come. No one, including Mr. Kaplan—and certainly not Whitman—has yet explained where it sprang from. Whitman encouraged the view of the "transformation miracle"—the "jour-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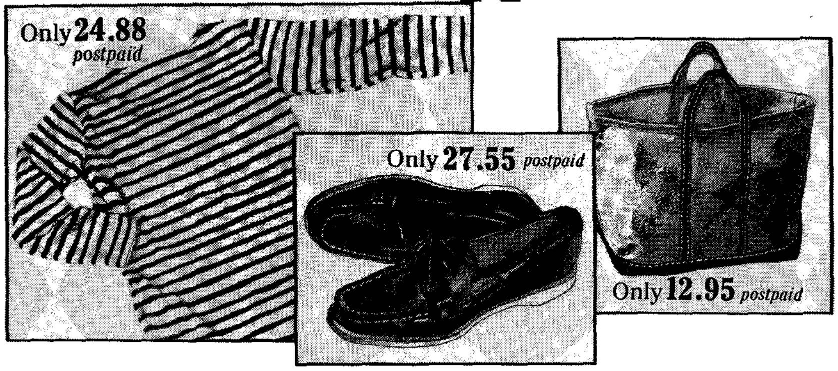

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nalist-loafer" turned into the great poet and prophet, as if at the touch of a wand. His followers, sodden with worship, helped the idea along. Actually, Whitman worked on it for years. It was *almost* a miracle—a flawed one, for there is always the problem in Whitman of the false prophecy, the naïve dream, the wished-for fulfillment seen as accomplished fact. "Leaves of Grass" did more than change opinions; it altered the intellectual climate of the world. (And the moral climate, too. "Free love?" Whitman once asked. "Is there any other kind?") Van Gogh, working on "The Starry Night" in Arles, was affected by it; Gerard Manley Hopkins took it to heart; LaForgue translated the "Children of Adam" poems; it was crucial to D. H. Lawrence and Hart Crane and García Lorca. People as wildly different as Thomas Eakins and Tennyson, Gertrude Stein and Henry James felt its impact. In our time, the Black Mountain School, the Beats, and the New York School of poets emerged from it.

When the Civil War started, "Leaves of Grass" had been through three editions. "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," the "Children of Adam" poems, and the "Calamus" poems had all been added. Its message of brotherly love became literal. Just as one brother, Jeff, had been party to Whitman's expanding conception of America, it was concern for another, George, that led Whitman to the battlefields of the South. In a garbled casualty report, Whitman learned that George had been wounded. No news followed. Whitman left Washington for Virginia in search of him, found him, and saw at first hand what the war was really like. He dealt with it the only way he knew—as a healer. He returned to Washington to become a "wound-dresser" at Armory Square Hospital. Whitman came into the wards, according to Mr. Kaplan, like "a rich old sea captain, he was so red-faced and patriarchal-looking and big." He entertained the wounded, recited Shakespeare and Scott, told stories, wrote letters for the illiterate and the disabled, attended the feverish young, assisted at grisly amputations, and comforted the dying. The suffering was indescribable: "By the end of the war Whitman figured he had made over six hundred hospital visits and tours, often lasting several days and nights, and in some degree had ministered to nearly a hundred thousand of the sick and wounded of both

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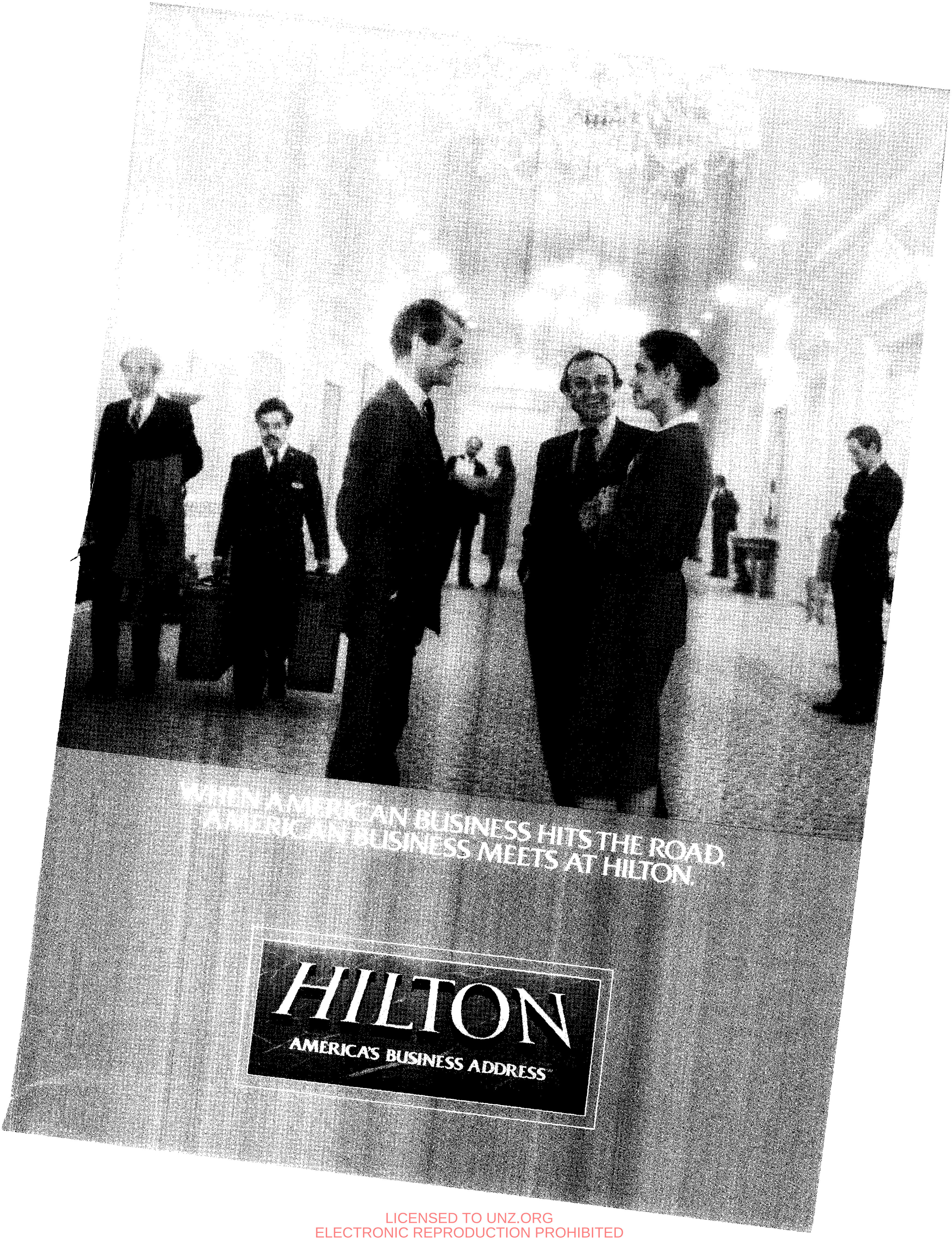
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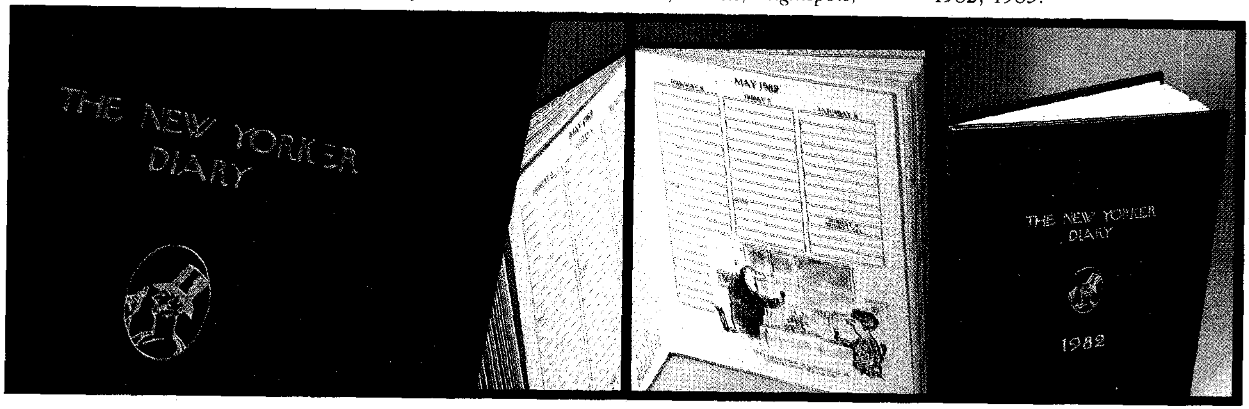

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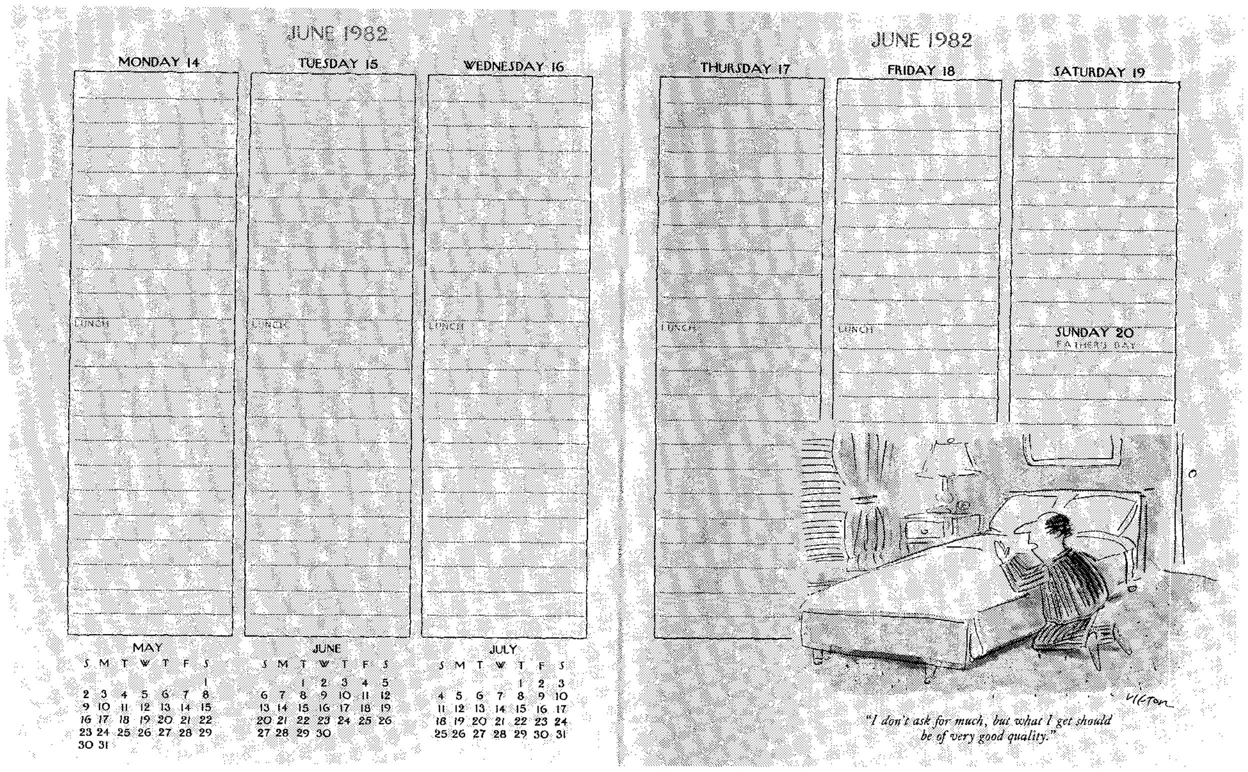

JUNE 1982

MONDAY 14

LUNCH

TUESDAY 15

LUNCH

WEDNESDAY 16

LUNCH

MAY

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sides." Yet there were compensations: the alleviation of pain; the sense of being part of a great design, of contributing. Paternal concern, brotherly companionship, mothering compassion were mixed up with emotions sometimes dangerously close to obsession. In the end, he was undone not only by the physical and mental suffering of the patients and the fatigue of the work but by his barely controllable feelings. Here is a letter from Whitman to Thomas P. Sawyer, one of the soldiers:

> Dear comrade, you must not forget me, for I never shall you. My love you have in life or death forever. I don't know how you feel about it, but it is the wish of my heart to have your friendship, and also that if you should come safe out of this war, we should come together again in some place where we could make our living, and be true comrades and never be separated while life lasts. . . . My soul could never be entirely happy, even in the world to come without you, dear comrade. . . . Good bye, my darling comrade, my dear darling brother, for so I will call you, and wish you to call me the same.

Here is Sawyer's reply:

> I fully reciprocate your friendship as expressed in your letter and it will afford me great pleasure to meet you after the war will have terminated or sooner if circumstances will permit.

The generalized "you," the beloved addressed in Whitman's poems, had, like a Platonic universal, an idealized counterpart in President Lincoln. As a poet of the body, Whitman believed "The scent of these armpits [is] aroma finer than prayer/ This head more than churches, Bibles, and all the creeds;" but as a poet of the soul, having eschewed Christianity, he needed a god of his own. Mr. Kaplan writes that Lincoln became "his personal agent of redemption, a symbolic figure who transcended politics, leadership, and victory." His mother was the only other person in Whitman's life who had this idealized aura. The "Drum-Taps" poems came out of the war and were dutifully added to "Leaves of Grass." Their price was high: "The perfect health Whitman was so proud of broke in the hospitals along with a delicate structure of denial and sublimation. Love became irreversibly linked with disease, mutilation, death, absence." In 1865, Lincoln was assassinated; in 1873, Whitman's mother died. Long before, he had written a line that now seemed perfectly appropriate: "Agonies are one of my changes of garments."

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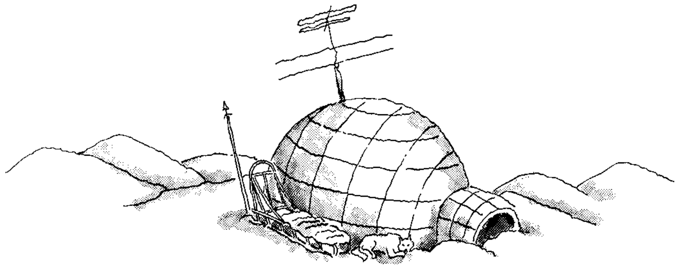

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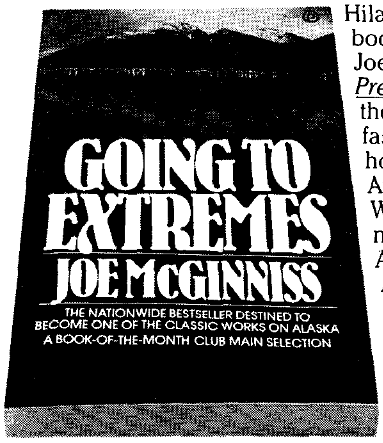
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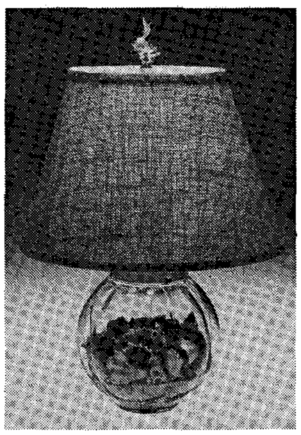

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he became partially paralyzed. Strokes were to cripple him the rest of his life. After living with the family of his brother George, in Camden, for several years, he bought a small house of his own. Some of Mr. Kaplan's most charming pages are devoted to Whitman's last years. Confined more or less to an upper front bedroom-workroom, he recovered, only to be laid back by another bout of illness. "It was not until old age that Whitman's presence and ambience became fully achieved"—Kaplan is using John Burroughs, the naturalist, who knew Whitman for more than twenty years, as a source. "He created an overall impression of sunniness, equanimity, and contemplative leisure." Whitman, still fiddling with "Leaves of Grass," stirred the mass of papers at his feet with his cane. Everything natural, found, or man-made was source material for the mesmeric catalogues of the poem. The house had the air of a ship's cabin—landlocked, and foundering in debris, in spite of the efforts of a sailor's widow who kept house for him. Whitman was a collector of people and things, but in both cases the choices had nothing to do with market values or current fashion. Like a bird building a nest, he knew exactly what was required (not much) for his comfort, and what he had to have (everything) for his poem. Whitman needed help to get around and always found it; he was surrounded by people who revered him to the point of idolatry. In 1893, he was finally laid to rest in the elaborate tomb in Harleigh Cemetery that had cost him more than the Camden house. By the time the reader comes to Whitman's death, he can almost take "My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite/ I laugh at what you call dissolution" as the literal truth.

Whitman's life is enigmatic not only by virtue of genius; it is steeped in the deliberately muddied waters of destroyed evidence and manipulated fact. Putting a coherent Whitman together is an exercise in conjecture; the more insistent the claim, the more suspicious its truth. Mr. Kaplan never insists; he merely presents. If he is sometimes long on Freud and short on philosophy, his is still the best all-around portrait we have of a man whose influence can only increase. Whitman bears a relation to Lincoln not unlike Shakespeare's to Elizabeth I and Michelangelo's to the Medici. In each instance, as the years pass the more obvious it becomes that the representa-

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tive figure of the age, like a negative gradually developing in time, is not the ruler but the artist.

—Howard Moss

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Maria Canossa, by Sandra Paretti, translated from the German by Ruth Hein (St. Martin's; $11.95). It is 1943; a beautiful young Italian woman living in Germany has been driven close to suicide by her insanely jealous German husband. She starts divorce proceedings and then flies to Rome, hoping to find refuge with her brother (an ace pilot in the Italian Air Force) in a world full of happy childhood memories. Instead, she finds jolly German officers in Rome's cafés, frightened Italian shoppers and soldiers in Rome's streets and parks, and a strange man occupying her brother's apartment. The man, a friend of her brother's and a pilot himself, is involved in an Allied scheme to drive the Germans from Italy. He helps her find a job in Rome as an assistant to a middle-aged Swedish doctor, and then realizes that he is in love with her. The doctor, who has lived quietly in Rome for all of his adult life, is soon surprised to find that he, too, is in love with her, although he knows that her esteem for him is not the same as her love for the pilot. The story of how these three people cope with their feelings for one another and with their dread of the Germans is delicate and strange; each one finds a different way to balance passion and patriotism, and to create for the two others a haven from the violence and treachery that have engulfed their world. Ruth Hein's sensitive translation is all that a writer, or a reader, could ask for.

A Bonfire, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners; $10.95). The title of this brief novel, set in London in the twenties and thirties, refers to the everlasting bonfire that the heroine learns about in her confirmation lessons, and also to the cheerful one that her father lights in the garden on Guy Fawkes Day. Church and pagan rites are connected in her mind by another word—"adultery"—which she first heard in a sermon and which she recalls while her father is setting off fireworks. She asks her mother what it

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What I overlooked was the English idea of central heating. After I left London the weather suddenly turned shivering cold and wet. By the time I got to Denton Hall I was too tired and miserable to care about picturesque charm and history. All I could think of was how uncomfortable I was going to be in an old, drafty castle.

Sure enough, my room was *freezing*. But when I crawled into bed I was dumbfounded to discover how marvelously cozy it was despite the lack of heat.

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Then and there I decided I was going to have sheets like that at home. What a great way to save on heating costs at night and still feel rich and special!

When I got back to the United States I soon learned that the flannel sheets in stores didn't feel or look the same at all. The polyester in them made such a difference.

Finally, I got so frustrated I went to Damart, a company in my home town, and suggested they sell real English flannel sheets and pillowcases. They loved the idea.

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means, and her first lesson in the facts of life follows: "I think that I would rather be a nun" is her reaction—a reaction that pleases her mother. Instead, she becomes a wife, a mother, a widow, and a lover; accepts motherly love, filial love, and adulterous love; and suffers the pains of sexual longing and—with its relief—of moral guilt. The flat, gray narrative voice that Pamela Hansford Johnson favors may be meant to highlight the contrast between the heroine's inner turbulence and the drab surface of her respectable manners, but the effect is mostly monotonous, and the franker descriptions seem simply off-key.

MR. AMERICAN, by George MacDonald Fraser (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). Open this five-hundred-and-fifty-page novel at random and your chances of reading about the Gold Rush or Home Rule, the White Sox or the Ulster Volunteers, Butch Cassidy or King Edward VII, Cactus Gulch or Albert Hall are about equal. The hero is a quiet, handsome American named Mark Franklin who, having extracted a fortune from a rich seam of silver and gold in Nevada around the turn of the century, has made his way back to the Norfolk village from which his ancestors emigrated two hundred and fifty years before. Mr. Franklin (or "Mr. American," as a sassy showgirl nicknames him soon after he has stepped off the boat) wins over everyone—from the local yeomen to the King—with his gracious instincts. But his Wild West days, which included bank robberies and train holdups as well as digging for gold, are never far from his mind after an old acquaintance offers to sell him a promise of silence at a very steep price. A self-confident performance by an old hand: Mr. Fraser clearly enjoys being master of such a wide and wild plot, and he makes sure to leave room in it for his most famous creation, the eponymous hero (now going on ninety and still chasing parlormaids) of his "Flashman" adventure series.

NOTE: Donald Barthelme's "Sixty Stories," most of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Putnam ($15.95).

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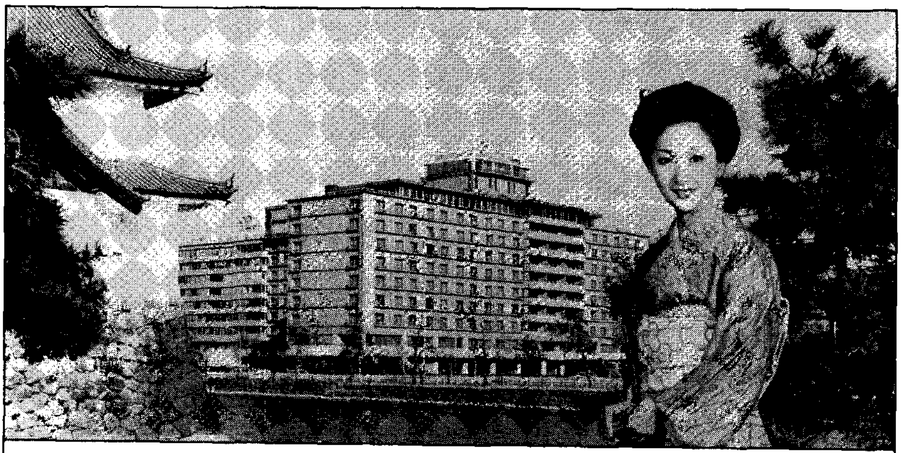
TURY, by Milton Rugoff (Harper & Row; $19.95). An excellent group biography of a gifted family. Lyman Beecher (1775-1863), a Connecticut-born, Yale-trained Congregationalist minister, was a spiritual force whose ironhanded Calvinism terrified all his seven sons into the ministry and drove all but one of his four daughters into careers. Mr. Rugoff's discussion of Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-96) is literarily sensitive, and his discussion of the trial of Henry Ward Beecher (1813-87), the most famous preacher of his time, for adultery is psychologically astute. He does not overwork the irony that the only unmarried daughter, Catharine (1800-78), became a national authority on child care, pedagogy, homemaking, diet, and cooking, and he points no morals as he traces the family's gradual abandonment of the rigors of the religion of their childhood for more reassuring creeds. His book tells us twentieth-century Americans much about ourselves, for we cannot help recognizing the intellectual and ethical legacies of these reformers and rebels.

DISCOVERING THE MIND: VOLUME III, FREUD VERSUS ADLER AND JUNG, by Walter Kaufmann (McGraw-Hill; $17.95). This volume, the last of a trilogy, was completed just before the author's untimely death. Mr. Kaufmann, who taught philosophy at Princeton, was a prolific and gifted writer. He begins by telling us that Freud's English translations do not do justice to his style, which was franker and more concrete than the texts we read. Then he spells out what he regards as the ten most important contributions Freud made to the study of the mind, and tells us what he thinks are the limitations of Freud's theories and his therapy, psychoanalysis. He suggests that psychoanalysis as a science is closer to archeology than to physics, in that it demands the self-discipline of scholarship but does not necessarily benefit from mathematical or statistical summaries. Mr. Kaufmann believes that the unceasing vilification of Freud by Adler and Jung after they had broken away from him is largely responsible for the legends of Freud's dogmatism, and he finds the two men seriously flawed as thinkers; Jung, particularly, strikes him as



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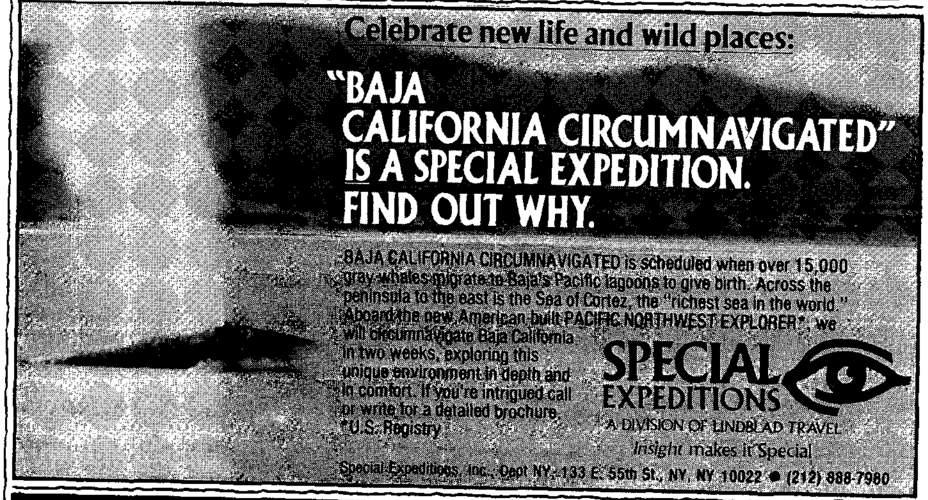

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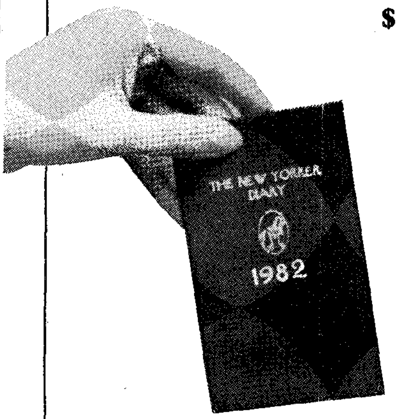
pretentious, hiding his intellectual inadequacy in diffuse language.

DAISY, DAISY: A JOURNEY ACROSS AMERICA ON A BICYCLE, by Christian Miller (Doubleday; $11.95). In 1977, Christian Miller flew from London to Washington, D.C., unfolded a collapsible bicycle, pedalled to the Atlantic, and then turned around and headed for the Pacific. The fact that she is a grandmother (her recollections of her childhood in Scotland, which were printed in this magazine two years ago, were set in the twenties and thirties) who knew next to nothing about bicycles (the farthest she had ever ridden one was to the village post office) or America was no hindrance; indeed, it was the reason that she chose to do it. Like her luggage—little more than a sleeping bag, a tent, a guidebook, and a repair kit—Mrs. Miller's account of the crossing is (regrettably) compact: in less than two hundred pages she covers ten states, concentrating on the highlights (some ludicrous, some poignant, all rendered in exquisitely polished English)—from a flood in Kentucky, through a dust storm in Kansas and mountain sickness in Colorado and a windstorm in Montana, to the sunny coast of Oregon.

VOLTAIRE, by Wayne Andrews (New Directions; cloth, $13.95; paper, $5.95). A brief life (under two hundred pages) of François Marie Arouet (1694-1778), told largely in quotation, anecdote, and spirited commentary, and one that rises to a very considerable stature. Mr. Andrews observes Voltaire in all his several guises—as anti-Christian, as devout deist, as canny money-maker, as tireless (and often tedious) dramatist, as flatterer, as crony of monarchs, as author of "Candide" and "unforgettable historian of Louis XIV," as letter writer and gossip, as a man too intelligent to be truly serious. He quotes, with apparent approval, Mme. de Choiseul's appraisal: "He has always been a coward, even when he wasn't in danger, insolent with no good reason, and a low creature with no ideals. But that doesn't stop him from being the most brilliant man of the century. We must admire his talents, stuff our heads with his writings, enlighten our minds with his philosophy, and learn from him about morality. We burn incense before



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him and we must despise him." And, inspired by his subject to an almost eighteenth-century twist of tongue, Mr. Andrews concludes that Voltaire "was above all the impertinent correspondent of so many famous people who might otherwise be taken seriously." Illustrated with portraits of people and places.

NOTE: "Filthy Little Things," a collection of cartoons by Jack Ziegler, has been published by Doubleday ($6.95). Some of the drawings originally appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MONTAUK FAULT, by Herbert Mitgang (Arbor House; $12.95). Forget about the neutron bomb—and any other kind of bomb. Russia has a weapon better than that: a seismic device that can precipitate an earthquake anywhere it's wanted. And so does the United States: a thermal weapon that can instantly drain a pond or lake or river. The story here is about a newspaperman recruited for special duty by the United States Air Force Security Service and his Russian counterpart—friends from the Second World War—and their efforts to bring about a military standoff. Mr. Mitgang clearly conceived this book as a thriller, but he doesn't have the right kind of heart for that. His novel offers very few thrills, but it does offer a great deal of pleasure—in its depiction of the conglomerate that has taken over Sam Linkum's newspaper, in its examination of Linkum's private life, in its picture of the view from Segesta, on Mt. Barbaro, in Sicily, of the canals and palaces of Leningrad, of the gardens of St. George's, Hanover Square, in London. And also (though this is hardly a pleasure) it offers Mr. Mitgang's almost subliminal commentary on a nation in which "the lobby for armaments is a hundred or a thousand times stronger and richer than the voices for disarmament."

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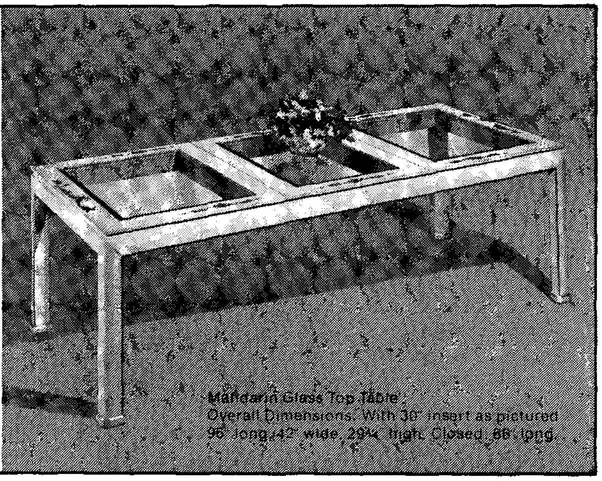
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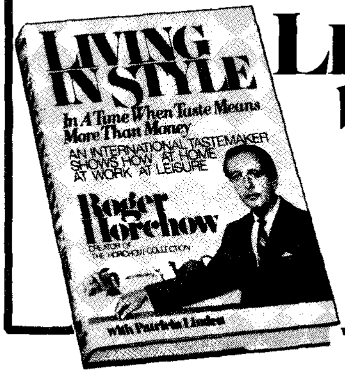
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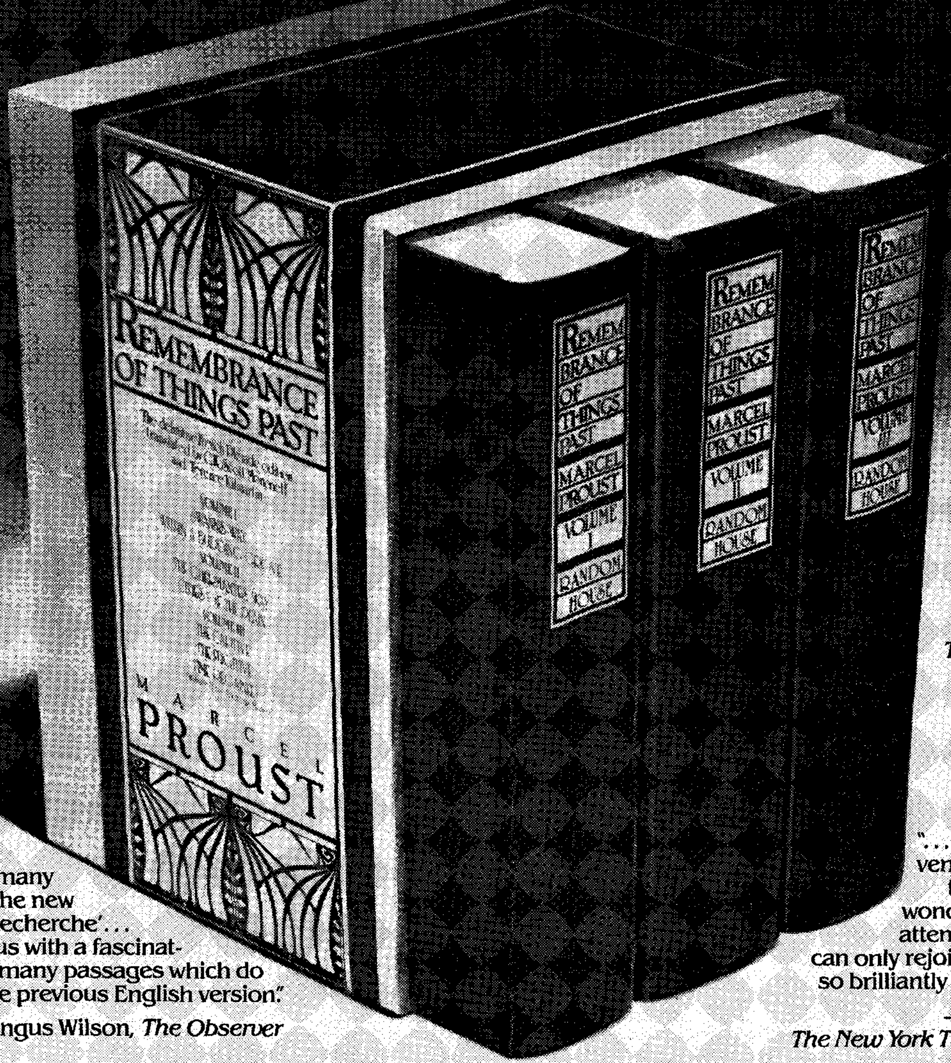

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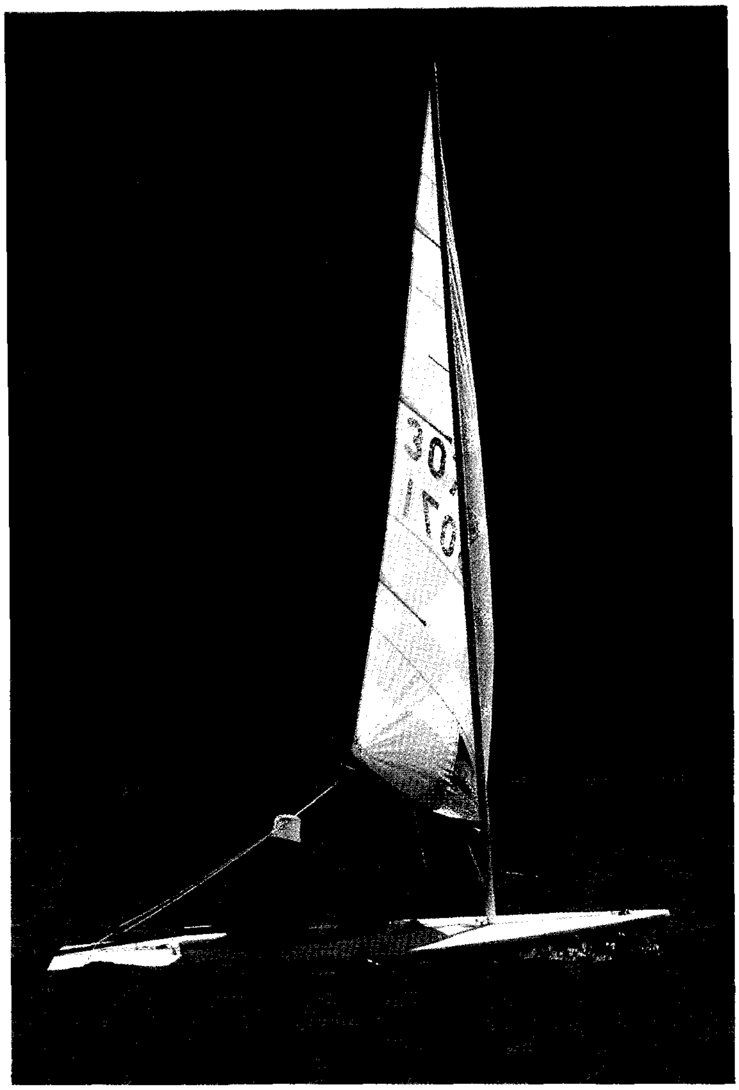

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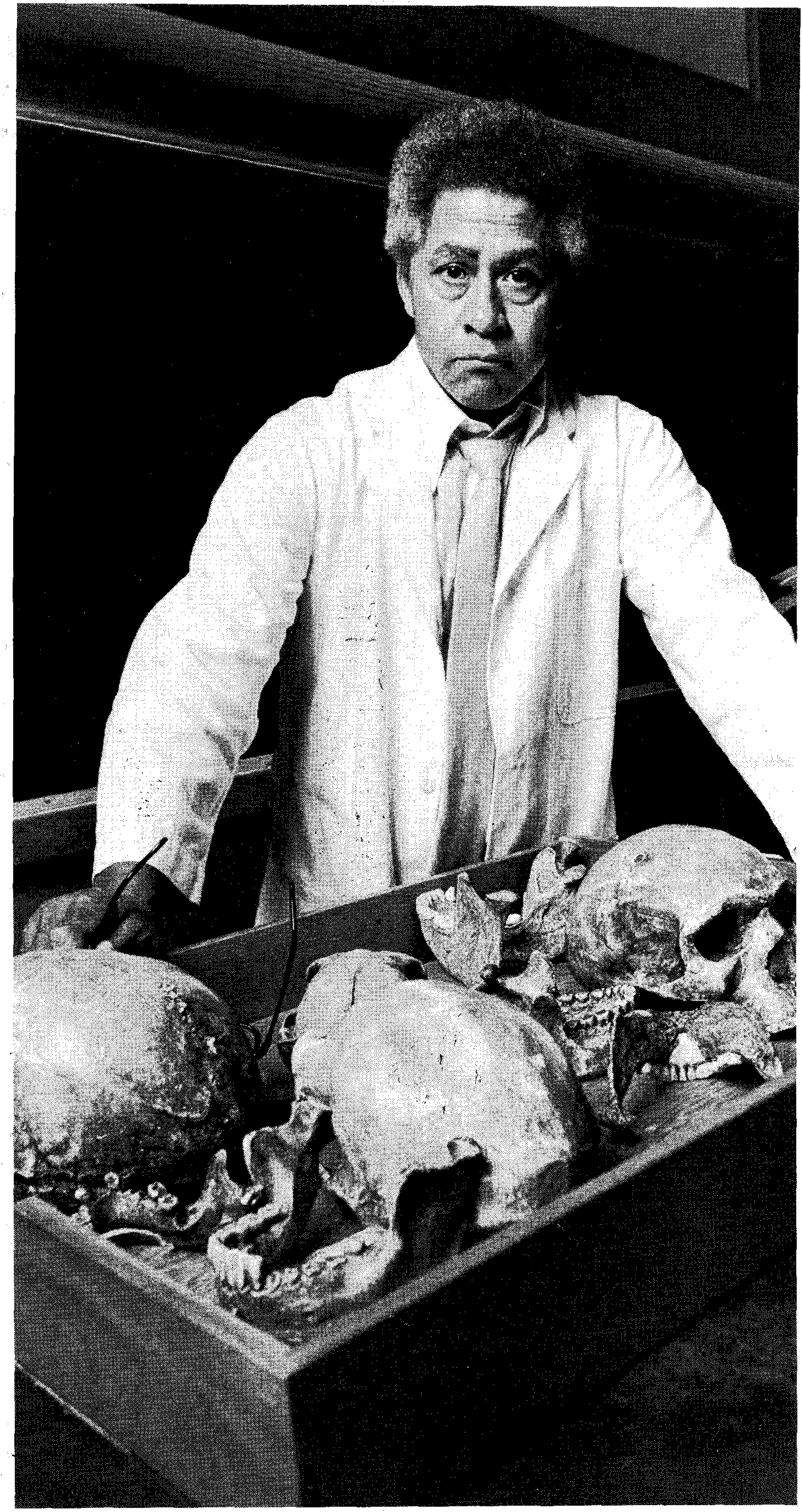

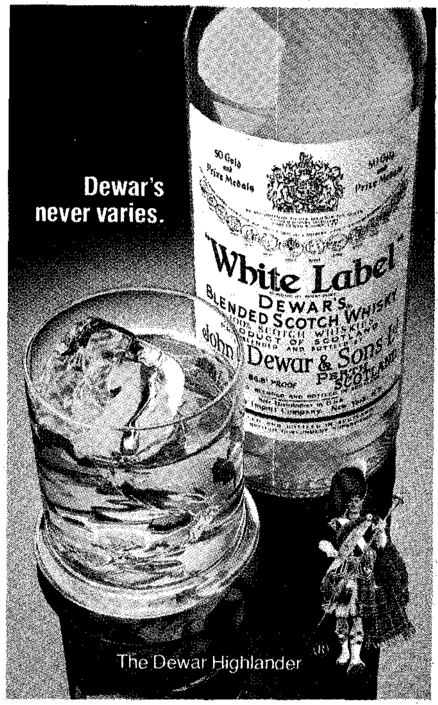
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BORN: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

HOME: West Lafayette, Indiana.

PRESENT TITLE: Professor of Anthropology and Director of Africana Studies and Research Center, Purdue University.

BIGGEST DISLIKE: Boredom. After 15 years of running his own business, Mel got tired of success. Against the advice of family and friends, he entered graduate school in anthropology. And now, just 7 years after getting his Ph.D., he is a full professor, as well as the author of many articles and books in his field.

POINT OF VIEW: "When there's no horizon to reach for, I have to back away and try something else. To me there's nothing more tedious than predictability."

SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label."® "I was introduced to Dewar's by an informant in the 'field' after a long day of interviews. I took it on the rocks then, and I still do."

Melvin D. Williams

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